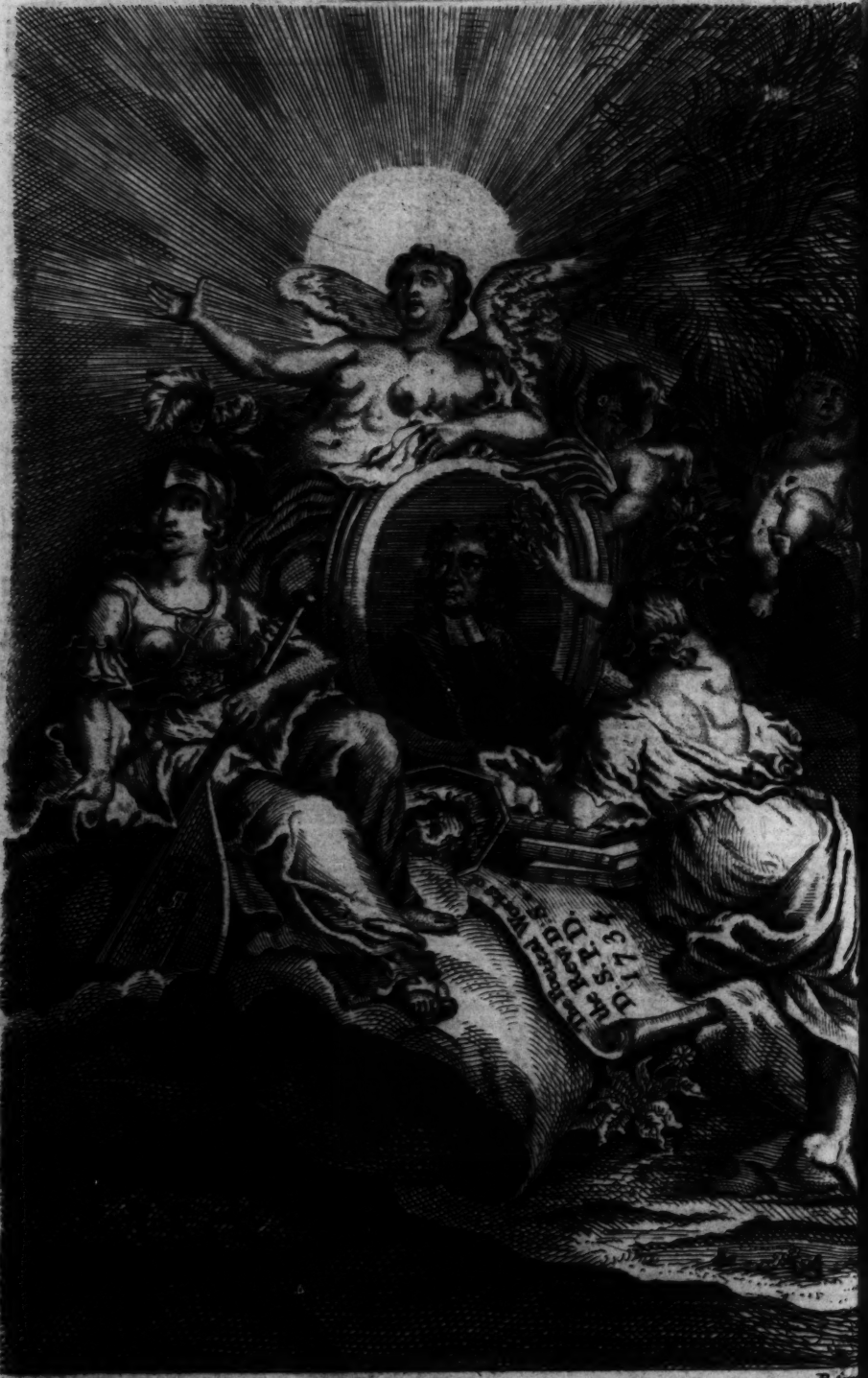
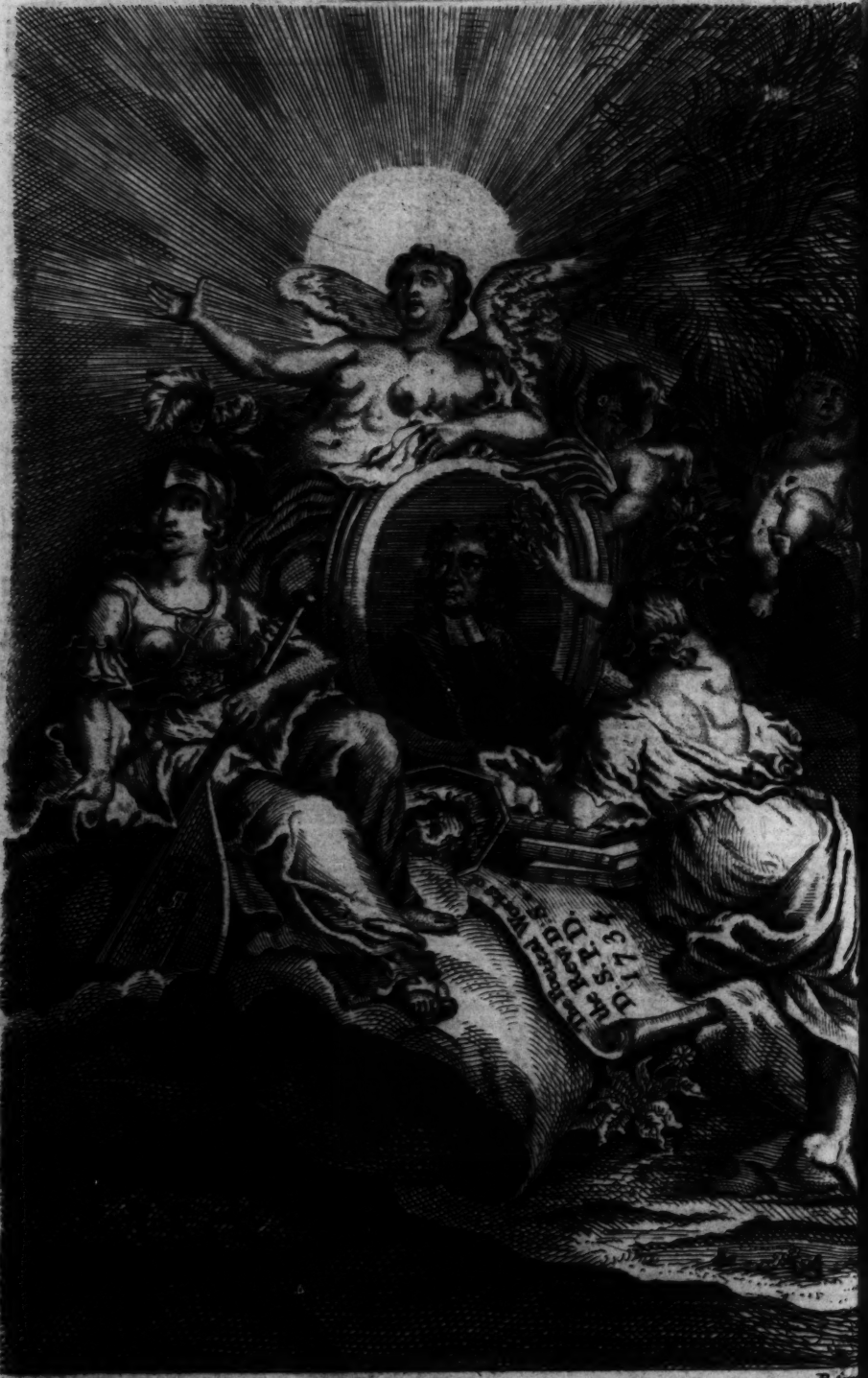




Quivis speret idem. Hor.



Quivis speret idem. Hor.

VOLUME II.

~~Containing the Author's~~

POETICAL WORKS.

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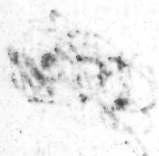
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M,DCC,XXXVII.

VOLUME II.



Containing the Author's



POETICAL WORKS.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first Collection of this Author's Writings were published near thirty Years ago, under the Title of *Miscellanies in Verse and Prose*. Several Years after, there appeared three Volumes of *Miscellanies*, with a Preface to the first, signed J. SWIFT, and A. POPE. In these the Verses, with great Additions, were printed in a Volume by themselves. But in each Volume were mixed many Poems and Treatises, writ by the supposed Author's Friends, which we have laid aside; our Intention being only to publish the Works of one Writer. The following Poetical Volume is enlarged by above a third Part, which was never collected before, although some of them were occasionally printed in London in single Sheets. The rest were procured from the supposed Author's Friends, who at their earnest Request were permitted to take Copies.

The following Poems chiefly consist either of Humour or Satyr, and very often of both together. What Merit they may have, we confess ourselves to be no Judges of in the least; but, out of due Regard to a Writer, from whose Works we hope to receive some Benefit, we cannot conceal what we have heard from several Persons of great Judgment; that the Author never was known either in Verse or Prose to borrow any Thought, Simile, Epithet, or particular Manner of Style; but whatever he writ, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is an Original in itself.

Although we are very sensible, that in some of the following Poems, the Ladies may resent certain satyrical Touches against the mistaken Conduct in some of the fair Sex: And, that some warm Persons on the prevailing Side, may censure this Author, whoever he be, for not thinking in publick Matters exactly like themselves: Yet, we have been assured by several judicious and learned Gentlemen, that what the Author hath here writ, on either of those two Subjects, hath no other Aim than to reform the Errors of both Sexes. If the Publick be right in its Conjectures of the Author, nothing is better known in London, than that while he had Credit at the Court of Queen ANNE, he employed so much of it in Favour of Whigs in both Kingdoms, that the Ministry used to railly him as the Advocate of that Party, for several of whom he got Employments, and preserved others from losing what they had: Of which some Instances remain even in this Kingdom. Besides, he then writ and declared against the Pretender, with equal Zeal, though not with equal Fury, as any of our modern Whigs; of which Party he always professed himself to be as to Politicks, as the Reader will find in many Parts of his Works.

Our Intentions were to print the Poems according to the Time they were writ in; but we could not do it so exactly as we desired, because we could never get the least Satisfaction in that or many other Circumstances from the supposed Author.

Dublin, 1734.

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To their * EXCELLENCIES the

LORDS JUSTICES

OF

IRELAND.

*The humble Petition of FRANCES HARRIS,
Who must starve, and die a Maid if it
miscarries.*

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1701.

Humbly Sheweth,



H A T I went to warm my self in Lady
Betty's Chamber, because I was cold ;
And I had in a Purse Seven Pounds,
Four Shillings and Six Pence, (be-
sides Farthings,) in Money and Gold ;

* *Earl of BERKELY, and the Earl of GALWAY.*

VOL. II.

B

S.

So, because I had been buying Things for my *Lady*
last Night,

I was resolv'd to tell my Money, to see if it was
right.

Now you must know, because my Trunk has a very
bad Lock,

Therefore all the Money I have, (which, God
knows, is a very small Stock,) }
I keep in my Pocket, ty'd about my Middle, next
my Smock,

So, when I went to put up my Purse, as God would
have it, my Smock was unript ;

And instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it
slipt :

Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my
Lady to Bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my Money was as safe as
my Maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel ve-
ry light,

But when I search'd, and miss'd my Purse, *Lord !* I
thought, I should have sunk outright :

Lord ! Madam, says Mary, how d'ye do ? Indeed, said
I, never worse.

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with
my Purse :

Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this
Place :

Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* Chamber, that's a
plain Case.

So Mary got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm ;
However, she stole away my Garters that I might do
myself no Harm.

So, I tumbled and toss'd all Night, as you may very
well think ;

But hardly ever set my Eyes together, or slept a Wink.

So, I was adream'd, methought, that he went and
search'd the Folks round :

And in a Corner of Mrs. Duke's Box, ty'd in a Rag,
the Money was found.

So, next Morning we told * *Whittle*, and he fell a
swearing ;

Then my Dame † *Wadgar* came, and she, you know,
is thick of Hearing :

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know
what a Loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my Lord ‡ *Collway's* Folks are all very
sad ;

For my Lord || *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without
fail ;

Pugh ; said I, but that's not the Business that I ail.

Says ¶ *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this Five
and Twenty Years, come Spring ;

And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of such a
Thing.

Yes,

* *Earl of BERKELEY's Valet.*

† *The old deaf House-Keeper.*

‡ GALWAY.

|| DROGHEDA, who with the Primate were to succeed
the two Earls.

¶ Clerk of the Kitchen.

Yes, says the Steward, I remember, when I was at my
Lady Shrewsbury's,

Such a Thing as this happen'd, just about the Time of
Gooseberries.

So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her full
of Grief;

(Now you must know, of all Things in the World I
hate a Thief.)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse slyly
about;

Mrs. * *Dukes*, said I, here's an ugly Accident has hap-
pen'd out :

'Tis not that I value the Money † three Skips of a
Louse ;

But the Thing I stand upon is, the Credit of the House :

'Tis true, Seven Pounds, Four Shillings, and Six Pence,
makes a great Hole in my Wages ;

Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these
Ages.

Now, Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body under-
stands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go with-
out Hands.

The *Devil* take me, said she (blessing her self,) if ever I
saw't !

So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her all
to naught :

So you know, what could I say to her any more?

I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well :

* A Servant, one of the Footmen's Wives.

† An usual Saying of hers.

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

5

Well: But then they would have had me gone to the
Cunning-Man:

No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will be
here anon.

So the *Chaplain* came in. Now the Servants say he
is my Sweet-heart,

Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always take
his Part;

So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware, out
I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when a Body's
plunder'd?

(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson* like
the *Devil*.)

Truly, says he, Mrs. *Nab*, it might become you to be
more civil:

If your Money be gone, as a learned *Divine* says, d'y'e
fee,

You are no *Text* for my handling, so take that from
me:

I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you
to know:

Lord, said I don't be angry, I am sure I never thought
you so:

You know, I honour the Cloth; I design to be a *Par-*
son's Wife;

I never took one in your Coat for a *Conjurer* in all my
Life.

With that, he twisted his Girdle at me like a Rope;
as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me; and so went
away.

Well; I thought, I should have swoon'd: *Lord*, said
I, what shall I do?

I have lost my *Money*; and I shall lose my *Truelove*
too.

So, my *Lord* call'd me; * *Harry*, said my *Lord*, don't
cry,

I'll give something towards thy Loss: And says my *La-*
dy, so will I.

Oh! but said I; what if after all, the *Chaplain* won't
come to?

For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*,) I must
petition You.

THE Premisses tenderly consider'd, I desire your
Excellencies Protection:

And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's* Collec-
tion:

And over and above, that I may have your *Excellen-*
cies Letter;

With an Order for the *Chaplain* afore said; or instead of
him a better.

And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,

Or the *Chaplain* (for 'tis his *Trade*,) as in Duty bound,
shall ever pray.

* *A Cant Word of my Lord and Lady to Mrs.*
HARRIS.

Lady

Lady BETTY BERKELEY finding in the Author's Room some Verses unfinished; underwrit a Stanza of her own, with Rail- lery upon him, which gave Occasion to this Ballad.

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1703.

To the Tune of, The Cut-purse.

I.

ONCE on a time, as old Stories rehearse,
 A Friar would needs shew his Talent in *Latip*,
 But was sorely put to't in the Midst of a Verse,
 Because he could find out no Word to come pat in.
 Then all in the Place
 He left a void Space;
 And so went to Bed in a desperate Case.
 When behold, the next Morning a wonderful Riddle!
 He found it was strangely fill'd up in the Middle.

Cho. Let censuring Criticks then think what they list
 on't,
 Who would not write Verses with such an Assistant?

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

II.

This put me the Friar into an Amazement ;
For he wisely consider'd it must be a Sprite,
That came through the Key-Hole, or in at the Case-
ment ;

And it needs must be one, that could both read and
write :

Yet he did not know

If it were Friend or Foe,

Or whether it came from above or below.

Howe'er, it was civil in Angel or Elf ;

For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his Brains

In making a Ballad, but was at a stand ;

He had mix'd little Wit with a great deal of Pains ;

When he found a new Help from invifible Hand.

Then good Dr. S——,

Pay thanks for the Gift,

For you freely must own you were at a dead Lift :

And tho' some malicious young Spirit did do't,

You may see by the *Hand* it had no cloven *Foot*.

Cho. *Let censuring, &c.*

Verses

*Verses wrote in a Lady's Ivory
Table-Book.*

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1706.

PERUSE my Leaves thro' ev'ry Part,
And think thou seest my Owner's Heart;
Scrawl'd o'er with Trifles thus; and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light,
Expos'd to every Coxcomb's Eyes,
But hid with Caution from the Wise.
Here you may read, (*Dear charming Saint.*)
Beneath, (*A new Receipt for Paint.*)
Here in Beau-spelling, (*tru tel Deth.*)
There, in her own, (*far an el'breth.*)
Here, (*lovely Nymph pronounce my Doom.*)
There, (*a safe Way to use Perfume.*)
Here, a Page fill'd with Billet-Doux;
On t'other Side, (*laid out for Shoes.*)
(*Madam, I die without your Grace.*)
(*Item, for half a Yard of Lace.*)
Who, that had Wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping Fop to jeer?
In Power of Spittle, and a Clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
And then to heighten the Disgrace,
Clap his own Nonsense in the Place.

To POEMS on several Occasions,

Whoe'er expects to hold his Part
In such a Book, and such a Heart;
If he be wealthy, and a Fool,
Is in all Points the fittest Tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a Gold Pencil tip't with Lead.

The Description of a
SALAMANDER.

Out of PLINY's Nat. Hist. lib. 10. c. 67. & lib.
29. c. 4.

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1706.

AS Mastiff Dogs in modern Pharse are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar*;
As *Pies* and *Daws* are often styl'd
With Christian Nick-names, like a *Child*;
As we say *Monſieur* to an *Ape*,
Without Offence to human Shape:
So Men have got from Bird and Brute
Names, that will best their Natures suit.
The *Lion*, *Eagle*, *Fox*, and *Boar*
Were Hero's Titles heretofore,

Bestow'd

POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Bestow'd as Hi'roglyphicks fit
To shew their Valour, Strength or Wit.
For what is understood by *Fame*
Besides the getting of a *Name*?
But e'er since Men invented Guns,
A diff'rent Way their Fancy runs:
To paint a Hero, we enquire
For something, that will conquer *Fire*.
Would you describe *Turenne* or *Trump*,
Think of a Bucket, or a Pump.
Are these too low? — then find out grander,
Call my Lord *Cutts*, a *Salamander*.
'Tis well: — But since we live among
Detractors with an evil Tongue,
Who may object against the Term;
Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by Standers-by.

FIRST then, our Author has defin'd
This Reptile of the Serpent Kind,
With gaudy Coat and shining Train,
But loathsome Spots his Body stain:
Out from some Hole obscure he flies,
When Rains descend, and Tempests rise,
Till the Sun clears the Air; and then
Crawls back, neglected, to his Den.

So when the War has rais'd a Storm;
I've seen a Snake in human Form,
All stain'd with Infamy and Vice,
Leap from the Dunghill in a Trice;
Burnish and make a gaudy Show,
Become a General, Peer, and Beau;

Till

Till Peace hath made the Sky serene,
Then shrink into its Hole again,

*All this we grant——why then look yonder,
Sure that must be a SALAMANDER.*

FARTHER we are by *Pliny* told,
This *Serpent* is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the Fire,
'Twill make the very Flames expire:
Besides it spues a filthy Froth,
(Whether thro' Rage, or Lust, or both,)
Of Matter purulent and white,
Which, happening on the Skin to light,
And there corrupting to a Wound,
Spreads Leprosy and Baldness round.

So have I seen a tatter'd Beau,
By Age and Claps grown cold as Snow,
Whose Breath, or Touch, where'er he came,
Blew out Love's Torch, or chill'd the Flame:
And should some Nymph, who ne'er was cruel,
Like *Carleton* cheap, or fam'd *Du-Ruel*,
Receive the Filth, which he ejects;
She soon wou'd find the same Effects
Her tainted Carcass to pursue,
As from the *Salamander's* Spue:
A dismal Shedding of her Locks,
And, if no Leprosy, a Pox,

*Then I'll appeal to each By-stander,
If this be not a Salamander?*

O N

Mrs. **BIDDY FLOYD.**

Written in the Year 1707.

WHEN Cupid did his Grandfire *Jove* intreat,
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt;
Jove sent and found far in a Country Scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-Nature, Look serene;
From which Ingredients, first the dext'rous Boy
Pick'd the Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy:
The *Graces* from the Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, and Air, and decent Pride.
These *Venus* cleans'd from e'vry spurious Grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best Clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy Composition **FLOYD.**

A P O L L O Outwitted.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, (since Countess of WINCHELSEA,) under the Name of ARDELIA.

Written in the Year 1707.

PHŌEBUS now short'ning every Shade,
Up to the Northern Tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays ;
 Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach ;
 But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays,
 Before he durst the Nymph approach.
 Under those sacred Leaves, secure
 From common Lightning of the Skies,
 He fondly thought he might endure
 The Flashes of *Ardelia's* Eyes.
 The Nymph, who oft had read in Books
 Of that bright God, whom Bards invoke,
 Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks,
 And guess'd his Business, e'er he spoke.
 He, in the old Celestial Cant,
 Confess'd his Flame, and swore by *Styx*,
 Whate'er she would desire, to grant ;
 But wise *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.
Ovid had warn'd her to beware
 Of stroling Gods, whose usual Trade is,
 Under Pretence of taking Air,
 To pick up sublunary Ladies.
 Howe'er, she gave no flat Denial,
 As having Malice in her Heart ;
 And was resolv'd upon a Tryal,
 To cheat the God in his own Art.
 Hear my Request, the Virgin said ;
 Let which I please of all the Nine
 Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,
 Obey my Call, and only mine.
 By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,
 The God could not refuse her Prayer :
 He wav'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
 Thrice mutter'd something to the Air,

And

And now he thought to seize his Due,
 But she the Charm already try'd,
Thalia heard the Call, and flew
 To wait at bright *Ardelia's* Side.

On Sight of this Celestial *Prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay,
 Nor in her Presence durst be rude;
 But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky Hour,
 When on their Queen the Muses wait;
 But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* Power:
 For Vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then full of Rage *Apollo* spoke,
 Deceitful Nymph! I see thy Art;
 And though I can't my Gift revoke,
 I'll disappoint its nobler Part.

Let stubborn Pride possess thee long,
 And be thou negligent of Fame;
 With ev'ry Muse to grace thy Song,
 May'st thou despise a Poet's Name.

Of modest Poets thou be first,
 To silent Shades repeat thy Verse,
 Till *Fame* and *Æcho* almost burst,
 Yet hardly dare one Line rehearse.

And last, my Vengeance to compleat;
 May you descend to take Renown,
 Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
 A Whig, and one, that wears a Gown.

Baucis

Baucis and Philemon.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

Written about the Year 1708.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And strole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hospitality.

It happen'd on a *Winter-Night*,
(As Authors of the *Legend* write,)
Two Brother-Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their *Tour* in Masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits, went
To a small Village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the Strollers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate,
Having thro' all the Village past,
To a small Cottage came at last;
Where dwelt a good old honest Ye'man,
Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *Philemon*.

Who

Who kindly did the Saints invite
 In his poor Hut to pass the Night :
 And then the hospitable Sire
 Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire :
 While he from out the Chimney took
 A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook :
 And freely from the fattest Side
 Cut out large Slices, to be fry'd :
 Then step'd aside to fetch 'em Drink,
 Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink ;
 And saw it fairly twice go round ;
 Yet (what was wonderful) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
 The good old Couple was amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd :
 For both were frighted to the Heart,
 And just began to cry,—What *ar't* !
 Then softly turn'd aside to view,
 Whether the Lights were burning blue.
 The gentle *Pilgrims* soon aware on't,
 Told 'em their Calling, and their Errant :
 Good Folks you need not be afraid,
 We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said :
 No Hurt shall come to you or yours ;
 But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
 Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
 They and their Houses shall be drown'd :
 While you shall see your Cottage rise,
 And grow a Church before your Eyes.

THEY scarce had spoke : when fair and soft,
 The Roof began to mount aloft :
 Aloft

Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter;
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

THE Chimney widen'd and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

THE Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a Joist;
But with the Up-side down, to show
Its Inclination for below :

In vain; for some superior Force,
Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course;
Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell;
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A WOODEN Jack, which had almost
Lost, by Disuse, the Art to roast,
A sudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine Wheels:
And what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion slow'r,
The Flyer, which, tho't had Leaden Feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;
Now slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,
Can hardly move an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and still adher'd:
And still its Love to Household Cares,
By a shrill Voice at Noon declares;
Warning the Cook-Maid not to burn
That roast Meat, which it cannot turn.

THE groaning Chair was seen to crawl,
Like an huge Snail half up the Wall;
There stuck aloft in publick View;
And with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

THE Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a less noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but Leathern Buckets, rang'd.

THE Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood*;
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And high, in Order plac'd, describe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A BEDSTEAD of the antique Mode;
Compact of Timber many a Load;
Such as our Grandfires wont to use,
Was metamorphos'd into Pews;
Which still their ancient Nature keep,
By lodging Folks dispos'd to sleep.

THE Cottage, by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees;
The Hermits then desire their Host
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them Thanks in homely Style;
Then said; My House is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at Ease,
Make me the *Parson*, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
 His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels:
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each Arm a Pudding-Sleeve!
 His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a sable Hue;
 But being old, continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
 His Talk was now of *Tythes* and *Dues*:
 Could smoke his Pipe, and read the *News*:
 Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the Preface and the Text;
 At Christ'nings well could act his Part,
 And had the Service all by Heart:
 Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
 And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last:
 Against *Dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *Right Divine*:
 Found his Head fill'd with many a System;
 But *Classick Authors*, ——— he ne'er mist 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on:
 Instead of home-spun Coifs, white seen
 Good Pinners, edg'd with *Colberteen*:
 Her Petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black Satin flounc'd with Lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
 'Twas *Madam*, in her Grogam Gown,
Philemon was in great Surprise,
 And hardly could believe his Eyes:
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus

Thus, happy in their Change of Life,
 Were several Years the Man and Wife:
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing o'er old Stories past;
 They went by chance, amidst their Talk,
 To the Church-yard, to fetch a Walk:
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,
 My Dear, I fee your Forehead sprout!
 Sprout, quoth the Man, what's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous:
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And really, yours is budding too ———
 Nay, ——— now I cannot stir my Foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root.

DESCRIPTION would but tire my Muse:
 In fhort, they both were turn'd to *Yews*.

OLD Goodman *Dobfon*, of the Green,
 Remembers he the Trees hath feen;
 He'll talk of them from Noon to Night,
 And goes with Folks, to fhew the Sight;
 On *Sundays*, after Evening Prayer,
 He gathers all the Parifh there;
 Points out the Place of either *Yew*:
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew:
 'Till once, a Parfon of our Town
 To mend his Barn, cut *Baucis* down;
 At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other Tree was griev'd:
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a Top, was flunted:
 So, the next Parfon flubb'd and burnt it.

VANBRUG's House.

*Built from the Ruins of Whitehall, that
was Burnt.*

Written in the YEAR 1708.

IN Times of *Old*, when Time was young,
And Poets their own Verses sung,
A Verse could draw a Stone or Beam,
That now would over-load a Team;
Lead 'em a Dance of many a Mile,
Then rear 'em to a goodly Pile.
Each Number had its diff'rent Pow'r;
Heroick Strains could build a Tow'r;
Sonnets, or Elegies to *Chloris*,
Might raise a House about two Stories;
A Lyrick Ode would slate; a Catch
Would tile; an Epigram would thatch.

BUT to their own, or Landlord's Cost,
Now Poets feel this Art is lost?
Not one of all our tuneful Throng
Can raise a Lodging for a Song.
For *Jove* consider'd well the Case;
Observ'd they grew a num'rous Race,
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin Undertakers quite.
This Evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their Element:

On

On Earth, the God of Wealth was made,
Sole Patron of the Building Trade;
Leaving the Wits the spacious Air,
With Licence to *build Castles* there:
And 'tis conceiv'd their old Pretence
To lodge in Garrets, comes from thence.

PREMISING thus in modern Way
The better Half we have to say;
Sing *Muse*, the House of Poet *Van*
In higher Strains than we began.

VAN, (for 'tis fit the Reader know it,)
Is both a Herald and a Poet;
No Wonder then, if nicely skill'd
In both Capacities to build.
As Herald, he can in a Day.
Repair a *House* gone to Decay;
Or by *Atchievements, Arms, Device*,
Erect a new one in a Trice.
And, as a Poet, he has Skill
To build in Speculation still.
Great *Jove*! he cry'd, the Art restore,
To build by Verse, as heretofore;
And make my *Muse* the Architect;
What Palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken *Thames*
Lament his old *Whitehall* in Flames:
A Pile shall from its Ashes rise,
Fit to invade, or prop the Skies.

JOVE smil'd, and like a gentle God,
Consenting with his usual Nod.
Told *Van* he knew his Talent best,
And left the Choice to his own Breast.

So

So *Van* resolv'd to write a Farce;
 But well perceiving Wit was scarce,
 With Cunning that Defect supplies;
 Takes a *French* Play as lawful Prize;
 Steals thence his Plot, and ev'ry Joke,
 Not once suspecting *Jove* would smoke;
 And (like a Wag) sat down to write,
 Would whisper to himself: *A Bite*.
 Then from this motly mingl'd Style
 Proceeded to erect his Pile.
 So Men of old, to gain Renown, did
 Build *Babel* with their Tongues confounded.
Jove saw the Cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the Matter to a Jest:
 Down from *Olympus* Top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his Sides:
 Ay, thought the God, are these your Tricks?
 Why then *old* Plays deserve *old* Bricks;
 And since you're sparing of your Stuff,
 Your Building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and grudging lent his Aid;
 Th' experienc'd Bricks that knew their Trade,
 (As being Bricks at second Hand,)
 Now move, and now in Order stand.

THE Building, as the Poet writ,
 Rose in Proportion to his Wit:
 And first the Prologue built a Wall,
 So wide as to encompass all.
 The Scene a Wood, produc'd no more
 Than a few scrubby Trees before.
 The Plot as yet lay deep, and so
 A Cellar next was dug below:

Thus

But this a Work so hard was found,
 Two Acts it cost him under Ground:
 Two other Acts we may presume
 Were spent, in building each a Room :
 Thus far advanc'd, he made a Shift
 To raise a Roof with Act the Fifth.
 The Epilogue behind, did frame
 A Place, not decent here to name.

Now Poets from all Quarters ran
 To see the House of Brother *Van* :
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
 But no such House was to be found :
 One asks the Watermen hard by,
Where may the Poet's Palace lie ?
 Another, of the *Thames* enquires,
 If he has seen its gilded Spires ?
 At length they in the Rubbish spy
 A Thing resembling a Goose-Pye :
 Thither in haste the Poets throng,
 And gaze in silent Wonder long ;
 Till one in Raptures thus began
 To praise the Pile, and Builder *Van*.

THRICE happy Poet, who may trail
 Thy House about thee, like a Snail ;
 Or harnes'd to a Nag, at Ease,
 Take Journeys in it like a Chaise ;
 Or in a Boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Can'st make it serve thee for a Tilt.
 Capacious House ! 'Tis own'd by all,
 Thou'rt well contriv'd, tho' thou art small ;
 For ev'ry Wit in *Britain's* Isle
 May lodge within thy spacious Pile.

Like *Bacchus* thou, as Poets feign,
 Thy Mother burnt, art born again;
 Born like a *Phoenix* from the Flame:
 But neither *Bulk* nor *Shape* the same;
 As Animals of largest Size
 Corrupt to Maggots, Worms, and Flies.
 A Type of *Modern Wit* and *Style*,
 The *Rubbish* of an ancient *Pile*.
 So *Chymists* boast, they have a Pow'r
 From the dead *Ashes* of a *Flow'r*,
 Some faint Resemblance to produce;
 But not the *Virtue*, *Taste*, or *Juice*.
 So modern Rhymers wisely *blast*
 The Poetry of Ages past,
 Which after they have overthrown,
 They from its Ruins build their own.

THE
 HISTORY
 OF
VANBRUG's House.

Written in the Year 1708.

WHEN Mother *Clud* had rose from Play;
 And call'd to take the Cards away;
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
 How *Mis* pick'd ev'ry painted Card;

And

And busy both with Hand and Eye,
 Soon rear'd a House two Stories high:
Van's Genius, without Thought or Lecture,
 Is hugely turn'd on *Architecture*:
 He view'd the Edifice, and smil'd,
 Vow'd it was pretty for a Child:
 It was so perfect in its Kind,
 He kept the Model in his Mind.

BUT, when he found the Boys at Play,
 And saw them dabbling in their Clay;
 He stood behind a Stall to lurk,
 And mark the Progress of their Work:
 With true Delight observ'd 'em all
 Raking up *Mud*, to build a Wall:
 The Plan he much admir'd, and took
 The *Model* in his Table-Book;
 Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
 And so resolv'd a *House* to build;
 A real *House*, with *Rooms* and *Stairs*,
 Five times at least as big as theirs,
 Taller than *Miss's* by two Yards;
 Not a sham Thing of Clay or Cards.
 And so he did; for in a while
 He built up such a monstrous Pile,
 That no two Chairmen could be found
 Able to lift it from the Ground:
 Still at *Whitehall* it stands in View,
 Just in the Place, where first it grew:
 There all the little School-boys run,
 Envyng to see themselves out-done.

FROM such deep Rudiments as these,
Van is become by due Degrees,

For Building fam'd ; and justly reckon'd
 At Court, *Vitruvius* the *Second*.
 No Wonder ; since wise *Authors* show,
 That *best Foundations* must be *low*.
 And now the *Duke* has wisely ta'en him
 To be his *Architect* at *Blenheim*.
 But Raillery for once apart,
 If this Rule holds in ev'ry Art ;
 Or if his *Grace* were no more skill'd in
 The Art of battering Walls than Building ;
 We might expect to see next Year
 A *Moufe-trap* Man chief Engineer.

A
 DESCRIPTION
 OF A
 CITY SHOWER.

Written in the Year 1712.

CAREFUL Observers may foretel the Hour
 (By sure Prognosticks) when to dread a Show'r.
 While Rain depends, the pensive Cat gives o'er
 Her Frolicks, and pursues her Tail no more.
 Returning home at Night you find the Sink
 Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.

If you be wife, then go not far to dine,
 You spend in Coach-hire more than save in Wine.
 A coming Show'r your shooting Corns presage;
 Old Aches throb, your hollow Tooth will rage:
 Saunt'ring in Coffee house is *Dulman* seen;
 He damns the Climate, and complains of *Spleen*.

MEAN while the South, rising with dabbled Wings,
 A fable Cloud athwart the Welkin flings;
 That swill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
 And like a Drunkard gives it up again.

Brisk *Susan* whips her Linnen from the Rope,
 While the first drizzling Show'r is born aslope:
 Such is that Sprinkling, which some careless Quean
 Flirts on you from her Mop; but not so clean:

You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, stop
 To rail; she singing, still whirls on her Mop.

Nor yet the Dust had shun'd th' unequal Strife,
 But aided by the Wind, fought still for Life;
 And wasted with its Foe by violent Gust,

• 'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was
 Dust.

Ah! where must needy Poet seek for Aid,
 When Dust and Rain at once his Coat invade?
 Sole Coat, where Dust, cemented, by the Rain
 Erects the Nap, and leaves a cloudy Stain.

Now, in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
 Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted Town.

• 'Twas doubtful which was Sea, and which was Sky.
 Garth Disp.

To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
 Pretend to cheapen Goods; but nothing buy.
 The Templer spruce, while ev'ry Spout's abroad,
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet *seems* to call a Coach.
 The tuck'd-up Sempstrefs walks with hasty Strides,
 While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides.
 Here various Kinds by various Fortunes led,
 Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed.
 * Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
 Forget their Feuds, and join to save their Wigs.
 Box'd in a Chair the Beau impatient sits,
 While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits:
 And ever and anon with frightful Din
 The Leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 So when *Troy* Chair-Men bore the wooden Steed,
 Pregnant with *Greeks*, impatient to be freed;
 (Those Bully *Greeks*, who, as the Moderns do,
 Instead of paying Chair Men, run them thro')
Laocoon struck the Out-side with his Spear,
 And each imprison'd Hero quak'd for Fear.

Now from all Parts the swelling Kennels flow,
 And bear their Trophies with them, as they go:
 Filths of all Hues and Odours seem to tell
 What Streets they sail'd from, by the Sight and
 Smell.

They, as each Torrent drives with rapid Force
 From *Smithfield*, or *St. Pulchre's* shape their Course;
 And in huge Confluent join at *Snow-hill* Ridge,
 Fall from the *Conduit* prone to *Holbourn-Bridge*.

* N. B. *This was the first Year of the Earl of Oxford's Ministry.*

* Sweepings

* Sweepings from Butcher's Stalls, Dung, Guts, and
 Blood,
 Drown'd Puppies, stinking Sprats, all drench'd in
 Mud,
 Dead Cats, and Turnip-Tops come tumbling down
 the Flood.

* *These three last Lines were intended against that licentious Manner of modern Poets, in making three Rhimes together, which they call Triplets; and the last of the three, was two or sometimes more Syllables longer, called an Alexandrian. These Triplets and Alexandrians were brought in by Dryden, and other Poets in the Reign of Charles II. They were the mere Effects of Haste, Idleness, and want of Money; and have been wholly avoided by the best Poets, since these Verses were written.*

A

Description of the Morning.

Written about the Year 1712.

NOW hardly here and there a Hackney-Coach
 Appearing, show'd the ruddy Morn's Approach.
 Now Betty from her Master's Bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own.
 The Slip-shod 'Prentice from his Master's Door
 Had par'd the Dirt, and sprinkled round the Floor.

Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
 The Youth * with broomy Stumps began to trace
 The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the
 Place.

The Small-Coal Man was heard with Cadence deep;
 Till drown'd in shriller Notes of *Chimney-sweep*.
 Duns at his Lordship's Gate began to meet;
 And Brick-dust *Moll* had scream'd thro' half a Street.
 The Turn-key now his Flock returning sees,
 Duly let out a-Nights to steal for Fees.
 The watchful Bailiffs take their silent Stands;
 And School-boys lag with Satchels in their Hands.

* *To find old Nails.*

The VIRTUES of SID HAMET
the Magician's Rod.

Written in the Year 1712.

THE *Rod* was but a harmless Wand,
 While *Moses* held it in his Hand;
 But soon as e'er he laid it down
 Twas a devouring Serpent grown.

Our great Magician, *Hamet Sid*,
 Reverses what the Prophet did:

His

His *Rod* was honest *English* Wood,
That senseless in a Corner stood,
Till metamorphos'd by his Grasp,
It grew an all-devouring Asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll and twist,
By the mere Virtue of his Fist:
But when he *said it down*, as quick
Resum'd the Figure of a Stick.

So, to her Midnight Feasts the Hag
Rides on a Broomstick for a Nag,
That, rais'd by Magick of her Breech,
O'er Sea and Land conveys the Witch:
But with the Morning Dawn resumes
The peaceful State of common Brooms.

THEY tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain Magick *Rod*,
That bending down its Top divines,
Whene'er the Soil has golden Mines:
Where there are none, it stands erect,
Scorning to shew the least Respect.
As ready was the Wand of *Sid*
To bend, where golden Mines were hid;
In *Scottish* hills: found precious Ore,
Where none e'er look'd for it before:
And by a gentle *Bow* divin'd
How well a *Cully's* Purse was lin'd:
To a forlorn and broken *Rake*
Stood without Motion, like a Stake.

THE *Rod* of *Hermes* was renown'd
For Charms above and under Ground,

To sleep could mortal Eye-lids fix,
 And drive departed Souls to *Styx*.
 That *Rod* was just a Type of *Sid's*
 Which o'er a *British* Senate's Lids
 Could scatter *Opium* full as well;
 And drive as many *Souls to Hell*.

SID's Rod was slender, white and tall,
 Which oft he us'd to fish withal:
 A PLACE was fasten'd to the Hook,
 And many a Score of *Gudgeons* took;
 Yet still so happy was his Fate,
 He caught his *Fish*, and sav'd his *Bait*.

SID's Brethren of the conj'ring Tribe
 A Circle with their *Rod* describe;
 Which proves a magical Redoubt,
 To keep *mischievous Spirits* out:
Sid's Rod was of a larger Stride,
 And made a Circle thrice as wide;
 Where *Spirits* throng'd with hideous Din;
 And he stood there to take them in.
 But when th' enchanted *Rod* was broke,
 They vanish'd in a stinking Smoke.

ACHILLES' Scepter was of Wood,
 Like *Sid's*, but nothing near so good:
 Though down from Ancestors divine,
 Transmitted to the Heroes Line,
 Thence thro' a long Descent of Kings,
 Came an *Heir-loom* as *Homer* sings:
 Tho' this Description looks so big,
 That Scepter was a sapless Twig;

Which

Which, from the fatal Day, when first
 It left the Forest, where 'twas nurs'd,
 As *Homer* tells us o'er and o'er,
 Nor Leaf, nor Fruit, nor Blossom bore,
Sid's Scepter, full of Juice, did shoot
 In golden Boughs, and golden Fruit;
 And he, the *Dragon* never sleeping,
 Guarded each fair *Hesperian* Pippin.
 No *Hobby Horse*, with gorgeous Top,
 The dearest in *Charles Mather's* Shop,
 Or glitt'ring Tinsel of *May-Fair*,
 Could with this Rod of *Sid* compare,

DEAR *Sid*, then why wer't thou so mad,
 To break thy Rod like naughty Lad?
 You should have kiss'd it in your Distress,
 And then return'd it to your *Mistress*;
 Or made it a *Newmarket* Switch,
 And not a Rod for thy own Breech.
 But since old *Sid* has broken this,
 His next may be a Rod in *P-----*.

A T L A S:
OR, THE
MINISTER of STATE.
TO THE
Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

Written in the Year 1712.

A *T L A S*, we read in antient Song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the Skies upon his Back,
Just as a Pedlar does his Pack:
But, as a Pedlar overprest
Unloads upon a Stall to rest;
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a Friend to lend a Hand,
So *Atlas*, lest the pond'rous Spheres
Should sink, and fall about his Ears;
Got *Hercules* to bear the Pile,
That he might sit, and rest a while.

YET *Hercules* was not so strong,
Nor could have born it half so long.

GREAT Statesmen are in this Condition;
And *Atlas* is a Politician:
A premier Minister of State;
Alcides one of second Rate.
Suppose then *Atlas* ne'er so wise,
Yet when the Weight of Kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single Shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find *Upbolders*.

E P I.

EPIGRAM.

Written in the Year 1712.

AS *Thomas* was cudgell'd one Day by his Wife,
He took to the Street, and fled for his Life:
Tom's three dearest Friends came by in the
Squabble,

And sav'd him at once from the Shrew and the Rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some sober Advice —
But, *Tom* is a Person of Honour so nice,
Too wise to take Council, too proud to take Warning,
That he sent to all three a Challenge next Morning:
Three Duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his Life;
Went home, and was cudgel'd again by his Wife.

CORINNA.

Written in the Year 1712.

THIS Day, (the Year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the Midwife's Part;
Into the World *Corinna* fell,
And he endow'd her with his Art.

But

But *Cupid* with a *Satyr* comes ;

Both softly to the Cradle creep :

Both stroke her Hands, and rub her Gums,

While the poor Child lay fast asleep.

Then *Cupid* thus : This little Maid

Of Love shall always speak and write.

And I pronounce (the *Satyr* said)

The World shall feel her scratch, and bite.

Her Talent she display'd betimes ;

For in twice twelve revolving Moons,

She seem'd to laugh, and squal in Rhimes,

And all her Gestures were Lampoons.

At six Years old, the subtle Jade

Stole to the Pantry-Door, and found

The Butler with my Lady's Maid ;

And you may swear the Tale went round.

She made a Song, how little Miss

Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a Lad :

And how when Master went to p——,

Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a Poet and Coquette ;

Marries for Love, half Whore, half Wife.

Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in Debt ;

Turns Auth'ress, and is *Curll's* for Life.

CADENUS

C A D E N U S

AND

V A N E S S A.

Written at Windsor, Anno 1713.

THE *Shepherds* and the *Nymphs* were seen
Pleading before the *Cyprian Queen*,

The Council for the Fair began,
Accusing that false Creature *Man*:

The Brief with weighty Crimes was charg'd,
On which the Pleader much enlarg'd:

That *Cupid* now has lost his Art,
Or blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart;

His Altar now no longer smokes,
His Mother's Aid no Youth invokes:

This tempts Free-thinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their Pow'r divine.

Now Love is dwindled to Intrigue,
And Marriage grown a Money-League.

Which Crimes aforesaid, (*with her Leave*)
Were (*as he humbly did conceive*).

Against our Sov'reign Lady's Peace,

Against the Statute in that Case:

Against her Dignity and Crown.

Then pray'd an Answer, and sat down.

THE

THE *Nymphs* with Scorn beheld their Foes:

When the Defendant's Council rose;
 And, what no Lawyer ever lack'd,
 With Impudence own'd all the Fact:
 But, what the gentlest Heart would vex,
 Laid all the Fault on t'other Sex.
 That modern Love is no such Thing,
 As what those antient Poets sing;
 A Fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceived and kindled in the Mind;
 Which, having found an equal Flame,
 Unites, and both become the same;
 In different Breasts together burn,
 Together both to Ashes turn.
 But Women now feel no such Fire;
 And only know the gross Desire.
 Their Passions move in lower Spheres,
 Where-e'er Caprice or Folly steers:
 A Dog, a Parrot, or an Ape,
 Or some worse Brute in human Shape,
 Engross the Fancies of the Fair,
 The few soft Moments they can spare,
 From Visits to receive and pay;
 From Scandal, Politicks, and Play;
 From Fans, and Flounces, and Brocades,
 From Equipage and Park-Parades;
 From all the Thousand Female Toys;
 From every Trifle that employs
 The Out or Inside of their Heads,
 Between their Toylets and their Beds.

In a dull Stream, which moving slow,
 You hardly see the Current flow;

If a small Breeze obstructs the Course,
 It whirls about for want of Force;
 And in its narrow Circle gathers
 Nothing but Chaff, and Straws, and Feathers;
 The Current of a Female Mind
 Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry Wind;
 Thus whirling round, together draws
 Fools, Fops, and Rakes, for Chaff and Straws.
 Hence we conclude, no Women's Hearts
 Are won by Virtue, Wit, and Parts:
 Nor are the Men of Sense to blame,
 For Breasts incapable of Flame,
 The Fault must on the *Nymphs* be plac'd,
 Grown so corrupted in their Taste.

THE Pleader having spoke his best,
 Had Witness ready to attest;
 Who fairly could on Oath depose,
 When Questions on the Fact arose,
 That ev'ry Article was true;
 Nor further those Dependents knew:
 Therefore he humbly would insist,
 The Bill might be with Costs dismiss.

THE Cause appear'd of so much Weight,
 That *Venus* from her Judgment-Seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
 Else she must interpose a Cloud:
 For if the Heav'nly Folk should know
 These Pleadings in the Courts below,
 That Mortals here disdain to love;
 She ne'er could shew her Face above:

For

For Gods, their Betters, are too wise
 To value that, which Men despise:
 And then, said she, my Son and I
 Must strole in Air 'twixt Land and Sky;
 Or else, shut out from Heaven and Earth,
 Fly to the Sea, my Place of Birth;
 There live with daggl'd *Mermaids* pent,
 And keep on Fish perpetual *Lent*.

BUT since the Case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take Advice.
 The *Muses*, by their King's Permission,
 Tho' Foes to Love, attend the Session;
 And on the Right Hand took their Places
 In Order; on the Left, the *Graces*:
 To whom she might her Doubts propose
 On all Emergencies, that rose.
 The *Muses* oft were seen to frown;
 The *Graces* half-asham'd look'd down;
 And 'twas observ'd, there were but few,
 Of either Sex, among the Crew,
 Whom she or her Assessors knew.
 The Goddesses soon began to see
 Things were not ripe for a Decree:
 And said, she must consult her Books,
 The Lovers *Fleta's*, *Bractons*, *Cokes*:
 First, to a dapper Clerk she beckon'd,
 To turn to *Ovid*, Book the Second:
 She then referr'd them to a Place
 In *Virgil* (*vide Dido's Case*):
 As for *Tibullus's* Reports,
 They never pass'd for Law in Courts:

For *Cowley's* Briefs, and Pleas of *Waller*,
Still their Authority was smaller.

THERE was on both Sides much to say:
She'd hear the Cause another Day;
And so she did, and then a Third:
She heard it—there she kept her Word;
But with Rejoinders and Replies,
Long Bills, and Answers, stuff'd with Lies:
Demur, Impar lance, and Effoign,
The Parties ne'er could Issue join:
For Sixteen Years the Cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle *Clio*, sing or say,
What *Venus* meant by this Delay.
The Goddess, much perplex'd in Mind,
To see her Empire thus declin'd;
When first this grand Debate arose,
Above her Wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a Project in her Head,
To work her Ends; which if it sped,
Wou'd shew the Merits of the Cause,
Far better than consulting Laws.

In a glad Hour, *Lucina's* Aid
Produc'd on Earth a wond'rous Maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new Experiment:
She threw her Law-books on the Shelf,
And thus debated with herself.

SINCE Men alledge, they ne'er can find
Those Beauties in a Female Mind,

Which

Which raise a Flame that will endure
 For ever, uncorrupt and pure ;
 If 'tis with Reason they complain,
 This Infant shall restore my Reign.
 I'll search where ev'ry Virtue dwells,
 From Courts inclusive down to Cells,
 What Preachers talk, or Sages write ;
 These I will gather and unite ;
 And represent them to Mankind,
 Collected in that Infant's Mind.

THIS said, she plucks in Heav'n's high Bowers,
 A Sprig of *Amaranthine* Flow'rs ;
 In Nectar thrice infuses Bays,
 Three Times refin'd in *Titan's* Rays :
 Then calls the *Graces* to her Aid ;
 And sprinkles thrice the new-born Maid :
 From whence the tender Skin assumes
 A Sweetness above all Perfumes ;
 From whence a Cleanliness remains,
 Incapable of outward Stains ;
 From whence that Decency of Mind,
 So lovely in the Female Kind ;
 Where not one careless Thought intrudes,
 Less modest than the Speech of Prudes :
 Where never Blush was call'd in Aid ;
 That spurious Virtue in a Maid ;
 A Virtue but at second-hand ;
 They blush because they understand.

THE *Graces* next wou'd act their Part,
 And shew'd but little of their Art ;

Their

Their Work was half already done,
 The Child with native Beauty shone ;
 The outward Form no Help requir'd :
 Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd.
 That gentle, soft, engaging Air,
 Which, in old Times, adorn'd the Fair :
 And said, " *Vanessa* be the Name,
 " By which thou shalt be known to Fame :
 " *Vanessa*, by the Gods enroll'd :
 " Her Name on Earth —— shall not be told.

BUT still the Work was not compleat ;
 When *Venus* thought on a Deceit :
 Drawn by her Doves, away she flies,
 And finds out *Pallas* in the Skies :
 Dear *Pallas*, I have been this Morn
 To see a lovely Infant born :
 A Boy in yonder Isle below,
 So like my own, without his Bow :
 By Beauty could your Heart be won,
 You'd swear it is *Apollo's* Son ;
 But it shall ne'er be said, a Child
 So hopeful has by me been spoil'd ;
 I have enough besides to spare,
 And give him wholly to your Care.

WISDOM's above suspecting Wiles :
 The Queen of Learning gravely smiles ;
 Down from *Olympus* comes with Joy,
 Mistakes *Vanessa* for a Boy ;
 Then sows within her tender Mind
 Seeds, long unknown to Womankind,
 For manly Bosoms chiefly fit,
 The Seeds of Knowledge, Judgement, Wit.

Her

Her Soul was suddenly endu'd
 With Justice, Truth and Fortitude ;
 With Honour, which no Breath can stain,
 Which Malice must attack in vain ;
 With open Heart and bounteous Hand :
 But *Pallas* here was at a Stand ;
 She knew in our degen'rate Days
 Bare Virtue could not live on Praise ;
 That Meat must be with Money bought ;
 She therefore, upon second Thought,
 Infus'd, yet as it were by Stealth,
 Some small Regard for State and Wealth :
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
 A Tincture in the prudent Maid :
 She manag'd her Estate with Care,
 Yet lik'd three Footmen to her Chair.
 But lest he should neglect his Studies,
 Like a young Heir, the thrifty Goddess
 (For fear young Master should be spoil'd,)
 Wou'd use him like a younger Child ;
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twou'd come to just Five Thousand Pound.

THE Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see *Vanessa* thus endow'd ;
 She doubted not, but such a Dame
 Thro' ev'ry Breast would dart a Flame ;
 That ev'ry rich and lordly Swain
 With Pride wou'd drag about her Chain ;
 That Scholars should forsake their Books,
 To study bright *Vanessa's* Looks :
 As she advanc'd, that Womankind
 Wou'd by her Model form their Mind ;

POEMS on several OCCASIONS

And all their Conduct wou'd be try'd
By her, as an unerring Guide,
Offending Daughters oft' would hear
Vanessa's Praise rung in their Ear:
Miss *Betty*, when she does a Fault,
Lets fall her Knife, or spills the Salt,
Will thus be by her Mother chid;
'Tis what *Vanessa* never did.
Thus by the Nymphs and Swains ador'd,
My Pow'r shall be again restor'd,
And happy Lovers bless my Reign——
So *Venus* hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in Time the *Martial Maid*
Found out the Trick, that *Venus* play'd,
She shakes her Helm, she knits her Brows,
And fir'd with Indignation vows,
To-morrow e'er the setting Sun,
She'd all undo, that she had done.

BUT, in the Poets we may find,
A wholesome-Law, Time out of Mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree;
That Gods, of whatsoe'er Degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
Or any other Brother God in Heav'n:
Which keeps the Peace among the Gods,
Or they must always be at Odds,
And *Pallas*, if she broke the Laws,
Must yield her Foe the stronger Cause;
A Shame to one, so much ador'd
For Wisdom at *Jove's* Council-Board.
Besides, she fear'd, the Queen of Love
Wou'd meet with better Friends above:

And

And tho' she must with Grief reflect,
 To see a mortal Virgin deck'd
 With Graces hitherto unknown
 To female Breasts, except her own;
 Yet she wou'd act, as best became
 A Goddess of unspotted Fame:
 She knew by Augury divine,
Venus would fail in her Design:
 She studied well the Point, and found,
 Her Foes Conclusions were not found;
 From Premisses erroneous brought,
 And therefore the Deductions nought;
 And must have contrary Effects
 Than what her treach'rous Foe expects.

IN proper Season *Pallas* meets
 The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets:
 (For Gods we are by *Homer* told
 Can in Celestial Language scold)
 Perfidious Goddess! but in vain
 You form'd this Project in your Brain;
 A Project for thy Talents fit,
 With much Deceit, and little Wit:
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thy self, instead of me;
 For how can heav'nly Wisdom prove
 An Instrument to earthly Love?
 Know'st thou not yet, that Men commence
 Thy Votaries for want of Sense?
 Nor shall *Vanessa* be the Theme
 To manage thy abortive Scheme:
 She'll prove the greatest of thy Foes
 And yet I scorn to interpose;

But

But using neither Skill, nor Force,
Leave all things to their nat'ral Course.

THE Goddeſs thus pronounc'd her Doom :
When, lo! *Vaneſſa* in her Bloom,
Advanc'd like *Atalanta's* Star,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far :
In a new World with Caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the Company ſhe kept,
Well knowing from the Books ſhe read
What dang'rous Paths young Virgins tread :
Would ſeldom at the Park appear,
Nor ſaw the Play-houſe twice a Year ;
Yet not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the Converſe of Mankind.

FIRST iſſu'd from Perfumers Shops,
A Croud of fashionable Fops ;
They ask'd her, how ſhe lik'd the Play ;
Then told the Tattle of the Day ;
A Duel fought laſt Night at Two,
About a Lady—you know who :
Mention'd a new *Italian*, come
Either from *Muſcovy* or *Rome* ;
Gave Hints of who and who's together ;]
Then fell to talking of the Weather :
Laſt Night was ſo extremely fine,
The Ladies walk'd till after Nine.
Then in ſoft Voice and Speech abſurd,
With Nonſenſe ev'ry ſecond Word,
With Fuſtian from exploded Plays,
'They celebrate her Beauty's Praise ;
Run o'er their Cant of ſtupid Lyes,
And tell the Murders of her Eyes,

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WITH

WITH silent Scorn *Vanessa* sat,
 Scarce list'ning to their idle Chat:
 Further than sometimes by a Frown,
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.
 At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their Wisdom's full Extent;
 And said she valu'd nothing less
 Than Titles, Figure, Shape, and Dress:
 That Merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In Judgment, Knowledge, Wit, and Taste:
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd Man from Brute:
 That, present Times have no Pretence
 To Virtue, in the noblest Sense,
 By *Greeks* and *Romans* understood,
 To perish for our Country's Good.
 She nam'd the antient Heroes round,
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd:
 Then spoke with Censure, or Applause,
 Of foreign Customs, Rites, and Laws.
 Thro' Nature, and thro' Art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her Subject chang'd:
 In vain: Her Hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their Judgment was upon the Whole,
 — That Lady is the dullest Soul —
 Then tipt their Forehead in a Jeer,
 As who should say — she wants it here;
 She may be handsome, young and rich,
 But none will burn her for a Witch.

A Party next of glittering Dames,
 From round the Parlicus of *St. James*,

Came

Came early, out of pure good Will,
 To see the Girl in Deshabille;
 Their Clamour 'lighting from their Chairs,
 Grew louder all the Way up Stairs;
 At Entrance loudelt; where they found
 The Room with Volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held *Moonrains*, and read,
 Whilst Mrs. *Susan* comb'd her Head:
 They call'd for Tea and Chocolate;
 And fell into their usual Chat;
 Discourfing with important Face,
 On Ribbons, Fans, and Gloves and Lace;
 Shew'd Patterns juft from *India* brought,
 And gravely ask'd her what fhe thought;
 Whether the Red or Green were beft,
 And what they coft? *Vanessa* guess'd,
 As came into her Fancy firft,
 Nam'd half the Rates, and lik'd the worft.
 To Scandal next ——— What awkward Thing
 Was that, laft Sunday in the Ring;
 ——— I'm forry *Mopfa* breaks fo faft;
 I faid her Face would never laft.
Corinna, with that youthful Air,
 Is thirty, and a Bit to fpare;
 Her Fondnefs for a certain Earl
 Began, when I was but a Girl,
Phyllis, who but a Month ago
 Was marry'd to the *Tunbridge* Beau,
 I faw coquetting 't'other Night,
 In publick with that odious Knight.
 THEY rally'd next *Vanessa's* Drefs;
 That Gown was made for old *Queen* Befs.

Dear Madam, let me set your Head :
 Don't you intend to put on Red ?
 A Petticoat without a Hoop !
 Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop ;
 With handsome Garters at your Knees,
 No Matter what a Fellow sees.

FILL'D with Disdain, with Rage inflam'd,
 Both of her self and Sex asham'd,
 The Nymph stood silent out of Spite,
 Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
 Away the fair Detractors went,
 And gave, by Turns, their Censures Vent.
 She's not so handsome in my Eyes :
 For Wit, I wonder where it lies,
 She's fair and clean, and that's the most ;
 But why proclaim her for a Toast ?
 A Baby Face, no Life, nor Airs,
 But what she learnt at Country Fairs ;
 Scarce knows what Diff'rence is between
 Rich *Flanders* Lace, and *Colberteen*.
 I'll undertake my little *Nancy*
 In Flounces has a better Fancy.
 With all her Wit, I would not ask
 Her Judgment, how to buy a Mask,
 We begg'd her but to patch her Face,
 She never hit one proper Place ;
 Which ev'ry Girl at five Years old
 Can do as soon as she is told.
 I own, that out-of-fashion Stuff
 Becomes the *Creature* well enough.
 The Girl might pass, if we could get her
 To know the World a little better.

(*To know the World*: A modern Phrase
For Visits, Ombre, Balls, und Plays.)

THUS, to the World's perpetual Shame,
The *Queen of Beauty* lost her Aim.
Too late with Grief she understood,
Pallas had done more Harm than Good:
For great Examples are but vain,
Where Ignorance begets Disdain.
Both Sexes arm'd with Guilt and Spite,
Against *Vanessa's* Pow'r unite;
To copy her, few Swains aspir'd;
Her Virtues fewer Swains admir'd:
So Stars beyond a certain Height
Give Mortals neither Heat nor Light.

YET some of either Sex, endow'd,
With Gifts superior to the Crowd,
With Virtue, Knowledge, Taste, and Wit,
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing Arts she could reduce
Mens Talents to their proper Use;
And with Address each Genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus making others Wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest Youth said something new:
She plac'd it in the strongest View.
All humble Worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The Learned met with free Approach,
Altho' they came not in a Coach.
Some Clergy too they would allow,
Nor quarrel'd with their awkward Bow;

But this was for *Cadmus*' Sake ;
 A Gownman of a diff'rent Make ;
 Whom *Pallas*, once *Vanessa*'s Tutor,
 Had fix'd on for her Coadjutor.

BUT *Cupid*, full of Mischief, longs
 To vindicate his Mother's Wrongs.
 On *Pallas* all Attempts are vain ;
 One Way he knows to give her Pain :
 Vows, on *Vanessa*'s Heart to take
 Due Vengeance for her Patron's Sake.
 Those early Seeds by *Venus* sown,
 In spite of *Pallas*, now were grown ;
 And *Cupid* hop'd they wou'd improve
 By Time, and ripen into Love.

The Boy made use of all his Craft,
 In vain discharging many a Shaft,
 Pointed at Col'nels, Lords, and Beaux :
Cadmus warded off the Blows ;
 For placing still some Book betwixt,
 The Darts were in the Cover fix't ;
 Or often blunted and recoil'd,
 On *Plutarch*'s Morals struck, were spoil'd.

THE Queen of Wisdom cou'd foresee,
 Yet not prevent the Fates Decree :
 And human Caution tries in vain
 To break that adamantyne Chain.
Vanessa, tho' by *Pallas* taught,
 By Love invulnerable thought,
 Searching in Books for Wisdom's Aid,
 Was, in the very Search, betray'd.

CUPID, tho' all his Darts were lost,
 Yet still resolv'd to spare no Cost ;

He could not answer to his Fame
 The Triumphs of that Stubborn Dame;
 A Nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
 Who neither was Coquet nor Prude.
 I find, said he, she wants a Doctor,
 Both to adore her, and instruct her;
 I'll give her what she most admires;
 Among those venerable Sires.
Cadenus is a Subject fit,
 Grown old in Politicks and Wit;
 Caref'd by Ministers of State,
 Of half Mankind the Dread and Hate,
 Whate'er Vexations Love attend,
 She need no Rivals apprehend:
 Her Sex, with universal Voice,
 Must laugh at her capricious Choice.

CADENUS many Things had writ;
Vanessa much esteem'd his Wit,
 And call'd for his Poetick Works;
 Mean time the Boy in secret lurks,
 And, while the Book was in her Hand,
 The Urchin from his private Stand
 Took Aim, and shot with all his Strength
 A Dart of such prodigious Length,
 It pierc'd the feeble Volume thro',
 And deep transfix'd her Bosom too.
 Some Lines more moving than the rest,
 Stuck to the Point that pierc'd her Breast;
 And born directly to her Heart,
 With Pains unknown encreas'd the Smart.

VANESSA, not in Years a Score,
 Dreams of a Gown of Forty-four;

Imaginary Charms can find,
 In Eyes with Reading almost blind :
Cadenus now no more appears
 Declin'd in Health, advanc'd in Years :
 She fancies Musick in his Tongue,
 No further looks, but thinks him young.
 What Mariner is not afraid
 To venture in a Ship decay'd ?
 What Planter will attempt to yoke
 A Sapling with a falling Oak ?
 As Years increase, she brighter shines,
Cadenus with each Day declines,
 And he must fall a Prey to Time,
 While she continues in her Prime.

CADENUS, common Forms apart,
 In every Scene had kept his Heart ;
 Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
 For Pastime, or to shew his Wit :
 But Books, and Time, and State Affairs,
 Had spoil'd his fashionable Airs ;
 He now cou'd praise, esteem, approve,
 But understood not what was Love :
 His Conduct might have made him styl'd
 A Father, and the Nymph his Child.
 That innocent Delight he took
 To see the Virgin mind her Book,
 Was but the Master's secret Joy
 In School to hear the finest Boy.
 Her Knowledge with her Fancy grew ;
 She hourly press'd for something new :
Ideas came into her Mind
 So fast, his Lessons lag'd behind :

She

She reason'd, without plodding long ;
Nor ever gave her Judgment wrong.
But now a sudden Change was wrought,
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such Marks of a distracted Mind ;
For tho' she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before ;
He found her Thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not, whence could spring the Change.
And first, he modestly conjectures,
His Pupil might be tir'd with Lectures ;
Which help'd to mortify his Pride,
Yet gave him not the Heart to chide :
But in a mild dejected Strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain :
Said, she should be no longer teiz'd ;
Might have her Freedom when she pleas'd :
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
To hide her from the World so long ;
And in dull Studies to engage,
One of her tender Sex and Age :
That ev'ry Nymph with Envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *Grand Monde* :
And ev'ry Shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a Nun.
This was a visionary Scheme,
He wak'd and found it but a Dream ;
A Project far above his Skill ;
For Nature must be Nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A Scholar to a courtly Dame,

She might excuse a Man of Letters;
 Thus Tutors often treat their Betters.
 And since his Talk offensive grew,
 He came to take his last Adieu.

VANESSA, fill'd with just Disdain,
 Wou'd still her Dignity maintain;
 Instructed from her early Years
 To scorn the Art of Female Tears.

HAD he employ'd his Time so long
 To teach her what was Right and Wrong,
 Yet cou'd such Notions entertain,
 That all his Lectures were in vain?
 She own'd the wand'ring of her Thoughts,
 But he must answer for her Faults.
 She well remember'd to her Cost,
 That all his Lessons were not lost.
 Two Maxims she could still produce,
 And sad Experience taught their Use:
 That Virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 Knows nothing which it dare not own;
 Can make us, without Fear disclose
 Our inmost Secrets to our Foes:
 That common Forms were not design'd
 Directors to a noble Mind.
 Now, said the Nymph, to let you see,
 My Actions with your Rules agree,
 That I can vulgar Forms despise,
 And have no Secrets to disguise:
 I knew by what you said and writ,
 How dang'rous Things were Men of Wit,
 You caution'd me against their Charms,
 But never gave me equal Arms:

Your

your Lessons found the weakest Part.
Aim'd at the Head, and reach'd the Heart.

CADENUS felt within him rise
Shame, Disappointment, Guilt, Surprise:
He knew not how to reconcile
Such Language, with her usual Style:
And yet her Words were so express,
He could not hope she spoke in Jest.
His Thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her Mind:
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the Nymph were young or old:
Had met her in a publick Place,
Without distinguishing her Face.
Much less could his declining Age,
Vanessa's earliest Thoughts engage:
And if her Youth Indifference met,
His Person must Contempt beget:
Or, grant her Passion be sincere,
How shall his Innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The World must think him in the wrong:
Who'd say, he made a treach'rous Use
Of Wit, to flatter and seduce:
The Town wou'd swear he had betray'd,
By Magick Spells, the harmless Maid;
And ev'ry Beau wou'd have his Jokes,
That Scholars were like other Folks:
And, when Platonick Flights are over,
The Tutor turns a mortal Lover:
So tender of the Young and Fair,
It shew'd a true paternal Care:

Five thousand Guineas in her Purse,
The Doctor might have fancy'd worfe.

HARDLY at length he Silence broke,
And faulter'd ev'ry Word he spoke:
Interpreting her Complaisance,
Just as a Man *sans Consequence*.
She raily'd well, he always knew;
Her Manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an Air,
As serious as a Tragick Play'r.
But those, who aim at Ridicule,
Shou'd fix upon some certain Rule;
Which fairly hints they are in Jest,
Else he must enter his Protest:
For, let a Man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober Lies;
A Science, which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought:
For, take it in its proper Light,
'Tis just what Coxcombs call, a *Bite*.

BUT, not to dwell on Things minute;
Vanessa finish'd the Dispute;
Brought weighty Arguments to prove,
That Reason was her Guide in Love.
She thought he had himself describ'd,
His Doctrines, when she first imbib'd;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His Virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or Contempt her Fancy strikes.
Self-love, in Nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:

Why

Why she likes him, admire not at her,
 She loves her self, and that's the Matter;
 How was her Tutor wont to praise
 The Genius's of ancient Days!
 (Those Authors he so oft had nam'd
 For Learning, Wit, and Wisdom fam'd;)
 Was struck with Love, Esteem and Awe,
 For Persons whom he never saw.
 Suppose *Cadenus* flourish'd then,
 He must adore such god-like Men.
 If one short Volume could comprise
 All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
 How wou'd it be esteem'd, and read,
 Altho' the Writer long were dead?
 If such an Author were alive,
 How all would for his Friendship strive;
 And come in Crowds to see his Face:
 And this she takes to be her Case:
Cadenus answer'd ev'ry End,
 The Book, the Author, and the Friend.
 The utmost her Desires will reach,
 Is but to learn what he can teach;
 His Converse, is a System, fit
 Alone to fill up all her Wit;
 While ev'ry Passion of her Mind
 In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with Speech inspire a Mute;
 And taught *Vanessa* to dispute.
 This Topick, never touch'd before,
 Display'd her Eloquence the more:
 Her Knowledge, with such Pains acquir'd,
 By this new Passion grew inspir'd:

Thro'

Thro' this she made all Objects pass,
Which gave a Tincture o'er the Mass:
As Rivers, tho' they bend and twine,
Still to the Sea their Course incline:
Or, as Philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite System to their Mind;
In ev'ry Point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to submit.

C A D E N U S, who could ne'er suspect
His Lessons would have such Effect,
Or be so artfully apply'd;
Insensibly came on her Side:
It was an unforeseen Event,
Things took a Turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels, in what we prize,
Appears a Hero in our Eyes;
Each Girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the Teacher in her Thought:
When Miss delights in her Spinnet,
A Fidler may a Fortune get:
A Blockhead with melodious Voice
In Boarding-Schools may have his Choice:
And oft' the Dancing-Master's Art
Climbs from the Toe to touch the Heart.
In Learning let a Nymph delight,
The Pedant gets a Mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his Grief and Shame,
Cou'd scarce oppose *Vanessa's* Flame;
And tho' her Arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.

His

His Pride began to interpose;
 Preferr'd before a Crowd of Beaux:
 So bright a Nymph to come unsought,
 Such Wonder by his Merit wrought;
 'Tis Merit must with her prevail,
 He never knew her Judgment fail;
 She noted all she ever read,
 And had a most discerning Head.

'Tis an old Maxim in the Schools,
 That Flattery's the Food of Fools;
 Yet now and then your Men of Wit
 Will condescend to take a Bit.
 So when *Cadmus* cou'd not hide,
 He chose to justify his Pride;
 Constr'ing the Passion she had shown,
 Much to her Praise, more to his own.
 Nature in him had Merit plac'd;
 In her, a most judicious Taste.
 Love, hitherto a transient Guest,
 Ne'er held Possession of his Breast;
 So, long attending at the Gate,
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love, why do we one Passion call?
 When 'tis a Compound of them all;
 Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
 In all their Equipages meet:
 Where Pleasures mix'd with Pains appear,
 Sorrow with Joy, and Hope with Fear;
 Wherein his Dignity and Age
 Forbid *Cadmus* to engage:
 But Friendship in its greatest Height,
 A constant, rational Delight.

On

On Virtue's Basis fix'd to last,
 When Love Allurements long are past;
 Which gently warms, but cannot burn;
 He gladly offers in return:
 His want of Passion will redeem,
 With Gratitude, Respect, Esteem:
 With that Devotion we bestow,
 When Goddeffes appear below.

WHILE thus *Cadmus* entertains
Vanessa in exalted Strains,
 The Nymph, in sober Words, intreats
 A Truce with all sublime Conceits:
 For why such Raptures, Flights, and Fancies,
 To her, who durst not read Romances;
 In lofty Style to make Replies,
 Which he had taught her to despise.
 But when her Tutor will affect
 Devotion, Duty, and Respect,
 He fairly abdicates the Throne;
 The Government is now her own:
 He has a Forfeiture incurr'd:
 She vows to take him at his Word;
 And hopes he will not think it strange,
 If both shou'd now their Stations change;
 The Nymph will have her Turn, to be
 The Tutor; and the Pupil, he:
 Tho' she already can discern,
 Her Scholar is not apt to learn;
 Or wants Capacity to reach
 The Science she designs to teach:
 Wherein his Genius was below
 The Skill of ev'ry common Beau;

Who,

Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a Lady's Eyes;
And will each accidental Glance
Interpret for a kind Advance.

BUT what Success *Vanessa* met,
Is to the World a Secret yet:
Whether the Nymph, to please her Swain;
Talks in a high romantick Strain;
Or whether he at last descends,
To act with less Seraphick Ends;
Or, to compound the Business, whether
They temper Love and Books together;
Must never to Mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

MEAN time, the mournful *Queen of Love*
Led but a weary Life above.
She ventures now to leave the Skies,
Grown by *Vanessa's* Conduct wise:
For, tho' by one perverse Event
Pallas had cross'd her first Intent,
Tho' her Design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much Experience gain'd;
And by the Project vainly try'd,
Cou'd better now the Cause decide.

SHE gave due Notice, that both Parties,
* *Coram Regina prox' die Martis*,
Should at their Peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their Bail.
All met, and Silence thrice proclaim'd,
One Lawyer to each Side was nam'd.

The

* Before the Queen on Tuesday next.

The Judge discover'd in her Face,
 Resentments for her late Disgrace;
 And, full of Anger, Shame, and Grief,
 Directed them to mind their Brief;
 Nor spend their Time to shew their Readings;
 She'd have a summary Proceeding.
 She gather'd, under ev'ry Head,
 The Sum of what each Lawyer said;
 Gave her own Reasons last; and then
 Decreed the Cause against the Men;

BUT, in a weighty Case like this,
 To shew she did not judge amiss,
 Which evil Tongues might else report:
 She made a Speech in open Court;
 Wherein she grievously complains,
 " How she was cheated by the Swains:
 On whose Petition, (humbly shewing,
 That Women were not worth the wooing;
 And, that unless the Sex would mend,
 The Race of Lovers soon must end:)
 " She was at Lord knows what Expence,
 " To form a Nymph of Wit and Sense;
 " A Model for her Sex design'd,
 " Who never cou'd one Lover find.
 " She saw her Favour was misplac'd;
 " The Fellows had a wretched Taste;
 " She needs must tell them to their Face,
 " They were a stupid, senseless Race:
 " And were she to begin agen,
 " She'd study to reform the Men;
 " Or add some Grains of Folly more
 " To Women than they had before,

.. To

- " To put them on an equal Foot ;
 " And this, or nothing else, wou'd do't.
 " This might their mutual Fancy strike,
 " Since ev'ry Being loves its *Like*.
 " BUT now, repenting what was done,
 " She left all Business to her Son,
 " She puts the World in his Possession,
 " And let him use it at Discretion.

THE Cry'r was order'd to dismiss
 The Court ; who made his last *O yes !*
 The Goddess would no longer wait ;
 But rising from her Chair of State,
 Left all below at Six and Seven ;
 Harness'd her Doves, and flew to Heav'n.

The Fable of MIDAS.

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1712.

MIDAS, we are in Story told,
 Turn'd ev'ry thing he toucht to *Gold* :
 He *chipt* his *Bread* ; the Pieces round
 Glitter'd like Spangles on the Ground :
 A Codling, e'er it went his Lip in,
 Would strait become a *Golden Pippin* :
 He call'd for Drink ; you saw him sup
Potable Gold in *Golden Cup*.
 His empty Paunch that he might fill,
 He suckt his Vittels thro' a Quill ;

Untouch't

Untoucht it pass'd between his Grinders,
 Or't had been happy for *Gold finders*.
 He cockt his Hat, you would have said
Mambrino's Helm adorn'd his Head.
 Whene'er he chanc'd his Hands to lay
 On Magazines of *Corn*, or *Hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
 Of poultry *Provender* and *Bread*:
 Hence we are by wise Farmers told,
Old Hay is equal to old Gold;
 And hence a Critick deep maintains,
 We learnt to weigh our *Gold* by *Grains*.

THIS *Fool* had got a *lucky Hit*,
 And People fancy'd he had *Wit*:
 Two Gods their Skill in Musick try'd,
 And both chose *Midas* to decide;
 He against *Pæbus* Harp decreed,
 And gave it for *Pan's* Oaten Reed:
 The God of Wit to shew his Grudge,
 Clapt *Asses* Ears upon the Judge;
 A goodly Pair, erect and wide,
 Which he could neither *gild*, nor *hide*.

AND now the Virtue of his *Hands*,
 Was lost among *Pactolus's* Sands,
 Against whose Torrent while he swims,
 The *Golden Scurf* peels off his Limbs:
 Fame spreads the News, and People travel
 From far, to gather *golden Gravel*;
Midas, expos'd to all their Jeers,
 Had lost his *Art*, and kept his *Ears*.

THIS Tale inclines the gentle Reader,
 To think upon a certain *Leader*;

To whom, from *Midas* down, descends
 That Virtue in the Fingers Ends:
 What else by *Perquistes* are meant,
 By *Pensions*, *Bribes*, and *Three per Cent*?
 By *Places* and *Commissions* sold;
 And turning *Dung* itself to *Gold*?
 By starving in the Midst of Store,
 As t'other *Midas* did before?

NONE e'er did modern *Midas* chuse
 Subject or Patron of his Muse,
 But found him thus their Merit scan,
 That *Phæbus* must give Place to *Pan*:
 He values not the Poet's Praise,
 Nor will exchange his *Plumbs* for *Bays*:
 To *Pan* alone, rich Misers call,
 And there's the Jest, for *Pan* is *ALL*:
 Here *English* Wits will be to seek,
 Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.

BESIDES, it plainly now appears,
 Our *Midas* too has *Asses* Ears;
 Where every Fool his Mouth applies,
 And whispers in a thousand Lies;
 Such gross Delusions could not pass,
 Thro' any Ears but of an *Ass*.

BUT *Gold* defiles with frequent Touch;
 There's nothing *fouls* the Hands so much;
 And Scholars give it for the Cause,
 Of *British Midas*' dirty Paws;
 Which while the *Senate* strove to scower,
 They wusht away the *Chymick* Power.
 While he his utmost Strength apply'd,
 To swim against this pop'lar Tide,

The golden Spoils flew off apace;
 Here fell a *Pension*, there a *Place*:
 The *Torrent*, merciless, imbibes
Commissions, *Perquisites*, and *Bribes*;
 By their own Weight sunk to the Bottom:
Much Good much may do 'em, that have caught 'um.
 And *Midas* now neglected stands,
 With *Asses Ears*, and *dirty Hands*.

The FAGGOT.

Written in the Year, 1713, when the Queen's Ministers were quarrelling among themselves.

OBSERVE the dying Father speak:
 Try Lads, can you this Bundle break;
 Then bids the youngest of the Six,
 Take up a well-bound Heap of Sticks.
 They thought it was an old Man's Maggot;
 And strove by Turns to break the Faggot:
 In vain: The complicated Wands
 Were much too strong for all their Hands.
 See, said the Sire, how soon 'tis done:
 Then, took and broke them one by one.
 So strong you'll be, in Friendship ty'd;
 So quickly broke, if you divide.
 Keep close then Boys, and never quarrel.
 Here ends the Fable and the Moral.

THIS Tale may be apply'd in few Words
 To Treasurers, Controllers, Stewards,
 And others, who in solemn Sort
 Appear with slender Wands at Court:

Not firmly join'd to keep their Ground,
 But lashing one another round:
 While wise Men think they ought to fight
 With *Quarter-staffs*, instead of *White*;
 Or Constable with *Staff* of Peace,
 Should come and make the Clatt'ring cease;
 Which now disturbs the *QUEEN* and Court,
 And give the *Whigs* and Rabble Sport.

In History we never found
 The Consul's * *Fasces* were unbound;
 Those *Romans* were too wise to think on't,
 Except to lash some grand Delinquent.
 How would they blash to hear it said,
 The *Prætor* broke the Consul's Head;
 Or, Consul, in his Purple Gown,
 Came up, and knock'd the *Prætor* down.

Come Courtiers: Every Man his Stick:
 † Lord *Treasurer*; for once be quick;
 And that they may the closer cling,
 Take your blue Ribbon for a String.
 Come trimming † *Harcourt*; bring your Mace;
 And squeeze it in, or quit your Plate:
 Dispatch, or else that Rascal † *Northey*,
 Will undertake to do it for thee:

And

* A Bundle of Rods, or small Sticks, carried before
 the Consuls at Rome.

† ROBERT, Earl of Oxford.

† Lord Chancellor.

|| Sir EDWARD NORTHEY, Attorney-General, brought
 in by the Lord HARCOURT; yet very desirous of the
 Great Seal.

And, be assur'd, the Court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er Sticks*, or bind 'em.

To make the Bundle strong and safe,
Great *Ormonde* lend thy Gen'ral's Staff:
And, if the *Crozier* could be cramm'd in,
A Fig for *Lechmere*, King, and *Hambden*,
You'll then defy the strongest *Whig*,
With both his Hands to bend a Twig;
Though with united Strength they all pull:
From * *Somers* down to † *Craggs* and ‡ *Walpole*.

* *Lord Somers, who had been, at different Times,
Lord Chancellor and President of the Council.*

† *Who hath since been Secretary of State.*

‡ *The great Minister now in chief Power.*

H O R A C E.

Epistle VII. Book I.

*Imitated, and addressed to the Earl of
OXFORD, in the Year 1713.*

HARLEY, the Nation's great Support,
Returning home one Day from Court;
(His Mind with publick Cares possess'd,
All Europe's Bus'ness in his Breast.)

I. *Strenuus & fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
Clarus ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit.*

Observ'd

Observ'd a *Parson* near *Whitehall*,
 Cheap'ning *old Authors* on a Stall;
 The Priest was pretty well in Case,
 And shew'd some Humour in his Face;
 Look'd with an easy careless Mien,
 A perfect Stranger to the Spleen;
 Of Size, that might a Pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My Lord, who (if a Man may say't)
 Loves Mischief better than his Meat,
 Was now dispos'd to crack a Jest;
 And bid Friend *Lewis* go in quest;
 (This *Lewis* is an arrant Shaver,
 And very much in *HARLEY's* Favour;) 10
 In quest who might this *Parson* be;
 What was his Name, of what Degree: 15
 If possible to learn his Story;
 And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*? 20

LEWIS his Patron's Humour knows,
 Away upon his Errand goes;
 And quickly did the Matter sift;
 Found out that this was Dr. S——t: 25
 A Clergyman of special Note,
 For shunning those of his own Coat;

5. ——— *Conspexit, ut aiunt,*

*Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ
 Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.*

15. *Demetri (puer hic non læve iussa Philippî
 Accipiebat) abi, quære, & refer: Unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit Patre, quòve Patrono?*

23, 25. *It, reddit, & narrat, Volteium nomin
 Mænam.*

Which made his Brethren of the Gown,
 Take Care betimes to run him down.
 No Libertine, nor over-nice;
 Addicted to no Sort of Vice;
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
 Not rich; but ow'd no Man a Groat.
 In State-Opinions *a-la-Mode*;
 He hated *Wharton* like a Toad;
 Had giv'n the *Faction* many a Wound,
 And libell'd all the *Junta* round:
 Kept Company with Men of Wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ:
 His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry Street,
 But seldom rose above a Sheet:
 Of late, indeed, the Paper-Stamp
 Did very much his Genius cramp:
 And, since he could not spend his Fire,
 He now intended to retire.

SAID *Harley*, I desire to know
 From his own Mouth, if this be so:
 Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to Day.
 S—— seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my Lord had sent;

31. ——— *Tenui censu, sive crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, & cessare, & quærere, & uti,
 Gaudentem.* ———

47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcunque refers. Dic
 Ad cœnam veniat. Non sane credere Mæna;
 Mirare secum tacitus.*

So never offer'd once to stir;
But coldly said, *Your Servant, Sir.*
Does he refuse me? HARLEY cry'd,
He does, with Insolence and Pride.

SOME few Days after, HARLEY spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the Eyes
At Charing-Cross, among the Rout,
Where painted Monsters dangle out.
He pull'd the String, and stopt his Coach,
beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

S——T, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the Chariot-Side,
And offer'd many a lame Excuse:
He never meant the least Abuse——
My Lord——The Honour you design'd——
Extreamly proud——but I had din'd——
I'm sure I never shou'd neglect——
No man alive has more Respect——

-
54. *Benigne, Responder.*
55. *Negat ille mihi?*
56. —— *Negat improbus, & te*
Negligit, aut horret
57. —— *Volteium mane Philippus,*
Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello,
Occupat, & salvere jubet prior.
65. —— *Mle Philippo*
Excusare laborem.

" Well, I shall think of that no more,
 ' If you'll be sure to come at *Four*.
 The Doctor now obeys the Summons;
 Likes both his Company and Commons;
 Displays his Talent; sits till Ten;
 Next Day invited, comes again:
 Soon grows domestick; seldom fails
 Either at Morning, or at Meals:
 Came early, and departed late:
 In short, the Gudgeon took the Bait,
 My Lord wou'd carry on the Jest,
 And down to *Windsor* takes his Guest.
 S—— much admires the Place and Air,
 And longs to be a *Canon* there;
 In Summer, round the Park to ride.
 In Winter—— never to reside.
 A *Canon*! That's a Place too mean;
 No, Doctor, you shall be a *Dean*;

71. ——— *Sic ignovisse putato*
Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Post noman venies: ———

74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam est, dicenda, tacenda locuta*
Tandem dormitum demittitur. Hic ubi sæpe
Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
Mane cliens, & jam certus conviva; ———

81. ——— *Fubetur*
Rura suburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impositus mannis arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non cessat laudare.
 87. *Videt: ridetque Philippus.*

Two dozen *Canons* round your Stall, ————
 And you the Tyrant o'er them all: 96
 You need but cross the *Irisb Seas*,
 To live in Plenty, Power, and Ease.
 Poor S——t departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd Money in his Purse;
 Travels, at least a Hundred Leagues, 95
 And suffers numberless Fatigues.

SUPPOSE him, now, a *Dean* compleat,
 Demurely lolling in his Seat;
 The Silver Verge, with decent Pride,
 Stuck underneath his Cushion Side. 100
 Suppose him gone through all Vexations,
 Patents, Instalments, Abjurations,
 First-Fruits and Tenths, and Chapter-Treats,
 Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands, and ——— Cheats,
 (The wicked *Layety's* contriving, 105
 To hinder Clergymen from thriving)
 Now all the Doctor's Money's spent;
 His Tenants wrong him in his Rent;
 The Farmers, spightfully combin'd,
 Force him to take his Tythes in Kind; 110
 And * *Parvisol* discounts Arrears,
 By Bills, for Taxes and Repairs.

E 3

Poor

107. ——— *Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ ;*
Spem mentita seges, hoc est Senectus arando ;

* The Dean's Agent, a *Frenchman*.

POOR S——, with all his Losses vext,
 Not knowing where to turn him next:
 Above a Thousand Pounds in Debt;
 Takes Horse, and in a mighty Fret,
 Rides Day and Night at such a Rate,
 He soon arrives at HARLEY's Gate:
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old * Read would hardly let him in.

SAID Harley, welcome Rev'rend Dean;
 What makes your Worship look so lean?
 Why sure you won't appear in Town,
 In that old Wig, and rusty Gown?
 I doubt your Heart is set on Self:
 So much, that you neglect your self:
 What? I suppose now Stocks are high,
 You've some good Purchase in your Eye;
 Or is your Money out at Use? —
 Truce, good my Lord, I beg a Truce;
 (The Doctor in a Passion cry'd,)
 Your Raillery is misapply'd:
 Experience I have dearly bought,
 You know I am not worth a Groat;

But

113. *Offensus damnis, media de nocte caballum
 Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.*

* The Lord Treasurer's Porter.

121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Phi-
 lippus.*

*Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris.
 Esse mihi.*

But it's a Folly to contest, 235
 When you resolve to have your Jest;
 And since you now have done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first.

136 *Quod te per Genium dextramque Deosque Pe-
 nates Obsecro, & obtestor; vitæ me redde priori.*

H O R A C E,

Lib. 2. Sat. 6. Part of it
imitated.

Written about the Year 1713.

I OFTEN wish'd that I had clear,
 For Life, six Hundred Pounds a Year;
 A handsome House to lodge a Friend,
 A River at my Garden's End;
 A Terras Walk, and half a Rood
 Of Land, set out to plant a Wood.

E 4

WELL

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum silvæ super his foret.*

WELL: Now I have all this and more :

I ask not to encrease my Store ;
And should be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this Side *Trent* ; 10
Nor cross the *Channel* twice a Year,
To spend six Months with *Statesmen* here.

I must by all means come to Town,
'Tis for the Service of the Crown.

" *Lewis* ; the *Dean* will be of Use, 15

" Send for him up ; take no Excuse.
The Toil, the Danger of the Seas ;
Great Ministers ne'er think of these ;
Or let it cost five hundred Pound,
No Matter where the Money's found ; 20
It is but so much more in Debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. *Dean*, go change your Gown ;

" Let my Lord know, you're come to Town :
I hurry me in haste away, 25

Not thinking it is Levee-Day ;
And find his Honour in a Pound,
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round,
Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green ;
How should I thrust my self between ? 30
Some Wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And smiling whispers to the next,

" I

7. ——— *Auctius atque*
Di melius fecere. ———

17. *Sive aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem*
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

" I thought the *Dean* had been too proud,
 " To jostle here among a Crowd.
 Another, in a furl'y Fit,
 Tells me, I have more Zeal than Wit,
 " So eager to express your Love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove;
 " But rudely press before a Duke.
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this Rebuke;
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the World should know.

I GET a Whisper, and withdraw:
 When twenty Fools, I never saw,
 Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,
 Desiring I would stand their Friend.

THIS, humbly offers me his Case:
 That begs my Int'rest for a Place.
 A hundred other Men's Affairs
 Like Bees are humming in my Ears:
 " To morrow my Appeal comes on,
 " Without your Help the Cause is gone——
 The Duke expects my Lord and you,
 About some great Affair, at Two——
 " Put my Lord *Bolingbroke* in mind,
 " To get my Warrant quickly sign'd.

E 5

" Consider

35. *Quid vis, insane, & quas res agis? improbus urget,
 Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Metenatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar.——*

44.——*Aliena negotia centum
 Per caput, & circa saliunt latus.*

" Consider, 'tis my first Request, —
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best :
 Then presently he falls to teaze :
 " You may for certain, if you please ;
 " I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —
 " And, Mr. Dean, one Word from you —
 'Tis (let me see) three Years and more,
 (O Rober next, it will be four)
 Since HARLEY bid me first attend,
 And chose me for an humble Friend :
 Would take me in his Coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that ;
 As, " What's a Clock ? " And, " How's the Wind ? "
 " Whose Chariot's that we left behind ?
 Or gravely try to read the Lines
 Writ underneath the Country Signs :
 Or, " Have you nothing new To-day,
 " From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay ?
 Such 'Tattle often entertains
 My Lord and me as far as Stains :
 As once a Week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to Town :
 Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

YET

60. — *Si vis, potes, addit, & infat.*

63. *Septimus octavo proprior jam fugerit annus,
 Ex quo Mecænas me cepit habere suorum
 In numero ; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere & reddâ,
 Vellet iter faciens, & cui concedere nugas.*

YET some I know with Envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:

"How think you of our Friend the Dean?

"I wonder, what some People mean;

"My Lord and He are grown so great,

85

"Always together, *tête à tête*;

"What? They admire him for his Jokes——

"See but the Fortune of some Folks!

THERE flies about a strange Report

Of some Express, arriv'd at Court;

90

I'm stopt by all the Fools I-meet,

And catechiz'd in ev'ry Street.

"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great:

"Inform us, will the *Emp'r*or treat?

"Or, do the Prints and Papers lye?

95

Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.

"Ah Doctor, how you love to jest?

"'Tis now no Secret——I protest

'Tis one to me.——Then, tell us, pray

"When are the Troops to have their Pay?

100

And, though I solemnly declare,

I know no more than my *Lord Mayor*,

They stand amaz'd, and think me grown

The closest Mortal ever known.

THUS in a Sea of Folly-tost,

105

My choicest Hours of Life are lost;

Yet

81. — *Subjeſtor in diem & horam,*
Invidiæ.

89. *Frigidus à Roſtris mauat per compita rumor;*
Quicunque obuius eſt, me conſulit.

101. *Jurantem me ſcire nihil, mirantur, ut unum.*
Scilicet egregii, mortalem, aliquo ſilenti,

Yet always wishing to retreat:
 Oh, could I see my Country Seat!
 There leaning near a gentle Brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some antient Book;
 And there, in sweet Oblivion, drown
 Those Cares that haunt a Court and Town.

108. *O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit,
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, & inertibus horis,
 Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivio vitæ?*

A N

E L E G Y

On the supposed Death of

Partrige the Almanack-maker.

Written in the Year 1708.

WELL; 'tis as *Bickerstaff* has gueſt,
 Tho' we all took it for a Jeſt:
Partrige is dead; may more, he dy'd,
 E'er he could prove the good 'Squire ly'd.
 Strange, an Aſtrologer ſhould die,
 Without one Wonder in the Sky!
 Not one of all his Crony Stars
 To pay their Duty at his Herſe?

No

No Meteor, no Eclipse appear'd?
 No Comet with a flaming Beard?
 The Sun has rose, and gone to Bed,
 Just as if *Partridge* were not dead:
 Nor hid himself behind the Moon,
 To make a dreadful Night at Noon.
 He at fit Periods walks through *Aries*,
 Howe'er our earthly Motion varies;
 And twice a Year he'll cut th' *Equator*,
 As if there had been no such Matter.

SOME Wits have wonder'd what Analogy
 There is 'twixt * *Cobling* and *Astrology*:
 How *Partridge* made his *Opticks* rise,
 From a *Shoe-Sole* to reach the Skies.

A LIST the Coblers Temples ties,
 To keep the Hair out of their Eyes;
 From whence 'tis plain, the *Diadem*
 That Princes wear, derives from them:
 And therefore *Crowns* are now a-days
 Adorn'd with *golden Stars* and *Rays*:
 Which clearly shews the near Alliance,
 'Twixt *Cobling* and the *Planets Science*.

BESIDES; that slow-pac'd Sign *Bootes*,
 As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis:
 But *Partridge* ended all Disputes;
 He knew his Trade, and call'd it † *Boots*.

THE *borned Moon*, which heretofore
 Upon their Shoes the *Romans* wore,

* *Partridge was a Cobler.*

† See his *Almanack*.

Whose Wideness kept their Toes from Corns,
 And whence we claim our *Shooing-Horns*;
 Shews how the Art of *Cobling* bears
 A near Resemblance to the *Spheres*.

A SCRAP of *Parchment* hung by *Geometry*,
 (A great Refinement in *Barometry*)
 Can like the Stars foretell the Weather;
 And what is *Parchment* else but *Leather*?
 Which an Astrologer might use,
 Either for *Almanacks* or *Shoes*.

THUS *Partridge*, by his Wit and Parts,
 At once did practise both these Arts:
 And as the boading Owl (or rather
 The Bat, because her Wings are *Leather*)
 Steals from her private Cell by Night,
 And flies about the Candle-Light;
 So learned *Partridge* could as well
 Creep in the Dark from *Leathern* Cell,
 And in his Fancy fly as far,
 To peep upon a twinkling Star.

BESIDES, he could confound the *Spheres*,
 And set the *Planets* by the Ears:
 To shew his Skill, he *Mars* could join
 To *Venus* in *Aspect Mali'n*;
 Then call in *Mercury* for Aid,
 And cure the Wounds; that *Venus* made.

GREAT Scholars have in *Lucian* read,
 When *Philip* King of Greece was dead,
 His *Soul* and *Spirit* did divide,
 And each Part took a different Side;
 One rose a Star; the other fell
 Beneath, and mended Shoes in Hell.

THUS

THUS *Partridge* still shines in each Art,
The *Cobling* and *Star-gazing* Part;
And is install'd as good a *Star*
As any of the *Cæsars* are.

TRIUMPHANT *Star*! some *Pity* shew
On *Coblers* militant below,
Whom roguish Boys in stormy Nights
Torment, by pissing out their Lights;
Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoke,
Inclos'd *Artificers* to choke.

THOU, high-exalted in thy Sphere,
May'st follow still thy Calling there.
To thee the *Bull* will lend his *Hide*,
By *Phæbus* newly tann'd and dry'd.
For thee thy *Argo's* Hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy Sides for *Wax*.
Then, *Ariadne* kindly lends

Her braided Hair to make thee *Ends*.
The Point of *Sagitaris*' Dart
Turns to an *Awl*, by heavenly Art:
And *Vulcan*, wheedled by his Wife,
Will forge for thee a *Raring-Knife*.
For want of Room, by *Virgo's* Side,
She'll strain a Point, and sit * affride,
To take thee kindly in *between*,
And then the *Signs* will be *Thirteen*.

* *Tibi brachia contrahet ingens*
Scorpius, &c.

The

The EPITAPH.

HERE, five Feet deep, lies on his Back
 A Cobler, Star-monger, and Quack;
 Who, to the Stars in pure Good-will,
 Does to his best look upward still.
 Weep all you Customers, that use
 His Pills, his Almanacks, or Shoes:
 And you, that did your Fortunes seek,
 Step to his Grave but once a Week:
 This Earth, which bears his Body's Print,
 You'll find has so much Virtue in't,
 That I durst pawn my Ears, 'twill tell
 What'e'r concerns you, full as well,
 In Physick, stolen Goods, or Love,
 As he himself could, when above.

PHYLLIS:

OR, THE

PROGRESS of LOVE.

Written in the Year 1716.

DESPONDING *Phyllis* was endu'd
 With ev'ry Talent of a Prude:
 She trembled, when a Man drew near;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her Ear;

If

If o'er against her you were plac'd,
 She durst not look above your Waist :
 She'd rather take you to her Bed,
 Than let you see her dress her Head :
 In Church you heard her, thro' the Crowd,
 Repeat the *Absolution* loud ;
 In Church, secure behind her Fan,
 She durst behold that Monster, *Man* :
 There practis'd how to place her Head,
 And bit her Lips, to make them red ;
 Or, on the Mat devoutly kneeling,
 Wou'd lift her Eyes up to the Ceiling,
 And heave her Bosom, unaware,
 For neighb'ring Beaux to see it bare.

At length, a lucky Lover came,
 And found Admittance to the Dame.
 Suppose all Parties now agreed,
 The Writings drawn, the Lawyer see'd,
 The Vicar and the Ring bespoke :
 Guess, how could such a Match be broke ?
 See then, what Mortals place their Bliss in !
 Next Morn, betimes, the Bride was missing.
 The Mother scream'd, the Father chid ;
 Where can this idle Wench be hid ?
 No News of *Phyl* ! The Bridegroom came,
 And thought his Bride had skulk'd for Shame ;
 Because her Father us'd to say,
 The Girl *had such a bashful Way*.

Now *John*, the Butler, must be sent,
 To learn the Road that *Phyllis* went.
 The Groom was wis'd to saddle Crop ;
 For, *John* must neither light, nor stop,

But

But find her wherefoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.

SEE here again, the Dev'l to do !
For, truly, *John* was missing too.
The Horse and Pillion both were gone !
Phyllis, it seems, was fled with *John*.

OLD Madam, who went up to find
What Papers *Phyl* had left behind,
A Letter on the Toylet sees,
To my much honour'd Father——These.
('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
When Daughters run away with Fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest Common-Places,
By others us'd in the like Cases ;
" That, long ago, a *Fortune-teller*
" Exactly said, what now befel her ;
" And in a *Glass* had made her see
" A *Serving-man of low Degree.*
" It was *her Fate*, must be forgiven,
" For *Marriages were made in Heaven* ;
" His Pardon begg'd ; but, to be plain,
She'd do't, if 'twere to do again.
" Thank God, 'twas *neither Shame or Sin* ;
" For *John* was come of *honest Kin.*
" Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
" *She'd beg with John from Door to Door.*
" Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
" She'll never do't *another Time.*
" She ne'er before in all her Life
" Once disobey'd him, *Maid nor Wife.*
One Argument she summ'd up all in,
" *The Thing was done, and past recalling ;*

" And

" And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His Favour, when his *Passion's over*
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was——his *most obedient Daughter*.

FAIR Maidens all, attend the Muse,
 Who now the wand'ring Pair pursues.
 Away they rode in homely Sort,
 Their Journey long, their Money short;
 The loving Couple well bemir'd:
 The Horse and both the Riders tir'd:
 Their Victuals bad; their Lodging worse;
Phyl cry'd, and *John* began to curse;
Phyl wish'd, that she had strain'd a Limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him:
John wish'd, that he had broke a Leg,
 When first for her he quitted *Peg*.

But what Adventure's more befell'em,
 The Muse hath now no time to tell'em.
 How *Johnny* wheedled, threatned, fawn'd,
 Till *Phyllis* all her Trinkets pawn'd:
 How oft she broke her Marriage Vows,
 In Kindness, to maintain her Spouse,
 Till Swains unwholsome spoil'd the Trade;
 For now the Surgeon must be paid,
 To whom those Perquisites are gone,
 In Christian Justice due to *John*.

WHEN Food and Rayment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a Period to the Farce,
 And with exact poetick Justice;
 For, *John* is Landlord, *Phyllis* Hostess:
 They keep, at *Stains*, the old blue Bear,
 Arc Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

STELLA

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY.

Written in the YEAR 1718.

STELLA this Day is Thirty-four,
(We shan't dispute a Year or more :)

However *Stella*, be not troubled,
Although thy Size and Years are doubled,
Since first I saw thee at Sixteen,
The brightest Virgin on the Green.
So little is thy Form declin'd ;
Made up so largely in thy Mind.

Oh ! would it please the Gods, to *split*
Thy Beauty, Size, and Years, and Wit ;
No Age could furnish out a Pair
Of Nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair :
With half the Lustre of your Eyes,
With half your Wit, your Years, and Size.
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle Fate,
(That either Nymph might have her Swain,)
To split my Worship too in twain.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1720.

ALL Travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest Sign ;
And if they find the Chambers neat,
And like the Liquor, and the Mear,

Will call again, and recommend
 The *Angel*-Inn to ev'ry Friend:
 What though the Painting grows decay'd,
 The House will never lose its Trade:
 Nay, though the treach'rous Tapster *Thomas*
 Hangs a new *Angel* two Doors from us,
 As fine as Daubers Hands can make it,
 In hopes that Strangers may mistake it;
 We think it both a Shame and Sin
 To quit the true old *Angel*-Inn.

Now, this is *Stella's* Cafe in fact,
 An *Angel's* Face, a little crack'd;
 (Could Poets, or could Painters fix
 How *Angels* look at Thirty-six :)
 This drew us in at first, to find
 In such a Form an *Angel's* Mind:
 And ev'ry Virtue now supplies
 The fainting Rays of *Stella's* Eyes.
 See, at her Levee crowding Swains;
 Whom *Stella* freely entertains.
 With Breeding, Humour, Wit and Sense;
 And puts them to so small Expence:
 Their Mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable Bills;
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives!
 And had her Stock been less, no doubt,
 She must have long ago run out.

THEN who can think we'll quit the Place,
 When *Doll* hangs out a newer Face;
 Or stop and light at *Cloe's* Head,
 With Scraps and Leavings to be fed.

THEN

THEN *Cloe*, still go on to prate
 Of Thirty-six and Thirty eight:
 Pursue your Trade of Scandal-picking;
 Your Hints, that *Stella* is no *Chicken*:
 Your Inuendo's, when you tell us,
 That *Stella* loves to talk with Fellows:
 And let me warn you to believe
 A Truth, for which your Soul should grieve:
 That should you live to see the Day
 When *Stella's* Locks must all be grey:
 When Age must print a furrow'd Trace
 On ev'ry Feature of her Face;
 Though you, and all your senseless Tribe,
 Could Art, or Time, or Nature bribe,
 To make you look like Beauty's Queen,
 And hold for ever at Fifteen;
 No Bloom of Youth can ever blind
 The Cracks and Wrinkles of your Mind:
 All Men of Sense will pass your Door,
 And crowd to *Stella's* at Fourscore.

T H E

Progress of P O E T R Y.

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1720.

THE Farmer's Goose, who in the Stubble,
 Has fed without Restraint, or Trouble;
 Grown fat with Corn and sitting still,
 Can scarce get o'er the Barn-Door Sill:

And

And hardly waddles forth, to cool
Her Belly in the neighbouring Pool:
Nor loudly cackles at the Door;
For Cackling shews the Goose is poor.

BUT when she must' be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren Common strays,
Hard Exercise, and harder Fare,
Soon make my Dame grow lank and spare:
Her Body light, she tries her Wings,
And scorns the Ground, and upward springs,
While all the Parish, as she flies,
Hear Sounds harmonious from the Skies.

SUCH is the Poet, fresh in Pay,
(The third Night's Profits of his Play;) Progress
His Morning-Draughts 'till Noon can swill,
Among his Brethren of the Quill;
With good roast Beef his Belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull:
Deep sunk in Plenty, and Delight,
What Poet e'er could take his Flight?
Or stuff'd with Phlegm up to the Throat, W
What Poet e'er could sing a Note?
Nor *Pegasus* could bear the Load,
Along the high celestial Road:
The Steed, oppress'd, would break his Girth,
To raise the Lumber from the Earth, Her artificial

BUT, view him in another Scene,
When all his Drink is *Hypocrene*,
His Money spent, his Patrons fail,
His Credit out for Cheese and Ale;
His two Years Coat so smooth and bare,
Through ev'ry Thread it lets in Air:

With

With hungry Meals his Body pin'd,
 His Guts and Belly full of Wind;
 And, like a Jockey for a Race,
 His Flesh brought down to flying Case:
 Now his exalted Spirit loaths
 Incumbrances of Food and Cloaths;
 And up he rises like a Vapour,
 Supported high on Wings of Paper;
 He singing flies, and flying sings,
 While from below all *Grub-street* rings.

THE
 Progress of BEAUTY.

Written in the Year 1720.

WHEN first *Diana* leaves her Bed,
 Vapours and Streams her Looks disgrace,
 A frowzy dirty-colour'd Red
 Sits on her cloudy wrinkled Face;
 But, by Degrees, when mounted high,
 Her artificial Face appears
 Down from her Window in the Sky,
 Her Spots are gone, her Visage clears.
 'Twixt earthly Females and the Moon,
 All Parallels exactly run;
 If *Celia* should appear too soon,
 Alas, the Nymph would be undone!

To see her from her Pillow rise,
 All reeking in a cloudy Steam;
 Crack'd Lips, foul Teeth, and gummy Eyes;
 Poor *Strephon*, how would he blaspheme!
 Three Colours, Black, and Red, and White,
 So graceful in their proper Place,
 Remove them to a different Light,
 They form a frightful hideous Face.
 For Instance, when the Lilly skips
 Into the Precincts of the Rose,
 And takes Possession of the Lips,
 Leaving the Purple to the Nose.
 So, *Celia* went entire to Bed,
 All her Complexion safe and sound;
 But, when she rose, White, Black, and Red,
 Tho' still in sight, had chang'd their Ground.
 The Black, which would not be confin'd,
 A more inferior Station seeks,
 Leaving the fiery Red behind,
 And mingles in her muddy Checks.
 But *Celia* can with Ease reduce,
 By Help of Pencil, Paint, and Brush,
 Each Colour to its Place and Use,
 And teach her Checks again to blush.
 She knows her *early* self no more;
 But fill'd with Admiration stands,
 As other Painters oft adore
 The Workmanship of their own Hands.
 Thus, after four important Hours,
Celia's the Wonder of her Sex:
 Say, which among the heav'nly Powers
 Could cause such marvellous Effects?

Venus, indulgent to her Kind,
 Gave Women all their Hearts could wish,
 When first she taught them where to find
 White Lead and * *Lusitanian* Dish.
Love with white Lead cements his Wings;
 White Lead was sent us to repair
 Two brightest, brittlest, earthly Things,
 A Lady's Face, and *China-Ware*.
 She ventures now to lift the Sash,
 The Window is her proper Sphere:
 Ah, lovely Nymph! be not too rash,
 Nor let the Beaux approach too near.
 Take Pattern by your *Sister* Star;
 Delude at once, and bless our Sight;
 When you are seen, be seen from far;
 And chiefly chuse to shine by Night.
 But, Art no longer can prevail,
 When the Materials all are gone;
 The best Mechanick Hand must fail,
 Where nothing's left to work upon.
Matter, as wise Logicians say,
 Cannot without a *Form* subsist;
 And *Form*, say I, as well as they,
 Must fail, if *Matter* brings no Gift.
 And this is fair *Dianna's* Case;
 For all Astrologers maintain,
 Each Night, a Bit drops off her Face,
 When Mortals say she's in her Wane.

While

 * *Portugal*.

While *Partridge* wisely shews the Cause
 Efficient, of the Moon's Decay,
 That *Cancer* with his pois'nous Claws,
 Attacks her in the *milky Way*.
 But *Gadbury*, in Art profound,
 From her pale Cheeks pretends to show,
 That Swain *Endymion* is not found;
 Or else, that *Mercury's* her Foe.
 But, let the Cause be what it will,
 In half a Month she looks so thin,
 That *Flamsteed* can, with all his Skill,
 See but her Forehead and her Chin.
 Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet,
 'Till Midnight never shews her Head:
 So rotting *Celia* strols the Street,
 When sober Folks are all a-bed.
 For sure if this be *Luna's* Fate,
 Poor *Celia*, but of mortal Race,
 In vain expects a longer Date
 To the Materials of her Face.
 When *Mercury* her Tresses mows,
 To think of black Lead-Combs is vain:
 No Painting can restore a Nose,
 Nor will her Teeth return again.
 Ye Pow'rs, who over Love preside!
 Since Mortal Beauties drop so soon,
 If you would have us well supply'd,
 Send us new Nymphs with each new Moon.

A N
E L E G Y

*On the much lamented Death of Mr.
DEMAR, the famous rich Usurer, who
died the Sixth of July, 1720.*

Written in the Year 1720.

KNO W all Men by these Presents, Death the Tamer
By Mortgage hath secur'd the Corps of Demar ;
Nor can four Hundred Thousand Sterling Pound
Redeem him from his Prison under Ground.
His Heirs might well, of all his Wealth possess,
Bestow to bury him one Iron Chest:
Plutus, the God of Wealth, will joy to know
His faithful Steward, in the Shades below.
He walk'd the Streets, and wore a thread-bare Cloak ;
He din'd and supp'd at Charge of other Folk ;
And by his Looks, had he held out his Palms,
He might be thought an Object fit for Alms.
So, to the Poor if he refus'd his Pelf,
He us'd 'em full as kindly as himself.

WHERE'ER he went he never saw his Betters ;
Lords, Knights and Squires, were all his humble Deb-
tors ;

And under *Hand and Seal*, the *Irish Nation*
Were forc'd to own to him their *Obligation*.

HE that cou'd once have half a Kingdom bought,
In half a Minute is not worth a Groat ;

His

His *Coffers* from the *Coffin* could not save,
Nor all his *Int'rest* keep him from the *Grave*.
A golden Monument would not be right,
Because we wish the *Earth* upon him light.

OH *London* † *Tavern*! Thou hast lost a *Friend*,
Tho' in thy *Walls* he ne'er did *Farthing* spend:
He touch'd the *Pence*, when others touch'd the *Pot*;
The *Hand*, that sign'd the *Mortgage*, paid the *Shot*

OLD as he was, no vulgar known *Disease*
On him could ever boast a *Pow'r* to seize;
But, as his *Gold* he weigh'd, grim *Death* in spight,
Cast in his *Dart*, which made three *Moydores* light;
And as he saw his darling *Money* fail,
Blew his last *Breath* to sink the *lighter Scale*.

HE, who so long was *current*, 'twould be strange
If he shou'd now be cry'd down, since his *Change*.

THE *Sexton* shall green *Sods* on thee bestow:
Alas the *Sexton* is thy *Banker* now!
A dismal *Banker* must that *Banker* be,
Who gives no *Bills*, but of *Mortality*.

The E P I T A P H.

BENEATH this verdant *Hillock* lies
Demar the *Wealthy* and the *Wife*.
His *Heirs*, that he might safely rest,
Have put his *Carcass* in a *Chest*:
The very *Chest*, in which, they say,
His other Self, his *Money*, lay.

† A *Tavern* in *Dublin*, where Mr. Demar kept his
Office.

And

*And if his Heirs continue kind
To that dear Self be left behind,
I dare believe, that Four in Five
Will think his better Self alive.*

TO STELLA, who collected and transcribed his POEMS.

Written in the Year 1720.

AS when a lofty Pile is rais'd,
We never hear the Workmen prais'd,
Who bring the Lime, or place the Stones,
But all admire *Inigo Jones* :
So, if this Pile of scatter'd Rhymes
Should be approv'd in After-times ;
If it both pleases and endures,
The Merit and the Praise are yours.

THOU, *Stella*, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my Harp I strung ;
Without one Word of *Cupid's* Darts,
Of killing Eyes, or bleeding Hearts :
With Friendship and Esteem posselt,
I ne'er admitted Love a Guest.

IN all the Habitues of Life,
The Friend, the Mistress, and the Wife,
Variety we still pursue.

In Pleasure seek for something new :
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take Comfort, that our own is best :

The

(The best we value by the worst,
As Tradesmen shew their Trash at first :)
But his Pursuits are at an End,
Whom *Stella* chuses for a Friend.

A POET, starving in a Garret;
Conning old Topicks like a Parrot,
Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of Shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A Slice of Bread, and Mutton-Chop;
Or kindly, when his Credit's out,
Surprize him with a Pint of * *Stout*;
Or patch his broken Stocking Soals;
Or send him in a Peck of Coals;
Exalted in his mighty Mind
He flies, and leaves the Stars behind;
Counts all his Labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely Aid.

OR, should a Porter make Enquiries
For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phyllis*, *Iris*;
Be told the Lodging, Lane, and Sign,
The Bow'rs, that hold those Nymphs divine;
Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
With Footmen tippling under Ground;
The charming *Sylvia* beating Flax,
Her Shoulders mark'd with bloody Tracks;
Bright *Phyllis* mending ragged Smocks;
And radiant *Iris* in the Pox.

THESE

* A Cant Word for Strong-Beer.

THESE are the Goddesses, enroll'd
In *Curl's* Collections, new and old,
Whose scoundrel Fathers would not know 'em;
If they should meet 'em in a Poem.

TRUE Poets can depress and raise;
Are Lords of Infamy and Praise:
They are not scurrilous in Satire,
Nor will in Panegyrick flatter.
Unjustly Poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter, clad in Verse:
And all the Fictions they pursue,
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now, should my Praises owe their Truth
To Beauty, Dress, or Paint, or Youth,
What Stoicks call *without our Power*;
They could not be insur'd an Hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual Stock,
That must our Expectation mock,
And making one luxuriant Shoot,
Die the next Year for want of Root:
Before I could my Verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another Thing.

So *Mævius*, when he drain'd his Skull
To celebrate some Suburb Trull;
His Similies in Order set,
And ev'ry Crambo he could get;
Had gone through all the common Places,
Worn out by Wits, who rhyme on Faces;
Before he could his Poem close,
The lovely Nymph had lost her Nose.

YOUR Virtues safely I commend;
They on no Accidents depend:

Let

Let Malice look with all her Eyes,
She dares not say, the Poet lyes.

STELLA, when you these Lines tranſcribe,
Left you ſhould take them for a Bribe;
Reſolv'd to mortify your Pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker Side:

Your Spirits kindle to a Flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt Touch of Blame;
And when a Friend in Kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your Error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole Defence:
Truth, Judgment, Wit, give Place to Spight,
Regardless both of Wrong and Right.
Your Virtues, all ſuſpended, wait
Till Time hath open'd Reaſon's Gate:
And what is worſe, your Paſſion bends
Its Force againſt your neareſt Friends;
Which Manners, Decency, and Pride,
Have taught you from the World to hide.
In vain; for ſee, your Friend hath brought
To publick Light your *only* Fau't;
And yet a Fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble generous Mind;
And may compare to *Ætna's* Fire,
Which, tho' with Trembling, all admire;
The Heat, that makes the Summit glow,
Enriching all the Vales below.
Thoſe, who in warmer Climes complain,
From *Phæbus*' Rays they ſuffer Pain,
Muſt own, that Pain is largely paid
By gen'rous Wines beneath a Shade.

YET

Yet, when I find your Passions rise,
 And Anger sparkling in your Eyes,
 I grieve those Spirits should be spent,
 For nobler Ends by Nature meant.
 One Passion, with a diff'rent Turn.
 Makes Wit inflame, or Anger burn;
 So the Sun's Heat, by diff'rent Pow'rs,
 Ripens the Grape, the Liquor sours.
 Thus *Ajax*, when with Rage possess'd,
 By *Pallas* breath'd into his Breast,
 His Valour would no more employ,
 Which might alone have conquer'd *Troy*;
 But, blinded by Resentment, seeks
 For Vengeance on his Friends, the *Greeks*.

You think this Turbulence of Blood
 From stagnating preserves the Flood;
 Which, thus fermenting, by Degrees
 Exalts the Spirits, sinks the Lees.

STELLA, for once you reason wrong;
 For should this Ferment last too long,
 By Time subsiding, you may find
 Nothing but Acid left behind.
 From Passion you may then be freed,
 When Peevishness and Spleen succeed.

SAY *Stella*, when you copy next,
 Will you keep strictly to the Text?
 Dare but let these Reproaches stand,
 And to your Failing set your Hand?
 Or if these Lines your Anger fire,
 Shall they in baser Flames expire?
 Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
 They'll prove my Accusation just.

Apollia

Apollo to the DEAN.

Written in the Year 1720.

RIGHT Trusty, and so forth, ——— We let you to
know,

We are very ill us'd by you Mortals below.

For first, I have often by Chymists been told,

Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I, that makes Gold,

Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,

That since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it.

That it must be allow'd, that whenever I shine,

I forward the Grass, and I ripen the Vine:

To me the good Fellows apply for Relief,

Without whom they could get neither *Claret*, nor
Beef;

Yet their Wine and their Victuals these Carmudgeon
Lubbards

Lock up from my Sight, in Cellars and Cupboards.

That I have an ill Eye, they wickedly think,

And taint all their Meat, and sow'r all their Drink.

But thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd,

I alone can inspire the poetical Croud:

This is gratefully own'd by each Boy in the College,

Whom if I inspire, it is not to my Knowledge.

This every Pretender to Rhime will admit,

Without troubling his Head about Judgement or Wit:

These Gentlemen use me with Kindness and Freedom,

And as for their Works, when I please, I may read 'em

They lye open on purpose on Counters and Stalls,

And the Titles I view, when I shine on the Walls. But

But a Comrade of yours, that Traitor *Delany*,
 Whom I, for your Sake, love better than any,
 And of my mere Motion and special good Grace,
 Intended in Time to succeed in your Place;
 On *Tuesday* the Tenth seditiously came,
 With a certain false Trait'refs, one *Stella* by Name,
 To the *Deanary*-House, and on the *North* Glass,
 Where for fear of the Cold I never can pass;
 Then and there, *Vi & Armis*, with a certain Utensil,
 Of Value five Shillings, in *English* a Pencil,
 Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously write;
 Whilst *Stella* aforesaid stood by with a Light.
 My Sister has lately depos'd upon Oath,
 That she stopt in her Course, to look at them both:
 That *Stella* was helping, abetting and aiding,
 And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading;
 That her Eyes were as bright as my self at Noonday,
 But her graceful black Locks were mingled with grey.
 And by the Description I certainly know,
 'Tis the Nymph, that I courted some ten Years ago;
 Who, when I with the best of my Talents endu'd
 On her Promise of yielding; she acted the Prude.
 That some Verses were writ with felonious Intent,
 Direct to the *North*, where I never went;
 That the Letters appear'd, reverse thro' the Pane,
 But in *Stella's* bright Eyes they were plac'd right again;
 Wherein she distinctly could read e'ery Line,
 And presently guess'd the Fancy was mine.
 Now you see, why his Verses so seldom are shown;
 The Reason is plain, they are none of his own;
 And observe, while you live, that no Man is shy
 To discover the Goods, he came honestly by.

If I light on a Thought, he'll certainly steal it,
And when he has got it, find Ways to conceal it;
Of all the fine Things he keeps in the Dark,
There's scarce one in Ten, but what has my Mark;
And let them be seen by the World, if he dare,
I'll make it appear, they are all stolen Ware.
But as for the Poem he writ on your Sath,
I think, I have now got him under my Lash;
My Sister transcrib'd it last Night to his Sorrow,
And the Publick shall see't, if I live till To-morrow.
Thro' the *Zodiac* around, it shall quickly be spread
In all Parts of the Globe, where your Language is read,
He knows very well, I ne'er gave a Refusal,
When he ask'd for my Aid in the Forms, that are usual:
But the Secret is this. I did lately intend
To write a few Verses on you, as my Friend:
I studied a Fortnight, before I could find,
As I rode in my Chariot, a Thought to my Mind;
And resolv'd the next Winter, (for that is my Time,
When the Days are at shortest,) to get it in Rhime;
Till then it was lock'd in my Box at *Parnassus*:
When that subtile Companion, in Hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my Paper of Hints by a Trick,
(For I think, in my Conscience, he deals with *old Nick*)
And from my own Stock provided with Topicks,
He gets to a Window beyond both the Tropicks;
There out of my Sight, just against the *North Zone*,
Writes down my Conceits, and calls them his own;
And you, like a Cully, the Bubble can swallow:
Now, who but *Dalany*, that writes like *Apollon*?
High Treason by Statute. But here you object,
He only stole Hints, but the Verse is correct.

Tho:

Tho' the Thought be *Apollo's*, 'tis finely express'd.
 So a Thief steals my Horse, and has him well dress'd.
 Now, whereas the said Criminal seems past Repentance,
 We *Phæbus* think fit to proceed to the Sentence;
 Since *Delany* has dar'd, like *Prometheus* his Sire,
 To climb to our Region, and thence to steal Fire;
 We order a Vulture in Shape of the Spleen,
 To prey on his Liver, but not to be seen.
 And we order our Subjects of e'rey Degree,
 To believe all his Verses were written by me:
 And, under the Pain of our highest Displeasure,
 To call nothing his, but the Rhime and the Measure.
 And lastly, for *Stella* just out of her Prime,
 I'm too much reveng'd already by Time.
 In return to her Scorn, I sent her Diseases,
 But will now be her Friend, whenever she pleases;
 And the Gifts I bestow'd her will find her a Lover,
 Tho' she lives to be grey as a Badger all over.

This Poem was printed some Years ago, and it should seem by the late Failure of two Bankers to be somewhat prophetick, it was therefore thought fit to be reprinted.

The Run upon the Bankers.

Written in the Year 1720.

TH E bold Encroachers on the Deep,
 Gain by Degrees huge Tracts of Land,
 'Till *Neptune* with one gen'ral Sweep,
 Turns all again to barren Strand.

H.

II.

The Multitude's capricious Pranks
 Are said to represent the Seas;
Breaking the Bankers and the Banks,
 Resume *their own* whene'er they please.

III.

Money, the *Life-blood* of the Nation,
 Corrupts and stagnates in the Veins,
 Unless a proper *Circulation*
 Its Motion and its Heat maintains.

IV.

Because 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *Aldermen*, in State,
 Like *Peers* have *Levees* ev'ry Day
 Of Duns attending at their Gate.

V.

We want our Money on the Nail;
 The Banker's ruin'd if he pays;
 They seem to act an ancient Tale,
 The *Birds* are met to strip the *Jays*.

VI.

Riches, the wisest Monarch sings,
 Make *Pinions* for themselves to fly:
 They fly like Bats, on *Parchment* Wings,
 And *Geese* their *Silver* Plumes supply.

VII.

No Money left for squand'ring Heirs!
Bills turn the Lenders into Debtors:
 The Wish of *Nero* now is theirs,
 That they *had never known their Letters*.

VIII.

VIII.

Conceive the Works of Midnight Hags,
 Tormenting Fools behind their Backs;
 Thus Bankers o'er their Bills and Bags
 Sit squeezing *Images of War*.

IX.

Conceive the whole Enchantment broke,
 The Witches left in open Air,
 With Pow'r no more than other Folk,
 Expos'd with all their *Magick Ware*.

X.

So pow'rful are a Banker's Bills
 Where Creditors demand their Due;
 They break up Counter, Doors, and Tills,
 And leave the empty Chests in View.

XI.

Thus when an Earthquake lets in Light
 Upon the God of *Gold and Hell*,
 Unable to endure the Sight,
 He hides within his darkest Cell.

XII.

As when a Confrer takes a Lease
 From *Satan* for a Term of Years,
 The *Tenant's* in a dismal Case,
 Whene'er the *bloody Bond* appears.

XIII.

A baited Banker thus desponds,
 From his own Hand foresees his Fall;
 They have his *Soul* who have his *Bonds*;
 'Tis like the *Writing on the Wall*.

XIV.

XIV.

How will the Caitif Wretch be fear'd
When first he finds himself awake
At the last Trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his *Grand Account* to make?

XV.

For in that universal *Call*
Few Bankers will to Heav'n be Mounters;
They'll cry, *Ye Shops upon us fall,*
Conceal, and *cover us, Ye Counters.*

XVI.

When *Other Hands* the *Scales* shall hold,
And They in *Men and Angels Sight.*
Produc'd with all their *Bills and Gold,*
Weigh'd in the Ballance, and found light.

The

The Author having wrote a Treatise, advising the People of Ireland to wear their own Manufactures, a Prosecution was set on Foot against Waters the Printer thereof, which was carried on with so much Violence, that one Whitshed, then Chief Justice, thought proper, in a Manner the most extraordinary, to keep the Grand-Jury above twelve Hours, and to send them eleven Times out of Court, until he had wearied them into a special Verdict.

Excellent new SONG on a seditious Pamphlet.

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

Written in the Year 1720.

BROCADO's, and Damasks, and Tabbies, and Gawses,

Are by *Robert Ballentine* lately brought over;
With Forty Things more: Now hear what the Law
says,

Whoe'ver will not wear them, is not the King's
 Lover.

Tho' a Printer and Dean
Seditiously mean

Our true *Irish* Hearts from old *England* to wean;

We'll

We'll buy *English* Silks for our Wives and our
Daughters,
In Spight of his Deanship and Journeyman *Waters*.

II.

In *England* the Dead in Woollen are clad,
The Dean and his Printer then let us cry Fye on;
To be cloath'd like a Carcass would make a Teague
mad,
Since a living Dog is better than a dead Lyon,
Our Wives they grow sullen,
At wearing of Woollen,
And all we poor Shop-keepers must our Horns
pull in.
Then we'll buy *English* Silks, &c.

III.

Whoever our Trading with *England* would hinder,
To inflame both the Nations do plainly conspire;
Because *Irish* Linen will soon turn to Tinder;
And Wool it is greasy, and quickly takes Fire.
Therefore I assure ye,
Our noble Grand Jury,
When they saw the Dean's Book they were in a
great Fury:
They would buy *English* Silks for their Wives, &c.

IV.

This wicked Rogue *Waters*, who always is finning,
And before *Corum Nobis* so oft' has been call'd,
Henceforward shall print neither Pamphlets nor Linen,
And, if Swearing can do't, shall be swingingly
mawl'd:

And

And as for the Dean,
 You know whom I mean,
 If the Printer will peach him, he'll scarce come off
 clean.
 Then we'll buy *English Silks* for our Wives and our
 Daughters,
 In Spight of his Deanship and Journeyman *Waters*.

The AUTHOR upon HIMSELF.

Writtten about the Year 1713.

*A few of the first Lines were wanting in the Copy sent
 us by a Friend of the Author's from London.*

* * * * *

BY an old ——— pursu'd,
 A † crazy Prelate, and a ‡ Royal Prude.
 By dull Divines, who look with envious Eyes,
 On ev'ry Genius, that attempts to rise;
 And pausing o'er a Pipe, with doubtful Nod,
 Give Hints, that Poets ne'er believe in God.
 So, Clowns on Scholars as on Wizards look,
 And take a Folio for a conj'ring Book.

S—— had the Sin of Wit, no venial Crime;
 Nay, 'twas affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in Rhime:

† Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York.
 ‡ Her late M——y.

Humour,

Humour, and Mirth, had Place in all he writ:
 He reconcil'd Divinity and Wit.
 He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk't with too much
 Grace;
 Nor shew'd the Parson in his Gait or Face;
 Despis'd luxurious Wines, and costly Meat;
 Yet, still was at the Tables of the Great,
 Frequented Lords; *saw those, that saw the Queen;*
 At * Child's or Truby's never once had been;
 Where Town and Country Vicars flock in Tribes,
 Secur'd by Numbers from the Laymen's Gibes;
 And deal in Vices of the graver Sort,
 Tobacco, Censure, Coffee, Pride, and Port.

BUT, after sage Monitions from his Friends,
 His Talents to employ for nobler Ends;
 To better Judgments willing to submit,
 He turns to Politicks his dang'rous Wit.

AND now, the publick Int'rest to support,
 By *Harley S*—— invited comes to Court.
 In Favour grows with Ministers of State;
 Admitted private, when Superiors wait:
 And, *Harley*, not aſham'd his Choice to own,
 Takes him to *Windsor* in his Coach, alone.
 At *Windsor*, *S*—— no ſooner can appear,
 But, † *St. John* comes and whispers in his Ear;
 The Waiters ſtand in Ranks; the Yeomen cry,
Make Room; as if a Duke were paſſing by.

* *A Coffee-house and Tavern near St. Paul's, much frequented by the Clergy.*

† *Then Secretary of State, now Lord Bolingbroke, the moſt univerſal Genius in Europe.*

Now * *Finch* alarms the Lords; he hears for certain,
 This dang'rous Priest is got behind the Curtain:
Finch, fam'd for tedious Elocution, proves
 That S—— oils many a Spring, which *Harley* moves.
 † *W——e* and *Ayllaby*, to clear the Doubt,
 Inform the Commons, that the Secret's out:
 " A certain Doctor is observ'd of late,
 " To haunt a certain Minister of State:
 " From whence, with half an Eye we may discover,
 " The Peace, is made, and *Perkin* must come over.
York is from *Lambeth* sent, to shew the Queen
 A dang'rous Treatise writ against the Spleen;
 Which by the Style, the Matter, and the Drift,
 'Tis thought could be the Work of none but S——.
 Poor *York*! the harmless Tool of others Hate;
 † He sues for Pardon, and repents too late.

Now, ——— her Vengeance vows
 On S——'s Reproaches for her ———;
 From her red Locks her Mouth with Venom fills;
 And thence into the Royal Ear instills.
 The Q—— incens'd, his Services forgot,
 Leaves him a Victim to the vengeful Scot:

* Late Earl of Nottingham, who made a Speech in the House of Lords against the Author.

† Those two made Speeches in the House of Commons against the Author, although the latter professed much Friendship for him.

† It is known that his Grace sent a Message to the Author to desire his Pardon, and that he was very sorry for what he had said and done.

Now, through the Realm a * Proclamation spread,
To fix a Price on his devoted Head.
While innocent, he scorns ignoble Flight;
His watchful Friends preserve him by a Sleight.

By *Harley's* Favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by Candidate Divines;
Who change Opinions with the changing Scene:
Lord! how w^{ere} they mistaken in the Dean!
Now, ¶ *Delawere* again familiar grows;
And, in S—'s Ear thrusts half his powder'd Nose.
‡ The *Scottish* Nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that S—— would be their Friend.
By Faction tir'd, with Grief he waits a while.
His great contending Friends to reconcile
Performs what Friendship, Justice, Truth require:
† What could he more, but decently retire?

* *The Proclamation was against the Author of a Pamphlet, called, The Publick Spirit of the Whigs, against which the Scotch Lords complained.*

¶ *Lord Delawere, then Treasurer of the Household, always caressing the Author at Court: But during the Tryal of the Printers before the House of Lords, and while the Proclamation hung over the Author, his Lordship would not seem to know him, till the Danger was past.*

‡ *The Scotch Lords treated and visited the Author more after the Proclamation than before, except the D. of Ar—e, who would never be reconciled.*

† *The Author retired to a Friend in Berkshire, ten Weeks before the Q— died; and never saw the Ministry after.*

In SICKNESS.

*Written soon after the Author's coming to live in Ireland,
upon the Queen's Death, October 1714.*

TIS true, ——— then why should I repine,
To see my Life so fast decline?
But, why obscurely here alone?
Where I am neither lov'd nor known.
My State of Health none care to learn;
My Life is here no Soul's Concern.
And, those with whom I now converse,
Without a Tear will tend my Herse.
Remov'd from kind *Arbutnot's* Aid,
Who knows his Art, but not his Trade;
Preferring his Regard for me
Before his Credit or his Fee.
Some formal Visits, Looks, and Words,
What meer Humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which those who tend the Sick for Pay,
Can act as decently as they.
But, no obliging, tender Friend
To help at my approaching End,
My Life is now a Burthen grown
To others, e'er it be my own,
Ye formal Weepers for the Sick,
In your last Offices be quick:

And

And spare my absent Friends the Grief
To hear; yet give me no Relief;
Expir'd To-day, entomb'd To-morrow,
When known, will save a double Sorrow.

*To the EARL of OXFORD, late Lord
Treasurer. Sent to him when he was in
the Tower, before his Tryal.*

Out of HORACE.

Written in the Year 1716.

HOW blest is he, who for his Country dies;
Since Death pursues the Coward as he flies.
The Youth, in vain, would fly from Fate's Attack,
With trembling Knees, and Terror at his Back;
Tho' Fear should lend him Pinions like the Wind,
Yet swifter Fate will seize him from behind.

VIRTUE repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattainted Honour shine;
Nor stoops to take the Staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the Rabble please to smile or frown.

VIRTUE, to crown her Fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten Passage to the Sky;
Where *Jove* a Seat among the Gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.

NEXT, faithful Silence hath a sure Reward:
Within our Breast be ev'ry Secret barr'd:

He, who betrays his Friend, shall never be
 Under one Roof, or in one Ship with me;
 For, who with Traytors would his Safety trust,
 Left, with the Wicked, Heaven involve the Just?
 And, though the Villain 'scape a while, he feels
 Slow Vengeance, like a Blood-hound at his Heels.

Upon the SOUTH-SEA PROJECT.

Written in the Year 1721.

YE wise Philosophers, Explain,
 What Magick makes our Money rise,
 When dropt into the Southern Main;
 Or do these Juglers cheat our Eyes?
 Put in your Money fairly told;
 Presto be gone——'Tis here agen:
 Ladies and Gentlemen, behold,
 Here's ev'ry Piece as big as Ten.
 Thus in a Basin drop a Shilling,
 Then fill the Vessel to the Brim;
 You shall observe as you are filling,
 The pond'rous Metal seems to swim:
 It rises both in Bulk and Height,
 Behold it swelling like a Sop!
 The Liquid Medium cheats your Sight;
 Behold it mounted to the Top!

In Stock three hundred thousand Pounds;

I have in view a Lord's Estate;

My Manors all contiguous round;

A Coach and Six, and serv'd in Plate!

Thus, the deluded Bankrupt raves;

Puts all upon a desp'rate Bet;

Then plunges in the *Southern Waves*,

Dipt over Head and Ears — in Debt.

So, by a Calenture misled,

The Mariner with Rapture sees,

On the smooth Ocean's azure Bed,

Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees:

With eager Haste he longs to rove

In that fantastick Scene, and thinks

It must be some enchanted Grove;

And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

Five hundred Chariots just bespoke,

Are sunk in these devouring Waves,

The Horses drown'd, the Harness broke,

And here the Owners find their Graves.

Like *Pharaoh*, by *Directors* led;

They with their *Spoils* went safe before:

His Chariots, tumbling out the Dead,

Lay shatter'd on the *Red-Sea* Shore.

Rais'd up on *Hop's* aspiring Plumes,

The young Advent'rar o'er the Deep

An Eagle's Flight and State assumes,

And scorns the middle Way to keep.

On *Paper* Wings he takes his Flight,

With *Wax* the *Falser* bound them fast:

The *Wax* is melted by the Height,

And down the tow'ring Boy is cast.

A Moralift might here explain
 'The Rashnefs of the *Cretan* Youth;
 Describe his Fall into the Main,
 And from a Fable form a Truth.
 His *Wings* are his *paternal Rent*,
 He melts the *Wax* at ev'ry Flame;
 His Credit funk, his Money spent,
 In *Southern Seas* he leaves his Name.
 Inform us, you that best can tell,
 Why in yon dang'rous Gulph profound,
 Where hundreds, and where thousands fell
Fools chiefly float, the *Wife* are drown'd?
 So have I seen from *Severn's* Brink
 A Flock of *Geese* jump down together;
 Swim, where the Bird of *Jove* would sink,
 And swimming never wet a Feather.
 One Fool may from another win,
 And then get off with Money stor'd;
 But, if a *Sharper* once comes in,
 He throws at all, and sweeps the Board.
 As *Fishes* on each other prey,
 The great Ones swallowing up the small;
 So fares it in the *Southern Sea*;
 But, *Whale Directors* eat up all.
 When *Stock* is high, they come between,
 Making by second-hand their Offers;
 Then cunningly retire unseen,
 With each a Million in his Coffers.
 So, when upon a Moon-shine Night
 An *Als* was drinking at a Stream;
 A Cloud arose, and stopt the Light,
 By intercepting ev'ry Beam:

The

The Day of Judgment will be soon,
(Cries out a Sage among the Croud ;)

An Aſs hath ſwallow'd up the Moon :
The Moon lay ſafe behind a Cloud.

Each poor *Subscriber* to the Sea,
Sinks down at once, and there he lies ;

Directors fall as well as they,
Their Fall is but a Trick to riſe.

So Fiſhes riſing from the Main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd Wings on high ;

The Moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their Fins again to fly.

Undone at Play, the Female Troops
Come here their Loſſes to retrieve ;
Ride o'er the Waves in ſpacious Hoops,
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve.

Thus *Venus* to the Sea deſcends,
As Poet's feign ; but where's the Moral ?
It ſhews the Queen of Love intends
To ſearch the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

The Sea is richer than the Land,
I heard it from my Grannam's Mouth,
Which now I clegly underſtand ;
For by the Sea, ſhe meant the *South*.

Thus by *Directors* we are told,
Pray, Gentlemen, believe your Eyes ;
Our Ocean's cover'd o'er with Gold,
Look round, and ſee how thick it lies :

Oh ! would thoſe Patriots be ſo kind,
Here in the Deep to waſh their Hands ;
Then, like *Paſſolus*, we ſhould find
The Sea indeed had *golden Sands*.

A Shilling in the *Bath* you fling,
 The Silver takes a nobler Hue,
 By Magick Virtue in the Spring,
 And seems a Guinea to your View.
 But, as a Guinea will-not pass
 At Market for a Farthing more,
 Shewn thro' a multiplying Glass,
 Than what it always did before.
 So cast it in the *Southern Seas*,
 Or view it thro' a *Jabber's Bill*;
 Put on what Spectacles you please,
 Your Guinea's but a Guinea still.
 One Night a Fool into a Brook,
 Thus from a Hillock looking down,
 The golden Stars for Guineas took,
 And *Silver Cynthia* for a Crown.
 The Point he could no longer doubt,
 He ran, he leapt into the Flood;
 There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
 All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.
 Upon the Water cast thy Bread,
 And after many Days thou'lt find it;
 But Gold upon this Ocean spread,
 Shall sink, and leave no Mark behind it.
 There is a Gulph, where thousands fell,
 Here all the bold Advent'urers came,
 A narrow Sound, though deep as Hell;
 'Change-Alley is the dreadful Name.
 Nine Times a Day it ebbs and flows,
 Yet he, that on the Surface lies,
 Without a Pilot seldom knows
 The Time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Sub-

Subscribers here by thousands float:
 And jostle one another down;
 Each padling in his leaky Boat,
 And here they fish for Gold, and drown:
 * *Now bury'd in the Depth below,*
Now mounted up to Heaven agen,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their Wits End, like drunken Men.
 Mean time, secure on † *Garr-way* Cliffs,
 A savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,
 Lie waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,
 And strip the Bodies of the Dead.
 But these, you say, are factious Lyes.
 From some malicious *Tory's* Brain;
 For, where *Directors* get a Prize,
 The *Swiss* and *Dutch* whole Millions drain:
 Thus, when by Rooks a Lord is ply'd,
 Some Cully often wins a Bet,
 By vent'ring on the cheating Side,
 Tho' not into the Secret let.
 While some build Castles in the Air,
Directors build them in the Seas;
 Subscribers plainly see 'em there,
 For Fools will see as wise Men please:
 Thus oft' by Mariners are shown,
 (Unless the Men of *Kent* be Lyars,)
 Earl *Godwin's* Castles overflown,
 And Palace-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

* Psalm cvii.

† *A Coffee-house in Change-Alley.*

Mark where the fly *Directors* creep,
 Nor to the Shore approach too nigh!
 The Monsters nestle in the Deep,
 To seize you in your passing by.
 Then, like the Dogs of *Nile*, be wise,
 Who taught by Instinct how to shun
 The Crocodile, that lurking lies,
 Run as they drink, and drink and run.
Anteus could, by Magick Charms,
 Recover Strength, whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his Arms,
 And sent him up in *Air* to *Hell*.
Directors thrown into the Sea,
 Recover Strength and Vigour there;
 But may be tam'd another Way,
 Suspended for a while in *Air*.
Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
 By long Experience we have found,
 What Planet rul'd, when you were born;
 We see you never can be drown'd.
 Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
 Nor come within your Cully's Reach;
 For if the Sea shou'd sink so low,
 To leave you dry upon the Beach;
 You'll owe your Ruin to your Bulk:
 Your Foes already waiting stand,
 To tear you like a founder'd Hulk,
 While you lie helpless on the Sand.
 Thus, when a Whale hath lost the Tide,
 The Coasters crowd to seize the Spoil;
 The Monster into Parts divide,
 And strip the Bones, and melt the Oil.

Oh!

Oh! may some *Western* Tempest sweep
 These *Locusts*, whom our Fruits have fed,
 That Plague, *Directors*, to the Deep,
 Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the *Red*.
 May He, whom Nature's Laws obey;
 Who *lifts* the Poor, and *sinks* the Proud,
Quiet the Raging of the Sea,
And still the Madness of the Crowd.
 But never shall our Isle have Rest,
 Till those devouring *Swine* run down,
 (The *Devil's* leaving the Possess,)
 And headlong in the *Waters* drown.
 The Nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their Cost and Trouble,
Directors Promises but Wind,
South-Sea at best a mighty *Bubble*.

*Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto,
 Arma virum, tabulaeque, & Troia gaza per undas.*

VIRG.

Epilogue to a Play for the Benefit of the WEAVERS in Ireland.

Written in the Year 1721.

WH O dares affirm this is no pious Age,
 When Charity begins to tread the Stage?
 When Actors, who at best, are hardly Savers,
 Will give a Night of Benefit to Weavers?

G 5

Stay

Stay,——let me see, how finely will it sound !
Imprimis, From his Grace an Hundred Pound,
 Peers, Clergy, Gentry, all are Benefactors ;
 And then comes in the *Item* of the Actors.
Item, the Actors freely gave a Day,———
 The Poet had no more, who made the Play.

BUT whence this wond'rous Charity in Play'rs ?
 They learnt it not: at Sermons, or at Pray'rs :
 Under the Rose, since here are none but Friends,
 (To own the Truth) we have some private Ends.
 Since Waiting-Women, like exacting Jades,
 Hold up the Prices of their old *Brocades* ;
 We'll dress in *Manufactures* made at home ;
 Equip our *Kings* and *Generals* at the * *Comb* ;
 We'll rig in *Meath-street Egypt's* haughty *Queen* ;
 And *Antony* shall court her in *Ratteen*.
 In *blue Shalloon* shall *Hannibal* be clad,
 And *Scipio* trail an *Irish purple Plad*.
 In *Drugget* drest, of Thirteen Pence a Yard,
 See *Philip's* Son amidst his *Persian* Guard ;
 And proud *Roxana*, fir'd with jealous Rage,
 With fifty Yards of *Crape*, shall sweep the Stage.
 In short our *Kings* and *Princesses* within
 Are all resolv'd the Project to begin ;
 And you, our Subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the Fashion of the Court.

Oh! cou'd I see this Audience clad in *Stuff*.
 Tho' Money's scarce, we should have Trade enough ;
 But *Cbints*, *Brocades*, and *Lace*, take all away,
 And scarce a Crown is left to see a Play.

Perhaps

* A Street in Dublin, famous for Wollen Manufactures.

Perhaps you wonder whence this Friendship springs
 Between the *Weavers* and us Play-house Kings :
 But Wit and Weaving had the same Beginning ;
Pallas first taught us Poetry and Spinning :
 And next observe how this Alliance fits,
 For *Weavers* now are just as poor as *Wits* :
 Their Brother Quill-Men, Workers for the Stage,
 For sorry *Stuff* can get a Crown a Page ;
 But *Weavers* will be kinder to the *Players*,
 And sell for Twenty Pence a Yard of theirs.
 And, to your Knowledge, there is often less in
 The *Poet's* Wit, than in the *Player's* Dressing.

P E T H O X the Great.

Written in the Year 1723.

FROM *Venus* born, thy Beauty shows ;
 But who thy Father, no Man knows ;
 Nor can the skilful Herald trace
 The Founder of thy antient Race.
 Whether thy Temper, full of Fire,
 Discovers *Vulcan* for thy Sire ;
 The God, who made *Scamander* boil,
 And round his Margin findg'd the Soils
 (From whence Philosophers agree,
 An equal Pow'r descends to thee.)
 Whether from dreadful *Mars* you claim
 The high Descent from whence you came,

And

And, as a Proof, shews num'rous Scars,
 By fierce Encounters made in Wars;
 (Those honourable Wounds you bore
 From Head to Foot, and *all before*)
 And still the bloody Field frequent,
 Familiar in each Leader's Tent.
 Or whether, as the Learn'd contend,
 You from the neighb'ring *Gaul* descend;
 Or from † *Parthenope* the Proud,
 Where numberless thy Vot'ries crowd.
 Whether they great Forefathers came
 From Realms, that bear *Vesputio's* Name;
 For so Conjectors would obtrude,
 And from thy painted Skin conclude.
 Whether, as *Epicurus* shows
 The World from jostling Seeds arose;
 Which, mingling with prolifick Strife
 In Chaos, kindled into Life;
 So your Production was the same,
 And from contending Atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent Mother crown'd
 Thy Head with sparkling Rubies round;
 Beneath thy decent Steps, the Road
 Is all with precious Jewels strow'd.
 The * Bird of *Pallas* knows his Post,
 Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'st.

*BYZANTIAN*S boast, that on the Clod,
 Where once their *Sultan's* Horse hath trod,

Grows

† Naples.

* *Bubo, the Owl.*

Grows neither Grass, nor Shrub, nor Tree;
The same thy Subjects boast of Thee.

THE greatest Lord, when you appear,
Will deign your Livery to wear,
In all thy various Colours seen,
Of Red, and Yellow, Blue, and Green.

WITH half a Word, when you require,
The Man of Bus'ness must retire.

THE haughty Minister of State,
With Trembling must thy Leisure wait;
And while his Fate is in thy Hands,
The Bus'ness of the Nation stands.

THOU dar'st the greatest Prince attack,
Can'st hourly set him on the Rack,
And, as an Instance of thy Pow'r,
Inclose him in a wooden Tow'r,
With pungent Pains on ev'ry Side;
So *Regulus* in Torments dy'd.

FROM thee our Youth all Virtues learn;
Dangers with Prudence to discern;
And well thy Scholars are endu'd
With Temp'rance, and with Fortitude;
With Patience, which all Ills supports;
And Secrecy, the Art of Courts.

THE glitt'ring Beau could hardly tell,
Without your Aid, to read or spell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to scrawl a Billet-doux.

WITH what Delight, methinks, I trace
Thy Blood in ev'ry noble Race!

In

In whom thy Features, Shape, and Mien,
Are to the Life distinctly seen.

THE Britons, once a savage Kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd :
Descendants of the barb'rous Huns,
With Limbs robust, and Voice that runs:
But you have molded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous Flesh,
Taught them to modulate their Tongues,
And speak without the Help of Lungs.

PROTEUS on you bestow'd the Boon:
To change your Visage like the Moon :
You sometimes half a Face produce,
Keep t'other Half for private Use.

How fam'd thy Conduct in the Fight,
With * Hermes, Son of *Plaias* bright :
Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for ev'ry Inch of Ground :
Then, by a soldierly Retreat,
Retir'd to your Imperial Seat.
The Victor, when your Steps he trac'd,
Found all the Realms before him waste :
You, o'er the high triumphal Arch
Pontifick, made your glorious March :
The wond'rous Arch behind you fell,
And left a Chasm profound as Hell :
You, in your Capitol secur'd,
A Siege as long as *Troy* endur'd.

♁ Mercury.

JOAN

JOAN cudgels NED.

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1723!

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a Bully:
 Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a Colly.
 Dye Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
 She dares not say, her Life's her own.
 Dye Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
 And ev'ry Day she combs his Head.

STELLA at Wood-Park,

A House of CHARLES FORD, Esq; eight
 Miles from Dublin.

*—Cuicumque nocere velabat
 Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.*

Written in the Year 1723.

DON Carlos in a merry Spight,
 Did Stella to his House invite:
 He entertain'd her half a Year
 With gen'rous Wines and costly Cheer.
 Don Carlos made her chief Director,
 That she might o'er the Servants hester.

In half a Week the Dame grew nice,
 Got all things at the highest Price.
 Now at the Table-Head she sits,
 Presented with the nicest Bits:
 She look'd on Partridges with Scorn,
 Except they tasted of the Corn:
 A Haunch of Ven'son made her sweat,
 Unless it had the right *Fumette*.
 Don *Carlos* earnestly would beg,
 Dear Madam, try this Pigeon's Leg;
 Was happy when he could prevail
 To make her only touch a Quail.
 Through Candle-Light she view'd the Wine,
 To see, that ev'ry Glas was fine.
 At last grown prouder than the D—l,
 With feeding high, and Treatment civil,
 Don *Carlos* now began to find
 His Malice work as he design'd;
 The Winter-Sky began to frown,
 Poor *Stella* must pack off to Town.
 From purling Streams and Fountains bubbling,
 To † *Liffy's* stinking Tide in *Dublin*:
 From wholesome Exercise and Air,
 To sopping in an easy Chair:
 From Stomach sharp and hearty feeding,
 To piddle like a Lady breeding:
 From ruling there the Household singly,
 To be directed here by † *Dingly*:

From

† The River that runs through Dublin.

‡ A Lady. The two Ladies lodged together.

From ev'ry Day a lordly Banquet,
 To half a Joint, and God be thanked :
 From ev'ry Meal *Pontack* in Plenty,
 To half a Pint one Day in Twenty.
 From *Ford* attending at her Call,
 To Visits of ——— ——— ———
 From *Ford*, who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor Doings of the D---n.
 From growing Richer with good Chear,
 To running out by starving here.

BUT now arrives the dismal Day :
 She must return to † *Ormond-Key* :
 The Coachman stopt, she lookt, and swore
 The Rascal had mistook the Door :
 At coming in you saw her stoop ;
 The Entry brusht against her Hoop :
 Each Moment rising in her Airs.
 She curst the narrow winding Stairs :
 Began a Thousand Faults to spy ;
 The Ceiling hardly six Foot high ;
 The smutty Wainscot full of Cracks,
 And half the Chairs with broken Backs :
 Her Quarter's out at *Lady-Day*,
 She vows she will no longer stay,
 In Lodgings, like a poor *Grizette*,
 While there are Lodgings to be lett.

HowE'ER, to keep her Spirits up,
 She sent for Company to sup ;
 When all the while you might remark,
 She strove in vain to ape *Wood-Park*.

Two

† Where both the Ladies lodged.

Two Bottles call'd for, (half her Store;
 The Cupboard could contain but four;)
 A Supper worthy of her self,
 Five *Nothings* in five Plates of *Delph*.

Thus, for a Week the Farce went on:
 When all her Country-Savings gone,
 She fell into her former Scene,
 Small Beer, a Herring, and the *D—n*.

Thus, far in jest. Though now I fear
 You think my Jestings too severe:
 But Poets when a Hint is new
 Regard not whether false or true:
 Yet Raillery gives no Offence,
 Where Truth has not the least Pretence;
 Nor can be more securely plac'd
 Than on a Nymph of *Stella's* Taste:
 I must confess, your Wine and Vittle
 I was too hard upon a little;
 Your Table neat, your Linnen fine;
 And, though in Miniature, you shine;
 Yet, when you sigh to leave *Wood-Park*,
 The Scene, the Welcome, and the Spark,
 To languish in this odious Town,
 And pull your haughty Stomach down;
 We think you quite mistake the Case;
 The Virtue lies not in the Place:
 For though my Raillery were true,
 A Cottage is *Wood-Park* with you.

The

*The Part of a Summer, at the House of
GEORGE ROCHFORD, Esq;*

Written in the Year 1723.

THALIA, tell in sober Lays,
How *George, Nim, Dan, Dean*, pass their Days.

BEGIN, my Muse, First, from our Bow'rs
We sally forth at different Hours;
At Seven, the *Dean* in Night-gown dress,
Goes round the House to wake the rest:
At Nine, grave *Nim* and *George* facetious,
Go to the *Dean* to read *Lucretius*:
At Ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses *George*, and ends our Lectures;
And when she has him by the Neck fast,
Hauls him, and scolds us, down to Breakfast.
We squander there an Hour or more;
And then all Hands, Boys, to the *Qar*:
All, heteroclite *Dan* except,
Who never Time, nor Order kept,
But by peculiar Whimfies drawn,
Peeps in the Ponds to look for Spawn;
O'ersees the Work, or * *Dragon* rows,
Or mars a Text, or mends his Hose!
Or — but proceed we in our Journal —
At Two, or after, we return all.
From the four Elements assembling,
Warn'd by the Bell, all Folks come trembling:

* *My Lord Chief Baron's smaller Boat.* From

From airy Garrets some descend,
 Some from the Lake's remotest End:
 My Lord and *Dean*, the Fire forsake;
Dan leaves the earthly Spade and Rake:
 The Loit'ers quake, no Corner hides them,
 And Lady *Betty* soundly chides them,
 Now Water's brought, and Dinner's done;
 With Church and King, the Lady's gone:
 (Not reck'ning half an Hour we pass
 In talking o'er a moderate Glas.)
Dan, growing drowsy, like a Thief,
 Steals off to dose away his Beef;
 And this must pass for reading *Hammond* —
 While *George* and *Dean* go to Back-Gammon.
George, *Nim*, and *Dean* set out at Four,
 And then again, Boys, to the Oar.
 But when the Sun goes to the Deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his Sleep,
 Or make a Rumbling o'er his Head,
 His Candle out, and He a-bed)
 We watch his Motions to a Minute,
 And leave the Flood, when he goes in it.
 Now stinted in the short'ning Day,
 We go to Pray'rs, and then to Play:
 Till Supper comes, and after that,
 We sit an Hour to drink and chat.
 'Tis late—the old and younger Pairs,
 By * *Adam* lighted, walk up Stairs.
 The weary *Dean* goes to his Chamber,
 And *Nim* and *Dan* to Garret clamber.

So

 * *The Butler.*

So when this Circle we have run,
The Curtain falls, and all is done.

I MIGHT have mention'd sev'ral Facts,
Like Episodes between the Acts;
And tell who loses, and who wins,
Who gets a Cold, who breaks his Shins;
How *Dan* caught *nothing* in his Net,
And how the Boat was overfet.
For Brevity I have retrench'd.
How in the Lake the *Dean* was drench'd.
It would be an Exploit to brag on,
How valiant *George* rode o'er the *Dragon*;
How steady in the Storm he sat,
And sav'd his Oar, but lost his Hat.
How *Nim* (no Hunter e'er could match him.)
Still bring us Hares, when he can catch 'em:
How skilfully *Dan* mends his Nets;
How Fortune fails him, when he sets,
Or, how the *Dean* delights to vex
The Ladies, and lampoon the Sex.
Or, how our Neighbour lifts his Nose,
To tell what ev'ry School-Boy knows,
And, with his Finger on his Thumb
Explaining, strikes Opposers dumb:
Or how his Wife, that Female Pedant,
(But now there need no more be said on't,)
Shews all her Secrets of House-keeping;
FoCr andles how she trucks her Dripping;
Was forc'd to send three Miles for Yest
To brew her Ale, and raise her Paste;
Tells ev'ry Thing that you can think of:
How she cur'd *Tommy* of the Chin-cough;

What

642 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

What gave her Brats and Pigs the Meazles.
And how her Doves were kill'd by Weezles;
How *Fowler* howl'd, and what a Fright
She had with Dreams the other Night.

BUT now, since I have gone so far on,
A Word or two of * Lord Chief Baron;
And tell how little Weight he sets
On all *Whig* Papers, and *Gazetts*;
But for the Politicks of † *Pae*,
Thinks every Syllable is true.

And since he owns the King of *Sweden*
Is dead at last, without evading;
Now all his Hopes are in the *Czar*;
"Why, *Muscovy* is not so far;
"Down the *Black Sea*, and up the *Streights*,
"And in a Month he's at your Gates:
"Perhaps from what the Packet brings
"By *Christmas* we shall see strange Things."

WHY should I tell of Ponds and Drains,
What Carps we met with for our Pains;
Of Sparrows tam'd, and Nuts innumerable,
To choak the Girls, and to consume a Rabble?
But you, who are a Scholar know
How transient all Things are below;
How prone to change is human Life;
Last Night arriv'd † *Clem* and his Wife—
This grand Event hath broke our Measures;
Their Reign began with cruel Seizures:
The *Dean* must with his Quilt supply
The Bed, in which those Tyrants lie: Nim

* *Mr. Rochfort's Father.* † *A Tory News-Writer.*
† *Mr. Clement Barry.*

POEMS on several OCCASIONS

943

Nim lost his Wig-block, Dan his Jordan;
(My Lady says she can't afford one)
George is half scar'd out of his Wits,
For Clem gets all the tiny Bits.
Henceforth expect a different Survey;
This House will soon turn Topfy-turvey.
They talk of further Alterations,
Which causes many Speculations.

Upon the horrid PLOT, discovered by Har-
lequin the B—— of R——'s French
Dog.

In a DIALOGUE between a WHIG and a TORY.

Written in the Year 1721.

I Ask'd a Whig the other Night,
How came this wicked Plot to Light:
He answer'd, that a Dog of late
Inform'd a Minister of State.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For, are not all Informers so?
A Villain, who his Friend betrays,
We style him by no other Phrase;
And so a perjur'd Dog denotes
Porter, and PRENDERGAST, and Oates.
And forty others I could name
Whig. But you must know this Dog was lame.
Tory. A weighty Argument indeed;
Your Evidence was lame. Proceed:

Come

Come, help your *lame Dog o'er the Style*.

Whig. Sir, you mistake me all this while :

I mean a *Dog*, without a Joke,
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke,

Tory. I'm still to seek, which *Dog* you mean ;

Whether *Curr Plunket*, or *Whelp Skean*,
An *English* or an *Irish* Hound :

Or t'other *Puppy*, that was drown'd,

Or *Mason*, that abandon'd Bitch :

Then pray be free, and tell me which ;

For, ev'ry Stander-by was marking,

That all the Noise they made was *Barking* :

You pay them well ; the *Dogs* have got

Their *Dogs-heads* in a *Porridge-pot* :

And 'twas but just ; for, wise Men say,

That, *every Dog must have his Day*.

Dog W—— le laid a Quart of *Nog* on't,

He'd either *make a Hog or Dog* on't,

And look't since he has got his Wish,

As if he had *thrown down a Dish*.

Yet, this I dare foretel you from it,

He'll soon *return to his own Vomit*,

Whig. Besides, this horrid Plot was found

By *Neyno* after he was drown'd,

Tory. Why then the Proverb is not right,

Since you can teach *dead Dogs to bite*.

Whig. I prov'd my Proposition full ;

But, *Jacobites* are strangely dull.

Now, let me tell you plainly, Sir,

Our Witness is a real *Curr*.

A *Dog* of Spirit for his Years,

Has twice two Legs, two hanging Ears ;

His

His Name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
 And that's a Name in ev'ry Plot :
 Resolv'd to save the *British* Nation,
 Though *French* by Birth and Education :
 His Correspondence plainly dated,
 Was all *decypher'd*, and *translated*.
 His Answers were exceeding pretty
 Before the secret wise Committee,
 Confess't as plain, as he could bark ;
 Then with his Fore-foot set his *Mark*.

Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled ;
 I thought it was a *Dog in Doublet* :
 The Matter now no longer flicks ;
 For Statesmen never want *Dog-tricks*.
 But, since it was a real *Curr*,
 And not a *Dog* in Metaphor,
 I give you Joy of the Report,
 That he's to have a Place at C—t.

Whig. Yes, and a Place he will grow rich in,
 A Turn-spit in the R—l Kitchen.
 Sir, to be plain, I tell you what ;
 We had Occasion for a Plot ;
 And, when we found the *Dog* begin it,
 We guess'd the *B—p's Foot was in it*.

Tory. I own it was a dang'rous Project ;
 And you have prov'd it by *Dog Logic*.
 Sure such Intelligence between
 A *Dog* and *B—p* ne'er was seen,
 Till you began to change the Breed ;
 Your *B—ps* all are *D—gs* indeed.

MARY the Cook-Maid's LETTER to
Doctor *SHERIDAN*.

Written in the Year 1723.

WE L L; if ever I saw such another Man since
my Mother bound my Head,
You a Gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where
you were bred?
I am sure such Words does not become a Man of your
Cloth,
I would not give such Language to a Dog, faith and troth,
Yes; you call'd my Master a Knave: Fie, Mr. *Sherri-*
dan, 'tis a Shame
For a Parson, who shou'd know better Things, to come
out with such a Name.
Knave in your Teeth! Mr. *Sheridan*, 'tis both a Shame
and a Sin,
And the Dean, my Master, is an honestest Man than you
and all your Kin:
He has more Goodness in his little Finger, than you
have in your whole Body,
My Master is a personable Man, and not a spindle-
thank'd Hoddy-doddy.
And now whereby I find you would fain make an Excuse,
Because my Master one Day in Anger, call'd you Goose.
Which, and I am sure, I have been his Servant four
Years since *October*,
And he never call'd me worse than *Sweet-heart* drunk
or sober:

Not

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to
my Knowledge,
Tho' you and your Come-rogues keep him out so late
in your wicked College.

You say you will eat Grass on his Grave; a Christian eat Grass!

Whereby you now confess your self to be a Goose or
an Ass:

But that's as much as to say, that my Master should die
before ye;

Well, well, that's as God pleases, and I don't believe
that's a true Story,

'And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my Master;
what care I?

'And I don't care who knows it, 'tis all one to *Mary*.

Every Body knows, that I love to tell Truth, and shame
the Devil;

I am but a poor Servant, but I think gentle-Folks should
be civil.

Besides you found Fault with our Vittles one Day that
you was here,

I remember it was upon a *Tuesday*, of all Days in the
Year.

And *Saunders* the Man says, you are always jesting and
mocking,

Mary, said he, (one Day, as I was mending my Master's
Stocking.)

My Master is so fond of that Minister, that keeps the
School;

I thought my Master a wise Man, but that Man makes
him a Fool.

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a Quart of Ale,
He would come into our Kitchen, and I would pin a
Dish-clout to his Tail.

And now I must go, and get *Saunders* to direct this Letter,
For I write but a sad Scrawl, but my Sister *Marget* she
writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the Bed before my
Master comes from Pray'rs,

And see now, it strikes Ten, and I hear him coming
up Stairs;

Whereof I could say more to your Verses, if I could
write written Hand;

And so I remain in a civil Way, your Servant to com-
mand,

M A R T.

A quibbling ELEGY on the worshipful
Judge BOAT.

Written in the Year 1723.

TO mournful Ditties, *Clio*, change thy Note,
Since cruel Fate hath *sunk* our Justice Boat;
Why should he *sink*, where nothing seem'd to press?
His *Lading* little, and his *Ballast* less.
Toss in the *Waves* of this tempestuous World,
At length, his *Anchor* fixt, and *Canvas* furl'd,
To † *Lazy-Hill* retiring from his Court,
At his † *Ring's-End* he *founders* in the Port,

With

† † Two Villages near the Sea, where Boatmen and
Seamen live.

With ¶ *Water* fill'd, he could no longer *float*,
The common Death of many a stronger *Boat*.

A *Post* so fill'd, on Nature's Laws 'entrenches,
Benches on *Boats* are plac't, not *Boats* on *Benches*.
And yet our *Boat*, how shall I reconcile it?
Was both a *Boat*, and in one Sense a *Pilot*.
With ev'ry *Wind* he *sail'd*, and well cou'd *tack*:
Had many *Pendents*, but abhor'd a † *Jack*.
He's gone, although his Friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *Rope*.

BEHOLD the awful *Bench*, on which he sat,
He was as *bard*, and pond'rous *Wood* as that:
Yet, when his *Sand* was out, we find at last,
That, Death has *overfet* him with a *Blast*.
Our *Boat* is now *sail'd* to the *Stygian Ferry*,
There to supply old *Charon's* leaky *Wherry*:
Charon in him will ferry *Souls* to hell;
A Trade, our ¶ *Boat* had practic'd here so well.
And, *Cerberus* hath ready in his *Paws*,
Both *Pitch* and *Brimstone* to fill up his *Flaws*:
Yet, spight of Death and Fate, I here maintain,
We may place *Boat* in his old *Post* again.
The Way is thus; and well deserves your Thanks:
Take the three strongest of his broken *Planks*,
Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
Form'd like the *Triple-Tree* near § *Stephen's-Green*,
And, when we view it thus, with Thief at End on't,
We'll cry; look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the *Pendent*

¶ It was said that he dyed of a *Dropsy*.

† A Cant Word for a *Jacobite*.

‡ In hanging People as a *Judge*.

§ Where the *Dublin Gallows* stands.

The EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a Coffin,
 Pray, gentle-Folks, forbear your Scoffing.
 A Boat a Judge! yes, where's the Blunder?
 A wooden Judge is no such Wonder.
 And, in his Robes, you must agree,
 No Boat was better deckt than He.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
 In short, he was an able * Sculler.

On DREAMS.

An Imitation of *PETRONIUS*.

Somnia, quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

Written in the Year 1724.

THOSE Dreams, that on the silent Night intrude
 And with false flitting Shades our Minds delude,
 Jove never sends us downward from the Skies,
 Nor can they from infernal Mansions rise;
 But are all mere Productions of the Brain,
 And Fools consult Interpreters in vain.

For, when in Bed we rest our weary Limbs,
 The Mind, unburthen'd, sports in various Whims.

The

* Query, Whether the Author meant Scholar, and
 willfully mistook?

The busy Head with mimick Art runs o'er
The Scenes and Actions of the Day before.

THE drowsy Tyrant by his Minions led,
To regal Rage devotes some Patriot's Head.
With equal Terrors, not with equal Guilt,
The Murd'rer dreams of all the Blood he spilt.

THE Soldier smiling hears the Widows Cries,
And stabs the Son before the Mother's Eyes.
With like Remorse his *Brother* of the Trade,
The Butcher, feels the Lamb beneath his Blade.

THE Statesman rakes the Town to find a Plot,
And dreams of Forfeitures by Treason got.
Nor less *Tom T---d-man* of true Statesman Mold,
Collects the City Filth in Search of Gold.

ORPHANS around his Bed the Lawyer sees,
And takes the Plaintiff's and Defendant's Fees.
His *Fellow Pick-Purse*, watching for a Job,
Fancies his Fingers in the Cully's Fob.

THE kind Physician grants the Husband's Prayers,
Or gives Relief to long-expecting Heirs.
The sleeping Hangman ties the fatal Noose;
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead Mens Shoes.

THE grave Divine, with knotty Points perplex,
As if he were awake, nods o'er his Text :
While the sly Mountebank attends his Trade,
Harangues the Rabble, and is better paid.

THE hireling Senator of modern Days,
Bedaubs the guilty Great with nauseous Praise :
And *Dick* the Scavenger with equal Grace,
Flirts from his Cart the Mud in *W—*'s Face.

† *WHITSHE D's* Motto on his Coach.

Libertas & natale Solum

Liberty and my native Country.

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1724.

LIBERTAS & natale Solum;
 Fine Words; I wonder where you stole 'em.
 Could nothing but thy chief Reproach,
 Serve for a Motto on thy Coach?
 But let me now the Words translate:
Natale Solum: My Estate:
 My dear Estate; how well I love it;
 My Tenants, if you doubt, will prove it:
 They swear, I am so kind and good,
 I hug them, till I squeeze their Blood.

LIBERTAS bears a large Import;
 First; how to swagger in a Court;
 And, secondly, to shew my Fury
 Against an uncomplying Jury:
 And, Thirdly; 'tis a new Invention
 To favour *Wood*, and keep my Pension:
 And, Fourthly; 'tis to play an odd Trick,
 Get the Great Seal, and turn out *Brod'rick*.

And,

† That noted Chief Justice, who twice prosecuted the
Drapier, and dissolved the Grand Jury for not finding
 the Bill against him.

And, Fifthly ; you know whom I mean,
To humble that vexatious Dean.

And, Sixthly ; for my Soul, to barter it
For Fifty Times its Worth, to *Carteret*,

Now, since your Motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true,

Libertas Est natale Solum ;

You had good Reason, when you stole 'em.

Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. S—t, in
order to be admitted to speak to him.

Written in the Year 1724.

DEAR Sir; I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your Ears and Doors shou'd both be barr'd.

Can any thing be more unkind ?

Must I not see, 'cause you are blind ?

Methinks, a Friend at Night shou'd cheer you,

A Friend that loves to see and hear you :

Why am I robb'd of that Delight ?

When you can be no Loser by't.

Nay, when 'tis plain, for what is plainer ?

That, if you heard, you'd be no Gainer.

For sure, you are not yet to learn,

That Hearing is not your Concern.

Then be your Doors no longer barr'd,

Your Business, Sir, is to be heard.

H J.

The

The ANSWER.

THE Wise pretend to make it clear,
 'Tis no great Loss to lose an Ear;
 Why are we then so fond of two?
 When by Experience one will do.
 'Tis true, say they, cut off the Head,
 And there's an End; the Man is dead;
 Because, among all human Race,
 None e'er was known to have a Brace,
 But confidently they maintain,
 That where we find the Members twain,
 The Loss of one is no such Trouble,
 Since t'other will in Strength be double;
 The Limb surviving, you may swear,
 Becomes his Brother's lawful Heir:
 Thus, for a Tryal, let me beg of
 Your Rev'ence, but to cut one Leg off,
 And you shall find by this Device,
 The other will be stronger twice;
 For, ev'ry Day you shall be gaining
 New Vigour to the Leg remaining.
 So, when an Eye hath lost its Brother,
 You see the better with the other.
 Cut off your Hand, and you may do
 With t'other Hand the Work of two:
 Because, the Soul her Power contracts,
 And on the Brother Limb re-acts.

But, yet the Point is not so clear in
 Another Case; the Sense of Hearing:
 For tho' the Place of either Ear,
 Be distant as one Head can bear:

Yet *Galen* most acutely shews you,
 (Consult his Book *de Partium usu*)
 That from each Ear as he observes,
 There creep two Auditory Nerves,
 (Not to be seen without a Glafs)
 Which near the *O: Petrosum* pass;
 Thence to the Neck; and, moving thorow there;
 One goes to this, and one to t'other Ear.
 Which made my Grand-Dame always stuff her-Ears,
 Both Right and Left, as Fellow-sufferers.
 You see my Learning; but to shorten it,
 When my Left Ear was deaf a Fortnight,
 To t'other Ear I felt it coming on,
 And thus I solve this hard Phænomenon.

'Tis true, a Glafs will bring supplies
 To weak, or old, or clouded Eyes.
 Your Arms, tho' both your Eyes were lost,
 Would guard your Nose against a Post.
 Without your Legs, two Legs of Wood
 Are stronger, and almost as good,
 And, as for Hands, there have been those,
 Who, wanting both, have us'd their Toes.
 But no Contrivance yet appears,
 To furnish artificial Ears.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Written in the Year 1724.

AS, when a beauteous Nymph decays,
 We say, she's past her Dancing-Days;

See.

So, Poets loose their Feet by Time,
 And can no longer dance in Rhyme.
 Your annual Bard had rather chose
 To celebrate your Birth in Prose.
 Yet, merry Folks, who want by chance,
 A Pair to make a Country-Dance.
 Call the old House-keeper, and get her
 To fill a Place, for want of better.
 While *Sheridan* is off the Hooks,
 And Friend *Delany* at his Books,
 That *Stella* may avoid Disgrace,
 Once more the D——n supplies their Place.

BEAUTY and Wit, too sad a Truth,
 Have always been confin'd to Youth;
 The God of Wit, and Beauty's Queen,
 He 'Twenty one, and she Fifteen:
 No Poet ever sweetly sung,
 Unless he were like *Phæbus*, young;
 Nor ever Nymph inspir'd to Rhyme,
 Unless like *Venus*, in her Prime.
 At fifty-six, if this be true,
 Am I a Poet fit for you?
 Or at the Age of Forty-three,
 Are you a Subject fit for me?
 Adieu bright Wit, and radiant Eyes;
 You must be grave, and I be wise.
 Our Fate in vain we would oppose,
 But I'll be still your Friend in Prose;
 Esteem and Friendship to express,
 Will not require poetick Dress;
 And if the Muse deny her Aid
 To have them sung, they may be said.

But,

BUT, *Stella* say, what evil Tongue
 Reports you are no longer young?
 That *Time* sits with his Scythe to mow,
 Where erst fate *Cupid* with his Bow;
 That half your Locks are turn'd to gray:
 I'll ne'er believe a Word they say.
 'Tis true, but let it not be known,
 My Eyes are somewhat dimmish grown:
 For Nature, always in the Right,
 To your Decays adapts my Sight?
 And Wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
 For I'm asham'd to use a Glass;
 And, till I see them with these Eyes,
 Whoever says you have them, lyes.

No Length of Time can make you quit,
 Honour and Virtue, Sense and Wit:
 Thus you may still be young to me,
 While I can better *bear* than *see*;
 Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her Spight,
 To make me *deaf*, and mend my *Sight*.

A quiet LIFE, and a good NAME;
 To a Friend who married a SHREW.

Written about the YEAR 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a Din,
 That *Will* durst hardly venture in:
 He mark't the Conjugal Dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, *Dick* sat mute:

But

But when he saw his Friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my Dear.
At Sight of *Will* she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clap't the Door.

WHY *Dick*! the Devil's in thy *Nell*,
Quoth *Will*; thy House is worse than Hell:
Why, what a Peal the Jade has rung!
Damn her, why don't you slit her Tongue?
For nothing else will make it cease:
Dear *Will*, I suffer this for Peace;
I never quarrel with my Wife;
I bear it for a quiet Life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to seek Peace and ensue it.

WILL went again to visit *Dick*;
And ent'ring in the very Nick,
He saw *Virago Nell* belabour,
With *Dick's* own Staff, his peaceful Neighbour.
Poor *Will*, who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a Brace or two of Blows.

BUT, now, to make my Story short;
Will drew out *Dick* to take a Quart.
Why *Dick*, thy Wife has dev'lish Whims;
Od's-buds, why don't you break her Limbs?
If she were mine, and had such Tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle Sticks:
Z——ds, I would ship her to *Jamaica*;
And truck the Carrion for *Tobacco*;
I'd send her far enough away——
Dear *Will*; but, what would People say?
Lord! I should get so ill a Name,
The Neighbours round would cry out, *Shame*.

DICK

DICK suffer'd for his Peace and Credit;
 But, who believ'd him when he said it?
 Can he who makes himself a Slave,
 Consult his Peace, or Credit save?
Dick found it by his ill Success,
 His Quiet small, his Credit less.
 She serv'd him at the usual Rate;
 She stun'd and then she broke his Pate.
 And, what he thought the hardest Case,
 The Parish jeer'd him to his Face;
 Those Men who wore the Breeches least,
 Call'd him a Cuckold, Fool, and Beast;
 At home, he was pursu'd with Noise;
 Abroad, was pester'd by the Boys.
 Within, his Wife would break his Bones,
 Without, they pelted him with Stones:
 The 'Prentices procur'd a Riding,
 To act his Patience and her Chiding.

F A L S E Patience and mistaken Pride!
 There are ten Thousand *Dicks* beside;
 Slaves to their Quiet and good Name,
 Are us'd like *Dick*, and bear the Blame;

About nine or ten Years ago, some ingenious Gentlemen, Friends to the Author, used to entertain themselves with writing Riddles, and send them to him and their other Acquaintance, Copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both here and in England. The Author, at his leisure Hours, fell into the same Amusement; although it be said, that he thought them of no great Merit, Entertainment, or Use. However, by the Advice of some Persons, for whom the Author hath a great Esteem, and who were pleased to send us the Copies, we have ventured to print the few following, as we have done two or three before, and which are allowed to be genuine; because, we are informed, that several good Judges have a Taste for such Kind of Compositions.

A.

R I D D L E.

Written in the YEAR 1724.

IN Youth exalted high in Air,
 Or bathing in the Waters fair,
 Nature to form me took Delight,
 And clad my Body all in white:
 My Person tall, and slender Waist,
 On either Side with Fringes grac'd;
 Till me that Tyrant Man espy'd,
 And dragg'd me from my Mother's Side:
 No Wonder now I look so thin;
 The Tyrant stript me to the Skin:

My

My Skin he flay'd, my Hair he cropt;
 At Head and Foot my Body lopt:
 And then, with Heart more hard than Stone,
 He pick't my Marrow from the Bone.
 To vex me more, he took a Freak,
 To slit my Tongue, and made me speak;
 But, that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to Eyes and not to Ears.
 He oft employs me in Disguise,
 And makes me tell a Thousand Lyes:
 To me he chiefly gives in Trust
 To please his Malice, or his Lust.
 From me no Secret he can hide;
 I see his Vanity and Pride:
 And my Delight is to expose
 His Follies to his greatest Foes.

ALL Languages I can command,
 Yet not a Word I understand.
 Without my Aid, the best Divine
 In Learning would not know a Line:
 The Lawyer must forget his Pleading,
 The Scholar could not shew his Reading.
 Nay; Man, my Master, is my Slave:
 I give Command to kill or save.
 Can grant ten Thousand Pounds a Year,
 And make a Beggar's Brat a Peer.

BUT, while I thus my Life relate,
 I only hasten on my Fate.
 My Tongue is black, my Mouth is furr'd,
 I hardly now can force a Word,
 I dye unpity'd and forgot;
 And on some Dunghill left to rot.

Another

 Another.

ALL-ruling Tyrant of the Earth,
 To vilest Slaves I owe my Birth.
 How is the greatest Monarch blest,
 When in my gaudy Liv'ry drest!
 No haughty Nymph has Pow'r, to run
 From me; or my Embraces shun.
 Stabb'd to the Heart, condemn'd to Flame;
 My Constancy is still the same.
 The fav'rite Messenger of *Jove*,
 And * *Lemnian* God consulting strove,
 To make me glorious to the Sight
 Of Mortals, and the Gods Delight.
 Soon would their Altars Flame expire,
 If I refus'd to lend them Fire.

Another.

BY Fate *exalted high* in Place;
 Lo, here I stand with *double Face*;
 Superior none on Earth I find;
 But see *below me* all Mankind.
 Yet, as it oft' attends the Great,
 I almost *sink* with my own *Weight*;
 At every *Motion* undertook,
 The Vulgar all consult my *Look*.
 I sometimes give Advice in *Writing*,
 But never of my own *inditing*.

† Vulcan.

I AM a Courtier in my Way;
For those who rais'd me, I betray;
And some give out, that I entice
To Lust, and Luxury, and Dice:
Who Punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their Pockets pick't.

By riding *Post* I lose my Health;
And only to get others Wealth.

Another.

BECAUSE I am by Nature *blind*,
I wisely chuse to walk *behind*;
However, to avoid Disgrace,
I let no Creature see my Face.
My *Words* are few, but spoke with *Sense*:
And yet my *speaking* gives Offence:
Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
The Company will fly the Room,
By all the World I am oppress'd,
And my *Oppression* gives them Rest.

THROUGH me, though sore against my Will
Instructors ev'ry Art instill,
By Thousands I am *sold* and *bought*,
Who neither get, nor lose a Groat:
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But those who give me *greatest Pain*.
Shall Man presume to be my Master,
Who's but my *Caterer* and *Taster*?
Yet, though I always have my Will,
I'm but a meer *Depender* still:

An humble *Hanger-on* at best;
Of whom all People *make a Jest*.

IN me, Detractors seek to find
Two Vices of a different Kind:
I'm too *profuse* some Cens'ers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a Curse,
Because too *close* I hold my *Purse*.
But this I know, in either Case.
They dare not *charge* me to my *Face*.
'Tis true, indeed, sometimes I *save*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
But when the Year is at an End,
Computing what I *get* and *spend*,
My *Goings out*, and *Comings in*,
I cannot find I lose, or win,
And therefore, all that know me, say,
I justly keep the *middle Way*.
I'm always by my *Betters* led;
I last *get up*, am first *a-bed*.
Though, if I rise *before my Time*,
The Learn'd in Sciences sublime,
Consult the Stars, and thence foretell
Good Luck to those, with whom I dwell.

Another.

THE Joy of Man, the Pride of Brutes,
Domestick Subject for Disputes,
Of Plenty, thou the Emblem fair,
Adorn'd by Nymphs with all their Care:

I saw thee rais'd to high Renown,
Supporting half the *British* Crown;
And often have I seen thee grace
The chaste *Diana's* infant Face;
And whensoever you please to shine,
Less useful is her Light than thine;
Thy num'rous Fingers know their Way,
And oft in *Celia's* Tresses play.

To place thee in another View,
I'll shew the World strange Things and true;
What Lords and Dames of high Degree,
May justly claim their Birth from thee;
The Soul of Man with Spleen you vex;
Of Spleen you cure the Female Sex.
Thee, for a Gift, the Courtier sends
With Pleasure to his special Friends;
He gives; and with a gen'rous Pride,
Contrives all Means the Gift to hide:
Nor oft can the Receiver know
Whether he has the Gift or no.
On Airy Wings you take your Flight,
And fly unseen both Day and Night;
Conceal your Form with various Tricks;
And few know how and where you fix.
Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
That they to others give thee most:
Mean time, the Wise a Question start,
If thou a real Being art;
Or, but a Creature of the Brain,
That gives imaginary Pain:
But the sly Giver better knows thee;
Who feels true Joys, when he bestows thee.

Another

Another.

THOUGH I, alas ! a Pris'ner be,
 My Trade is, Pris'ners to set free.
 No Slave his Lord's Commands obeys,
 With such *insinuating* Ways.
 My Genius *piercing, sharpe and bright,*
 Wherein the Men of Wit delight.
 The Clergy keep me for their Ease,
 And *turn and wind* me, as they please.
 A new and wond'rous Art I show
 Of raising Spirits from below ;
 In *Scarlet* some, and some in *White* ;
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
 In at each *Mouth* the *Spirits* pass,
 Distinctly seen as through a Glas:
 O'er *Head* and *Body* make a Rout,
 And drive at last all *Secrets* out:
 And still, the more I show my Art,
 The more they *open every Heart*.

A GREATER Chymist none, than I,
 Who from *Materials hard and dry,*
 Have taught Men to *extract* with Skill,
 More precious Juice than from a Still.

ALTHOUGH I'm often *out of Case,*
 I'm not asham'd to show my *Face*.
 Though at the Tables of the Great,
 I near the Side-board take my Seat ;
 Yet, the plain Squire, when Dinner's done,
 Is never pleas'd, 'till I make one.
 He kindly bids me near him stand ;
 And often takes me by the *Hand*.

I TWICE a Day a *hunting* go;
 Nor ever fail to *seize my Fox*;
 And, when I have him by the *Pole*,
 I drag him upwards from his *Hole*.
 Though some are of so stubborn Kind,
 I'm forc'd to leave a *Limb* behind.

I HOURLY wait some fatal End;
 For, I can *break*, but scorn to *bend*.

Another.

The Gulph of all Human Possession.

Written in the Year 1724.

COME hither and behold the Fruits,
 Vain Man of all thy vain Pursuits.
 Take wise Advice, and *look behind*,
 Bring all *past* Actions to thy Mind.
 Here you may see, as in a Glass,
 How soon all human Pleasures pass.
 How will it mortify thy Pride,
 To turn the true impartial Side!
 How will your Eyes contain their Tears,
 When all the sad *Reverse* appears!

THIS Cave within its Womb confines
 The last Result of all Designs:
 Here, lye deposited the Spoils
 Of busy Mortals endless Toils:
 Here, with an easy Search we find
 The *foul Corruptions* of Mankind.
 The wretched Purchase here behold
 Of Traytors who their Country sold.

THIS

THIS Gulph insatiable imbibes
 The Lawyer's Fees, the Statesman's Bribes.
 Here, in their proper Shape and Mien,
 Fraud, Perjury, and Guilt are seen.

NECESSITY, the Tyrant's Law,
 All human Race must hither draw:
 All prompted by the same *Desire*,
 The vig'rous Youth, and aged Sire:
 Behold, the Coward, and the Brave,
 The haughty Prince, the humble Slave,
 Physician, Lawyer, and Divine,
 All make *Oblations* at this Shrine.
 Some enter boldly, some by Stealth,
 And leave *behind* their fruitless Wealth.
 For, while the bashful Sylvan Maid,
 As half ashamed, and half afraid,
 Approaching, finds it hard to part
 With that, which dwelt so *near her Heart*;
 The courtly Dame, unmov'd by Fear,
 Profusely pours her *Offerings* here.

A TREASURE here of *Learning* lurks,
 Huge Heaps of never-dying Works;
 Labours of many an ancient Sage,
 And Millions of the present Age.

IN at this Gulph all *Offerings* pass,
 And lye an undistinguish'd Mass.
Deucalion, to restore Mankind
 Was bid to throw the Stones *behind*;
 So, those who here their Gifts convey,
 Are forc't to *look another Way*;
 For, few, a chosen few, must know,
 The Mysteries that lye below.

SAD Charnel-house ! a dismal Dome,
 For which all Mortals leave their Home ;
 The Young, the Beautiful, and Brave,
 Here bury'd in one common Grave,
 Where each Supply of *Dead* renews
 Unwholsome *Damps*, *offensive Dew* :
 And lo ! the *Writing on the Walls*
 Points out where each new *Victim* falls ;
 The *Food of Worms*, and *Beasts obscene*,
 Who round the Vault luxuriant reign,

SEE where those mangled Corpses lye,
 Condemn'd by Female Hands to dye ;
 A comely Dame once clad in white,
 Lyes there consign'd to endless Night ;
 By cruel Hands her Blood was spilt,
 And yet her *Wealth* was all her Guilt.

AND here six Virgins in a Tomb,
 All beauteous Offspring of one Womb,
 Oft in the Train of *Venus* seen,
 As fair and lovely as their Queen :
 In Royal Garments each was drest,
 Each with a Gold and Purple Vest ;
 I saw them of their Garments stript,
 Their Throats were cut, their Bellies ript,
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their Sepulchres were torn ;
 But, now dismember'd here are cast,
 And find a resting Place at last.

HERE, oft the curious Trav'ler finds,
 The Combat of *opposing Winds* :
 And seeks to learn the secret Cause,
 Which alien seems from Nature's Laws :

Why at this *Cave's* tremendous Mouth,
 He feels at once both *North* and *South* :
 Whether the Winds in Caverns pent
 Through *Clefts* oppugnant force a Vent :
 Or, whether, op'ning all his Stores,
 Pierce *Æolus* in Tempests roars.

YET, from this mingled Mass of Things,
 In Time a new Creation springs.
 These crude Materials once shall rise,
 To fill the Earth, and Air, and Skies :
 In various Forms appear agen
 Of Vegetables, Brutes, and Men,
 So *Jove* pronounc'd among the Gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

Another.

LOUISA to STREPHON.

Written in the Year 1724.

AH, *Strepbon*, how can you despise
 Her, who, without thy Pity, dies?
 To *Strepbon* I have still been true,
 And of as noble Blood as you ;
 Fair Issue of the genial Bed,
 A Virgin in thy Bosom bred ;
 Embrac'd thee closer than a Wife ;
 When thee I leave, I leave my Life.
 Why should my Shepherd take amiss
 That oft I wake thee with a Kiss ?
 Yet you of ev'ry Kiss complain ;
 Ah, is not Love a pleasing Pain ?

A Pain which ev'ry happy Night
 You cure with Ease and with Delight ;
 With Pleasure, as the Poet sings,
 Too great for Mortals less than Kings.

CHLOE, when on thy Breast I lye,
 Observes me with revengeful Eye :
 If *Chloe* o'er thy Heart prevails,
 She'll tear me with her desp'rate Nails ;
 And with relentless Hands destroy
 The tender Pledges of our Joy.
 Nor have I bred a spurious Race ;
 They all were born from thy Embrace.

CONSIDER, *Strephan*, what you do ;
 For, should I dye for Love of you,
 I'll haunt thy Dreams, a bloodless Ghost ;
 And all my Kin, a num'rous Host,
 Who down direct our Lineage bring
 From Victors o'er the *Memphian* King ;
 Renown'd in Sieges and Campaigns,
 Who never fled the bloody Plains,
 Who in tempestuous Seas can sport,
 And scorn the Pleasures of a Court ;
 From whom great *Sylla* found his Doom ;
 Who scourg'd to Death that Scourge of *Rome*,
 Shall on thee take a Vengeance dire ;
 Thou, like *Alcides*, shalt expire,
 When his envenom'd Shirt he wore,
 And Skin and Flesh in Pieces tore.
 Nor less that Shirt, my Rival's Gift,
 Cut from the Piece that made her Shift,
 Shall in thy dearest Blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted Hyde.

 Another.

 Written in the Year 1725.

DEpriv'd of Root, and Branch, and Rind,
 Yet Flow'rs I bear of ev'ry Kind;
 And such is my prolific Pow'r,
 They bloom in less than half an Hour:
 Yet Standers-by may plainly see
 They get no Nourishment from me.
 My Head, with Giddiness, goes round;
 And yet I firmly stand my Ground:
 All over naked I am seen,
 And painted like an *Indian* Queen.
 No Couple-Beggar in the Land
 E'er join'd such Numbers Hand in Hand;
 I join them fairly with a *Ring*;
 Nor can our Parson blame the Thing;
 And tho' no Marriage Words are spoke,
 They part not till the *Ring* is broke,
 Yet hypocrite Fanaticks cry,
 I'm but an Idol rais'd on high;
 And once a Weaver in our Town,
 A damn'd *Cromwellian*, knock'd me down.
 I lay a Pris'ner twenty Years;
 And then the Jovial Cavaliers,
 To their old Posts restor'd all Three,
 I mean the Church, the King, and Me.

P R O M E T H E U S.

On Wood the Patentee's Irish Half-Pence.

Written in the Year 1724.

I.

AS, when the 'Squire and Tinker, *Wood*,
 Gravely consulting *Ireland's* Good,
 Together mingl'd in a Mass
 Smith's Dust, and Copper, Lead and Brass;
 The Mixture thus by Chymick Art
 United close in ev'ry Part,
 In Fillets roll'd, or cut in Pieces,
 Appear'd like one continued Species;
 And by the forming Engine struck,
 On all the same *Impression* stuck.

So, to confound this *bated Coin*,
 All *Parties* and *Religions* join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians.
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite
 With *equal Int'rest, equal Spite*;
 Together mingled in a Lump,
 Do all in *one Opinion* jump;
 And ev'ry one begins to find
 The same *Impression* on his Mind.

A STRANGE Event! whom *Gold* incites,
 To Blood and Quarrels, *Brass* unites:
 So Goldsmith's say, the coarsest Stuff
 Will serve for *Solder* well enough:

So, by the *Kettle's* loud Alarm,
 The *Bees* are gather'd to a *Swarm* :
 So, by the *Braxen* Trumpet's Bluster,
 Troops of all Tongues and Nations muster :
 And so the *Harp* of *Ireland* brings
 Whole Crowds about its *Braxen* Strings.

II.

THERE is a Chain let down from *Jove*,
 But fasten'd to his Throne above ;
 So strong, that from the lower End,
 They say, all human Things depend :
 This Chain, as antient Poets hold,
 When *Jove* was young, was made of *Gold*.
Prometheus once this Chain purloin'd,
 Dissolv'd, and into *Money* coin'd ;
 Then whips me on a Chain of *Brass*,
 (* *Venus* was brib'd to let it pass.)

Now, while this brazen Chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all Devotion fail'd ;
 No Temple to his Godship rais'd ;
 No Sacrifice on Altars blaz'd ;
 In short, such dire Confusion follow'd,
 Earth must have been in Chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amaz'd, but looking round,
 With much ado the Cheat he found ;
 'Twas plain he could no longer hold
 The World in any Chain but *Gold* ;
 And to the God of Wealth, his Brother,
 Sent *Mercury* to get another.

III.

Prometheus on a Rock was laid,
 Ty'd with the Chain himself had made ; On

* A great Lady was reported to have been bribed by Wood.

On Icy *Caucasus* to shiver,
While Vultures eat his growing Liver:

IV.

YE Pow'rs of *Grub-street*, make me able,
Discreetly to apply this Fable,
Say, who is to be understood
By that old Thief *Prometheus*? *WOOD*.
For *Jove*, it is not hard to guess him,
I mean His M——y, *God bless Him*.
This Thief and Blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that Chain of Gold,
Which links the Subject to the King;
And change it for a *Brazen* String.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the King and us but *Brass*,
Although the Chain will never crack,
Yet our Devotion may grow slack.

BUT *Jove* will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen Chain into a Rope;
With which *Prometheus* shall be ty'd,
And high in Air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his Liver grows,
For want of Vultures we have Crows.

*Verses on the upright Judge who condemned
the DRAPIER's Printer.*

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1724.

THE Church I hate, and have good Reason:
For, there my Grandfire cut his Weazon:

He cut his Weason at the Altar ;
I keep my Gullet for the Halter.

On the same.

IN Church your Grandfire cut his Throat ;
To do the Jobb too long he tarry'd,
He should have had my hearty Vote,
To cut his Throat before he marry'd.

On the same.

The Judge speaks.

I'M not the Grandson of that Afs * *Quin* ;
Nor can you prove it, Mr. *Pasquin*.
My Grand-dame had Gallants by Twenties,
And bore my Mother by a Prentice.
This, when my Grandfire knew ; they tell us he,
In *Christ-Church* cut his Throat for Jealousy.
And, since the Alderman was mad you say,
Then, I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

* *An Alderman.*

STELLA

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

*A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being
that Day dug up.*

Written about the Year 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual Verse to pay,
By Duty bound, on *Stella's* Day;
Furnish'd with Paper, Pens, and Ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my Nails, and scratch'd my Head,
But found my Wit and Fancy fled:
Or, if with more than usual Pain,
A Thought came slowly from my Brain,
It cost me, Lord knows, how much Time
To shape it into Sense and Rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater Curse,
Long-thinking made my Fancy worse.

FORSAKEN by th' inspiring Nine,
I waited at *Apollo's* Shrine;
I told him what the World would say
If *Stella* were unsung To-day;
How I should hide my Head for Shame,
When both the *Jacks* and *Robin* came;
How *Ford* would frown, how *Jim* would leer;
How *Sheridan* the Rogue would sneer:
And swear it does not always follow,
That *Seme'n anno ridet Apollo*,
I have assur'd them twenty Times,
That *Phæbus* help'd me in my Rhymes;

Phæbus inspir'd me from above,
 And He and I were Hand and Glove.
 But finding me so dull and dry since,
 They'll call it all poetick Licence:
 And when I brag of Aid Divine,
 Think *Eusden's* Right as good as mine.

NOR do I ask for *Stella's* Sake;
 'Tis my own Credit lies at Stake.
 And *Stella* will be fung, while I
 Can only be a Stander-by.

APOLLO, having thought a little,
 Return'd this Answer to a Tittle.

THOUGH you should live like old *Methusalem*,
 I furnish Hints, and you should use all 'em;
 You yearly sing as she grows old,
 You'd leave her Virtues half untold,
 But to say Truth, such Dulness reigns
 Through the whole Set of *Irish* Deans;
 I'm daily stunn'd with such a Medley,
 Dean *W—d*, Dean *D—I*, and Dean *Smedley*,
 That, let what Dean soever come,
 My Orders are, I'm not at Home;
 And if your Voice had not been loud,
 You must have pass'd among the Crowd.

BUT now, your Danger to prevent,
 You must apply to * *Mrs. Brent*.
 For she, as Priestess, knows the Rites
 Wherein the God of *Earth* delights.

First,

* *The House-keeper.*

First, nine Ways looking, let her stand
 With an old Poker in her Hand;
 Let her describe a Circle round
 In * *Saunders's* Cellar on the Ground:
 A Spade let prudent † *Arby* hold,
 And with Discretion dig the Mould:
 Let *Stella* look with watchful Eye,
 ‡ *Rebecca*, § *Ford*, and *Grattans* by.

BEHOLD the BOTTLE, where it lies
 With Neck elated tow'rd's the Skies!
 The God of Winds and God of Fire,
 Did to its wond'rous Birth conspire;
 And *Bacchus*, for the Poet's Use,
 Pour'd in a strong inspiring Juice:
 See! as you raise it from its Tomb,
 It drags behind a spacious Womb,
 And in the spacious Womb contains
 A sov'reign Med'cine for the Brains.

You'LL find it soon, if Fate consents;
 If not, a Thousand Mrs. *Brents*,
 Ten Thousand *Arbys* arm'd with Spades,
 May dig in vain to *Pluto's* Shades;

FROM thence a plenteous Draught infuse,
 And boldly then invoke the Muse:
 (But first let ¶ *Robert*, on his Knees,
 With Caution drain it from the Lees)
 The Muse will at your Call appear,
 With *Stella's* Praise to crown the Year.

* *The Butler.*

† *The Footman.*

‡ *A Lady, Friend to Stella.*

§ *Gentlemen, Friends to the Author.* ¶ *The Valet.*

A RECEIPT to restore *STELLA's* *Youth.*

Written in the Year 1724-5.

THE *Scottish* Hinds too poor to house
 In frosty Nights their starving Cows,
 While not a Blade of Grass, or Hay,
 Appears from *Michaelmas* to *May*;
 Must let their Cattle range in vain
 For Food, along the barren Plain;
 Meager and lank with fasting grown,
 And nothing left but Skin and Bone;
 Expos'd to Want, and Wind, and Weather,
 They just keep Life and Soul together,
 'Till Summer Show'rs and Ev'ning Dew,
 Again the verdant Glebe renew;
 And as the Vegetables rise,
 'The famish'd Cow her Want supplies;
 Without an Ounce of last Year's Flesh,
 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh;
 Grows plump and round, and full of Mettle,
 As rising from *Medea's* Kettle;
 With Youth and Beauty to enchant
Europa's counterfeit Gallant.

Why, *Stella*, should you knit your Brow,
 If I compare you to the Cow?
 'Tis just the Case: For you have fasted
 So long till all your Flesh is wasted,
 And must against the warmer Days,
 Be sent to * *Quilca* down to graze: Where

* *A Friend's House seven or eight Miles from Dublin.*

Where Mirth, and Exercise, and Air,
Will soon your Appetite repair,
The Nutriment will from within,
Round all your Body, plump your Skin;
Will agitate the lazy Flood,
And fill your Veins with sprightly Blood:
Nor Flesh nor Blood will be the same,
Nor ought of *Stella*, but the Name;
For, what was ever understood
By human Kind, but Flesh and Blood?
And if your Flesh and Blood be new,
You'll be no more your former *Ton*,
But for a blooming Nymph will pass,
Just Fifteen, coming Summer's Grass:
Your jetty Locks with Garlands crown'd,
While all the Squires from nine Miles round,
Attended by a Brace of Curs,
With Jocky Boots, and Silver Spurs;
No less than Justices o' *Quorum*,
Their Cow-boys bearing Cloaks before 'um,
Shall leave deciding broken Pates,
To kiss your Steps at *Quilca* Gates;
But, lest you should my Skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of Case:
For, if to *Michaelmas* you stay,
The new-born Flesh will melt away;
The Squires in Scorn will fly the House
For better Game, and look for Grouse:
But here, before the Frost can marr it,
We'll make it firm with Beef and Claret.

To *QUILCA*, a Country House in no
very good Repair, where the supposed
AUTHOR, and some of his Friends, spent
a Summer, in the Year 1725.

LET me thy Properties explain,
A rotten Cabbin, dropping Rain ;
Chimnies with Scorn rejecting Smoak ;
Stools, Tables, Chairs, and Bed-steds broke :
Here Elements have lost their Uses,
Air ripens not, nor Earth produces :
In vain we make poor *Sheelab* toil,
Fire will not roast, nor Water boil.
Thro' all the Vallies, Hills, and Plains,
The Goddess *Want* in Triumph reigns ;
And her chief Officers of State,
Sloth, *Dirt*, and *Theft* around her wait.

A SIMILE, on our Want of Silver, and
the only Way to remedy it.

Written in the Year 1725.

AS when of old, some Sorc'ers threw
O'er the Moon's Face, a sable Hue,
To drive unseen the Magick Chair,
At Midnight, through the darken'd Air ;
Wise People who believ'd with Reason
That this Eclipse was out of Season,

Affirm'd

Affirm'd the Moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a Counter-spell:
Ten thousand Cymbals now begin
To rend the Skies with brazen Din;
The Cymbals rattling Sounds dispell
The Cloud, and drive the Hag to Hell:
The Moon, deliver'd from her Pain,
Displays her *Silver* Face again.
(Note here, that in the Chymick Style,
The Moon is *Silver* all this while.)

So, (if my Simile you minded,
Which, I confess, is too long winded)
When late a Feminine Magician,
Join'd with a *brazen* Politician,
Expos'd, to blind the Nation's Eyes,
A * Parchment of prodigious Size;
Conceal'd behind that ample Screen,
There was no Silver to be seen.
But, to this Parchment let the *Drapier*
Oppose his Counter-Charm of Paper,
And ring *Wood's* Copper in our Ears
So loud, till all the Nation hears;
That Sound will make the Parchment shrivel,
And drive the Conjurers to the Devil:
And when the Sky is grown serene,
Our Silver will appear again.

On

* A Patent to W. Wood, for coining Half-pence.

 ON WOOD the IRON-MONGER.

 Written in the Year 1725.

SALMONEUS, as the *Grecian* Tale is,
 Was a mad Copper-Smith of *Elis*:
 Up at his Forge by Morning-peep,
 No Creature in the Lane could sleep.
 Among a Crew of royst'ring Fellows
 Would sit whole Ev'nings at the Ale-house:
 His Wife and Children wanted Bread,
 While he went always drunk to Bed,
 This vap'ring Scab must needs devise
 To ape the Thunder of the Skies;
 With *Brass* two fiery Steeds he shod,
 To make a Clatt'ring as they trod.
 Of polish't *Brass*, his flaming Car,
 Like Light'ning dazzled from a-far:
 And up he mounts into the Box,
 And he must thunder with a Pox.
 Then, furious he begins his March;
 Drives rattling o'er a brazen Arch:
 With Squibs and Crackers arm'd, to throw
 Among the trembling-Croud below.
 All ran to Pray'rs, both Priests and Laity,
 To pacify this angry Deity;
 When *Jove* in Pity to the Town,
 With real Thunder knock'd him down.
 Then what a huge Delight were all in,
 To see the wicked Varlet sprawling;

They

They search't his Pockets on the Place,
And found his Copper all was base;
They laugh't, at such an *Irish* Blunder,
To take the Noise of Brass for Thunder!

THE Moral of this Tale is proper,
Apply'd to *Wood's* adult'rate Copper.
Which, as he scatter'd, we like Dolts,
Mistook at first for Thunder-Bolts;
Before the *Drapier* shot a Letter,
(Nor *Jove* himself could do it better)
Which lighting on th' Impostor's Crown,
Like real Thunder knock't him down.

WOOD, an INSECT.

Written in the Year 1725.

BY long Observation I have understood,
That three little Vermin are kin to *Will. Wood*:
The first is an Insect they call a *Wood Louse*,
That folds up itself in itself for a House:
As round as a Ball, without Head, without Tail,
Inclos'd *Cap-apee* in a strong Coat of Mail.
And thus *William Wood* to my Fancy appears
In Fillets of Brass roll'd up to his Ears:
And, over these Fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of Danger, * a Doublet of Stone.
THE Louse of the *Wood* for a Med'cine is us'd,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd, And,

* He was in Jail for Debt.

And, let but our Mother *Hibernia* contrive
To swallow *Will. Wood* either bruise'd or alive:
She need be no more with the *Jaundice* possess'd,
Or sick of *Obstructions*, and *Pains in her Chest*.

THE third is an Insect we call a *Wood-Worm*,
That lies in old *Wood* like a *Hare* in her Form;
With Teeth or with Claws it will bite or will scratch;
And Chamber-maids christen this Worm a *Death-Watch*:

Because like a Watch it always cries *Click*:
Then Woe be to those in the House who are sick:
For, as sure as a Gun they will give up the Ghost,
If the Maggot cries *Click* when it scratches the Post.
But a Kettle of scalding hot Water injected,
Infallibly cures the *Timber* affected;
The Omen is broke, the Danger is over;
The Maggot will dye, and the Sick will recover.
Such a Worm was *Will. Wood* when he scratcht at
the Door

Of a governing Statesman, or favourite Whore:
The Death of our Nation it seem'd to foretell,
And the Sound of his *Bells* we took for our Knell,
But now, since the *Drapier* hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the best Thing we can do is to scald him.
For which Operation there's nothing more proper
Than the Liquor he deals in, his own melted Copper:
Unless, like the *Dutch*, you rather would boyl
This Coyner of **Raps* in a Cauldron of Oyl.
Then chuse which you please, and let each bring a
Faggot,

For our Fear's at an End with the Death of the Maggot.

HORACE,

* A cant Word in Ireland for a counterfeit Halfpenny

H O R A C E, Book I.

O D E XIV.

O navis, referent, &c.

Paraphras'd and Inscribed to IRELAND.

Written in the Year 1726.

The INSCRIPTION.

*Poor floating Isle, tost on ill Fortune's Waves,
 Ordain'd by Fate to be the Land of Slaves:
 Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand,
 Thou, fixt of old, be now the moving Land?
 Altho' the Metaphor be worn and stale,
 Betwixt a State, and Vessel under Sail;
 Let me suppose thee for a Ship a while,
 And thus address thee in the Sailor Stile.*

- 1 **U**NHAPPY Ship, thou art return'd in vain;
 New Waves shall drive thee to the Deep again;
 Look to thy self, and be no more the Sport
 2. Of giddy Winds, but make some friendly Port.

Left

1. *O navis, referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus.*
 2. ——— *Fortiter occupa
 Portum*

- 3 Lost are thy Oars that us'd thy Course to guide,
Like faithful Counsellors on either Side.
- 4 Thy Mast, which like some aged Patriot stood
The single Pillar for his Country's Good,
To lead thee, as a Staff directs the Blind,
Behold, it cracks by yon' rough *Eastern* Wind.
- 5 Your Cables burst, and you may quickly feel
The Waves impetuous enter at your Keel.
Thus, Commonwealths receive a foreing Yoke,
When the strong Cords of Union once are broke,
- 6 Torn by a sudden Tempest is thy Sail,
Expanded to invite a milder Gale.

As when some Writer in a publick Cause,
His Pen to save a sinking Nation draws,
While all is Calm, his Arguments prevail,
The People's Voice expand his Paper Sail;
'Till Pow'r discharging all her stormy Bags,
Flutters the feeble Pamphlet into Rags.
The Nation scar'd, the Author doom'd to Death,
Who fondly put his Trust in pop'lar Breath.

- A LARGER Sacrifice in vain you vow:
7 There's not a Pow'r above will help you now:
A Nation thus, who oft Heav'n's Call neglects,
In vain from injur'd Heav'n Relief expects. 'T WILL

3. *Nudum remigio. latus.*

4. ——— *Malus celeri saucius Africo.*

5. ——— *Ac sine funibus*

Vix durare carinae

Possint imperiosus

Aequor?

6. *Non tibi sunt integra lintea.*

7. *Non Dii, quos iterum pressa vocas mala.*

- 8 TWILL not avail, when thy strong Sides are broke,
That thy Descent is from the *British* Oak :
Or when your Name and Family you boast,
From Fleets triumphant o'er the *Gallick* Coast.
Such was *Ierne's* Claim, as just as thine,
Her Sons descended from the *British* Line ;
Her matchless Sons ; whose Valour still remains
On *French* Records, for Twenty long Campaigns ;
Yet from an Empress now a Captive grown,
She sav'd *Britannia's* Rights, and lost her own.
9. IN Ships decay'd no Mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded Stern, and painted Sides.
Yet, at a Ball, unthinking Fools delight
In the gay Trappings of a Birth-Day Night:
They on the Gold Brocades and Satins rav'd,
And quite forgot their Country was enslav'd.
- 10 DEAR Vessel, still be to thy Steerage just,
Nor Change thy Course with ev'ry sudden Gust ;
Like supple Patriots of the modern Sort,
Who turn with ev'ry Gale that blows from Court.
- 11 WEARY and Sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
Now, for thy Safety, Cares distast my Mind.

As

8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Sylvæ filia nobilis.*
9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus*
10. *Fidit: tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.*
11. *Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curæque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.*

As those who long have stood the Storms of State,
 Retire, yet still bemoan their Country's Fate.
 Beware, and when you hear the Surges roar,
 Avoid the Rocks on *Britain's* angry Shore :
 They lye, alas ! too easy to be found,
 For thee alone they lye the Island round.

Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged.

Written in the Year 1726.

AS clever *Tom Clinch*, while the Rabble was bawling,
 Rode stately through *Holbourn*, to die in his Calling ;
 He stopt at the *George* for a Bottle of Sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he'd come back.
 His Waistcoat and Stockings, and Breeches were white,
 His Cap had a new Cherry Ribbon to ty't.
 The Maids to the Doors and the Balconies ran,
 And said, lack-a-day ! he's a proper young Man.
 But, as from the Windows the Ladies he spy'd,
 Like a Beau in the Box, he bow'd low on each Side ;
 And when his last Speech the loud Hawkers did cry,
 He swore from his Cart, it was all a damn'd Lye.
 The Hangman for Pardon fell down on his Knee ;
Tom gave him a Kick in the Guts for his Fee.
 Then said, I must speak to the People a little,
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will * *Whittle*.

* *A Cant Word for confessing at the Gallows.*

My

My honest Friend † *Wild*, may he long hold this Place.

He lengthen'd my Life with a whole Year of Grace.

Take Courage, dear Comrades, and be not afraid,

Nor slip this Occasion to follow your Trade.

My Conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,

And thus I go off without Pray'r-Book or Psalm.

Then follow the Practice of clever *Tom Clinch*,

Who hung like a Hero and never would flinch.

† *The noted Thief-Catcher.*

On reading Dr. Young's Satyrs, called the Universal Passion, by which he means Pride.

Written in the Year 1726.

IF there be Truth in what you sing ;

Such God-like Virtues in the King ;

A † Minister so fill'd with Zeal

And Wisdom for the Common-weal :

If he who in the || Chair presides,

So steadily the Senate guides :

If

† Walpole.

|| Compton the Speaker.

If others whom you make your Theme;
 Are Seconds in this glorious Scheme;
 If ev'ry Peer whom you commend,
 To Worth and Learning be a Friend.
 If this be Truth, as you attest,
 What Land was ever half so blest!
 No Falshood now among the Great,
 And Tradesmen now no longer cheat;
 Now on the Bench fair *Justice* shines,
 Her Scale to neither Side inclines.
 Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
 And *Mercy* here exalts her Throne.
 For such is good Example's Power,
 It does its Office ev'ry Hour,
 Where Governors are good and wise,
 Or, else the truest Maxim lies;
 For, so we find, all antient Sages
 Decree, that *ad explum Regis*,
 Through all the Realm his Virtues run,
 Rip'ning and kindling like the Sun.
 If this be true, then how much more,
 When you have nam'd at least a Score
 Of Courtiers, each in their Degree,
 If possible, as good as he.

OR, take it in a diff'rent View:
 I ask, if what you say be true,
 If you affirm the present Age
 Deserves your Satyr's keenest Rage:
 If that same *Universal Passion*,
 With ev'ry Vice hath fill'd the Nation:
 If Virtue dares not venture down
 A single Step below the Crown:

If Clergymen, to shew their Wit,
 Praise *Classicks* more than Holy Writ:
 If Bankrupts, when they are undone,
 Into the Senate-house can run;
 And sell their Votes at such a Rate
 As will retrieve a lost Estate,
 If Law be such a partial Whore,
 To spare the Rich, and plague the Poor.
 If these be of all Crimes the worst;
 What Land was ever half so curst?

*On seeing Verses written upon Windows in
 Inns.*

Written in the Year 1726.

THE Sage, who said he should be proud
 Of Windows in his Breast;
 Because he ne'er one Thought allow'd
 That might not be confest:
 His Window scawl'd by ev'ry Rake,
 His Breast again would cover;
 And fairly bid the D——l take
 The Di'mond and the Lover.

Another.

BY *Satan* taught, all Conj'ers know
 Your Mistress in a Glass to show,
 And, you can do as much :
 In this the Dev'l and you agree ;
 None e'er made Verses worse than he,
 And thine I swear are such.

Another.

THAT Love is the Devil, I'll prove when re-
 quir'd ;
 These Rimers abundantly show it ;
 They swear that they all by Love are inspir'd,
 And, the Devil's a damnable Poet.

Another.

TH E Church and Clergy here, no doubt,
 Are very near a-kin ;
 Both, Weather-beaten are without ;
 And empty both within.

To the Earl of P---b---w.

Written in the Year 726.

MORDANTO fills the Trump of Fame,
The Christian World his Deeds proclaim,
And Prints are crouded with his Name.

In Journeys he out-rides the Post,
Sits up till Midnight with his Host,
Talks Politicks, and gives the Toast.

Knows ev'ry Prince in *Europe's* Face,
Flies like a Squib from Place to Place,
And travels not, but runs a Race.

From *Paris Gazette A-la-main*,
This Day arriv'd without his Train,
Mordanto in a Week from *Spain*.

A MESSENGER comes all a-reck,
Mordanto at *Madrid* to seek:
He left the Town above a Week.

NEXT Day the Post-boy winds his Horn,
And rides through *Dover* in the Morn:
Mordanto's landed from *Leghorn*.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The Roads are with his Foll'wrs strown,
This breaks a Girth, and that a Bone.

His Body active as his Mind,
Returning sound in Limb and Wind,
Except some Leather lost behind.

A SKELETON in outward Figure,
His meagre Corps, though full of Vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his Expedition,
When you have not the least Suspicion,
He's with you like an Apparition.

SHINES in all Climates like a Star;
In Senates bold, and fierce in War,
A Land-Commander, and a Tarr.

HEROICK Actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match't in modern Reading,
But by his Name-fake Charles of Sweden.

Advice to the Grub-street Verse-Writers.

Written in the Year 1726.

YE Poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your Garrets haste,
Ye Rhimers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to Paste;
I know a Trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint Device:
Your still-born Poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up Spice.
Get all your Verses printed fair,
Then, let them well be dry'd;
And, Curl must have a special Care
To leave the Margin wide.

Lend

Lend these to Paper-sparing *Pope*;

And, when he fits to write,

No Letter with an *Envelope*

Could give him more Delight.

When *Pope* has fill'd the Margins round,

Why, then recal your Loan;

Sell them to *Curl* for Fifty Pound,

And swear they are your own.

The DOG and THIEF.

Written in the Year 1726.

QUOTH the Thief to the Dog; let me into
your Door,

And I'll give you these delicate Bits:

Quoth the Dog, I should then be more Villain than
you're,

And besides must be out of my Wits:

Your delicate Bits will not serve me a Meal,

But my Master each Day gives me Bread;

You'll fly when you get what you come here to steal,

And I must be hang'd in your Stead.

The Stock-jobber thus, from *Change-Alley* goes down,

And tips you the Freeman a Wink;

Let me have but your Vote to serve for the Town,

And here is a Guinea to drink.

Said the Freeman, your Guinea To-night would be
spent,

Your Offers of Bribery cease;

I'll vote for my Landlord to whom I pay Rent,

Or else I may forfeit my Lease.

From *London* they come, silly People to chouse,

Their Lands and their Faces unknown;

Who'd vote a Rogue into the Parliament-house,

That would turn a Man out of his own?

Dr. S——T to Mr. Pope, while he was
writing the *Dunciad*.

Written in the Year 1726.

POPE has the Talent well to speak,

But not to reach the Ear;

His loudest Voice is low and weak,

The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,

Then diff'rent Studies chuse;

The *Dean* sits plodding on a Book,

Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now Backs of Letters, though design'd

For, those, who more will need 'em,

Are fill'd with Hints, and interlin'd,

Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each

Each Atom by some other struck,
 All Turns and Morions tries;
 Till in a Lump together stuck,
 Behold a *Poem* rise!

Yet to the *Dean* his Share allot;
 He claims it by a Canon;
That without which a Thing is not,
Is, causa sine qua non.

Thus, *Pope*, in vain you boast your Wit;
 For, had our deaf Divine
 Been for your Conversation fit,
 You had not writ a Line.

Of * *Sherleck* thus, for preaching fam'd,]
 The Sexton reason'd well,
 And justly half the Merit claim'd,
 Because he rang the Bell.

* N. B. Not the present Bishop of Bangor, but his Father, who was Dean of St. Paul's; the Son being only famous for his en*ing Speech in the H— of L—.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

March 13, 1726-7.

THIS Day, whate'er the Fates decree,
 Shall still be kept with Joy by me:
 This Day then, let us not be told,
 That you are sick, and I grown old,

For think on our approaching Ills,
 And talk of Spectacles and Pills.
 To-morrow will be time enough
 To hear such mortifying Stuff.
 Yet, since from Reason may be brought
 A better and more pleasing Thought,
 Which can, in spite of all Decays,
 Support a few remaining Days :
 From not the gravest of Divines,
 Accept, for once, some serious Lines.

ALTHOUGH we now can form no more
 Long Schemes of Life, as heretofore ;
 Yet you, while Time is running fast,
 Can look with Joy on what is past.

WERE future Happiness and Pain,
 A mere Contrivance of the Brain,
 As *Atheists* argue, to entice,
 And fit their Profelytes for Vice ;
 (The only Comfort they propose,
 To have Companions in their Woes,)
 Grant this the Case ; yet sure 'tis hard,
 That Virtue, shul'd its own Reward,
 And by all Sages understood
 To be the chief of human Good,
 Should, acting die, nor leave behind
 Some lasting Pleasure in the Mind ;
 Which by Remembrance will assuage
 Grief, Sicknefs, Poverty, and Age ;
 And strongly shoot a radiant Dart,
 To shine through Life's declining Part
 SAY, *Stella*, feel you no Content,
 Reflecting on a Life well-spent ?

Your

Your skilful Hand employ'd to save
 Despairing Wretches from the Grave;
 And then supporting with your Store,
 Those whom you dragg'd from Death before:
 (So Providence on Mortals waits,
 Preserving what it first creates)
 Your generous Boldness to defend
 An innocent and absent Friend:
 That Courage which can make you just,
 To Merit humbled in the Dust:
 The Detestation you express
 For Vice in all its glitt'ring Dress;
 That Patience under tott'ring Pain,
 Where stubborn Stoicks would complain.

SHALL these, like empty Shadows, pass,
 Or Forms reflected from a Glass?
 Or mere Chimæra's in the Mind,
 That fly and leave no Marks behind?
 Does not the Body thrive and grow
 By Food of twenty Years ago?
 And, had it not been still supply'd,
 It must a thousand times have dy'd.
 Then, who with Reason can maintain,
 That no Effects of Food remain?
 And is not Virtue in Mankind
 The Nutriment that feeds the Mind?
 Upheld by each good Action past,
 And still continued by the last:
 Then, who with Reason can pretend,
 That all Effects of Virtue end?

BELIEVE me, *Stella*, when you show
 That true Contempt for Things below,

Nor prize your Life for other Ends
 Than merely to oblige your Friends ;
 Your former Actions claim their Part,
 And join to fortify your Heart.
 For Virtue, in her daily Race,
 Like *Janus*, bears a double Face ;
 Looks back with Joy where she has gone,
 And therefore goes with Courage on.
 She at your sickly Couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better State.

O THEN, whatever Heaven intends,
 Take Pity on your pitying Friends ;
 Nor let your Ills affect your Mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely Me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your Suff'rings share ;
 Or give my Scrap of Life to you,
 And think it far beneath your Due :
 You, to whose Care so oft I owe,
 That I'm alive to tell you so.

To STELLA visiting me in my Sickness.

OCTOBER, 1727.

PALLAS, observing *Stella's* Wit
 Shine more than for her Sex was fit ;
 And that her Beauty, soon or late,
 Might breed Confusion in the State ;

In high Concern for human Kind,
Fixt *Honour* in her Infant Mind.

BUT, (not in Wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious Age,)
If *Honour* I would here define,
It answers *Faith* in Things divine,
As nat'ral Life the Body warms,
And Scholars teach, the Soul informs;
So Honour animates the Whole,
And is the Spirit of the Soul.

THOSE num'rous Virtues which the Tribe
Of tedious Moralists describe,
And by such various Titles call;
True Honour comprehends them all.
Let Melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or Blood, or Phlegm.
It makes no Diff'rence in the Case.
Nor is Complexion Honour's Place.

BUT, lest we should, for Honour take
The drunken Quarrels of a Rake;
Or think it seated in a Scar;
Or on a proud triumphal Car;
Or in the Payment of a Debt
We lose with Sharpers at Piquet;
Or, when a Whore, in her Vocation,
Keeps punctual to an Assignment;
Or that on which his Lordship swears,
When vulgar Knaves would lose their Ears:
Let *Stella's* fair Example preach
A Lesson she alone can teach.

IN Points of Honour to be try'd,
All Passions must be laid aside:

Ask

Nor prize your Life for other Ends
 Than merely to oblige your Friends ;
 Your former Actions claim their Part,
 And join to fortify your Heart.
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A Lesson she alone can teach.

In Points of Honour to be try'd,
All Passions must be laid aside:

Ask

Ask no Advice, but think alone :
 Suppose the Question not your own :
 How shall I act? is not the Case;
 But how would *Brutus* in my Place?
 In such a Cause would *Cato* bleed?
 And how would *Socrates* proceed?

DRIVE all Objections from your Mind,
 Else you relapse to human Kind :
 Ambition, Avarice, and Lust,
 And factious Rage, and Breach of Trust;
 And Flattery tipt with nauseous Fleece.
 And guilty Shame, and servile Fear,
 Envy, and Cruelty, and Pride,
 Will in your tainted Heart prelide.

HEROES and Heroines of old,
 By Honour only were inroll'd
 Among their Brethren of the Skies;
 To which (though late) shall *Stella* rise.
 Ten thousand Oaths upon Record
 Are not so sacred as her Word;
 The World shall in its Atoms end,
 E'er *Stella* can deceive a Friend.
 By Honour seated in her Breast,
 She still determines what is best :
 What Indignation in her Mind
 Against Enslavers of Mankind!
 Base Kings and Ministers of State,
 Eternal Objects of her Hate.

SHE thinks, that Nature ne'er design'd
 Courage to Man alone confin'd :
 Can Cowardice her Sex adorn,
 Which most exposes ours to Scorn?

She wonders where the Charm appears

In *Florimel's* affected Pears:

For *Stella* never learn'd the Art,

At proper times to scream and start;

Nor calls up all the House at Night,

And swears she saw a thing in white:

Doll never flies to cut her Lace,

Or throw cold Water in her Face,

Because she heard a sudden Drum,

Or found an Earwig in a Plum.

HER Hearers are amaz'd from whence

Proceeds that Fund of Wit and Sense;

Which though her Modesty would shroud,

Breaks like the Sun behind a Cloud;

While Gracefulness its Art conceals,

And yet through ev'ry Motion steals.

SAY, *Stella*, was *Prometheus* blind,

And forming you, mistook your Kind?

No: 'Twas for you alone he stole

The Fire that forms a manly Soul;

Then to compleat it ev'ry way,

He moulded it with Female Clay:

To that you owe the nobler Flame,

To this, the Beauty of your Frame.

How would Ingratitude delight?

And, how would Censure glut her Spight?

If I should *Stella's* Kindness hide

In Silence, or forget with Pride.

When on my sickly Couch I lay,

Impatient both of Night and Day,

Lament

Lamenting in unmanly Strains,
Call'd ev'ry Pow'r to ease my Pains:
Then *Stella* ran to my Relief,
With chearful Face, and inward Grief;
And, though by Heaven's severe Decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel Master could require
From Slaves employ'd for daily Hire,
What *Stella*, by her Friendship warm'd,
With Vigour and Delight perform'd:
My sinking Spirits now supplies
With Cordials in her Hands and Eyes;
Now, with a soft and silent Tread,
Unheard she moves about my Bed.
I see her taste each nauseous Draught,
And so obligingly am caught;
I bless the Hand from whence they came,
Nor dare distort my Face for Shame,

BEST Pattern of true Friends, beware;
You pay too dearly for your Care,
If, while your Tenderness secures
My Life, it must endanger yours.
For such a Fool was never found,
Who pull'd a Palace to the Ground,
Only to have the Ruins made
Materials for an House decay'd.

On cutting down the OLD THORN
at MARKET-HILL.

Written in the Year 1727.

AT *Market-Hill*, as well appears
By Chronicle of ancient Date,
There stood for many a Hundred Years,
A spacious Thorn before the Gate.

Hither came every Village-Maid,
And on the Boughs her Garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading Shade,
Secure from Satyr's fat and fung.

* *Sir Archibald*, that val'rous Knight,
Then Lord of all the fruitful Plain,
Would come to listen with Delight,
For he was fond of rural Strain.

(*Sir Archibald* whose fav'rite Name
Shall stand for Ages on Record,
By *Scottish* Bards of highest Fame,

* *Wife Hawthorden* and *Sterling's* Lord.)

But

* *Sir Archibald Acheson*, Secretary of State for Scotland.

† *Drummond of Hawthorden*, and *Sir William Alexander*, Earl of *Sterling*, both famous for their Poetry, who were both Friends to *Sir Archibald*.

~~But Time, with Iron Teeth, I ween~~
 Has canker'd all its Branches round;
~~No Fruit, or Blossom to be seen,~~
 Its Head reclining towards the Ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn
 Which must alas no longer stand;
 Behold! the cruel 'Dean' in 'Scorn
 Cuts down with sacrilegious Hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the Blow,
 Astonish'd gave a dreadful Shriek;
 And Mother *Tellus* trembled so,
 She scarce recover'd in a Week.

The *Sylvan* Pow'rs with Fear perplex'd,
 In Prudence and Compassion sent
 (For none could tell whose Turn was next)
 Sad Omens of the dire Event.

The Magpye, lighting on the Stock,
 Stood chatt'ring with incessant Din;
 And with her Beak gave many a Knock
 To rouse and warn the Nymph within.

The Owl foresaw in pensive Mood,
 The Ruin of her ancient Seat;
 And fled in Haste with all her Brood,
 To seek a more secure Retreat.

Last trotted forth the gentle Swine,
 To ease her Itch against the Stamp,
 And dismally was heard to whine,
 All as she scrabb'd her nearly Rump.

The Nymph, who dwells in every Tree,
(If all be true that Poets chant)

Condemn'd by Fate's supreme Decree,
Must die with her expiring Plant.

Thus, when the gentle *Spinus* found
The Thorn committed to her Care,
Receiv'd its last and deadly Wound,
She fled and vanish'd into Air.

But from the Root a dismal Groan
First issuing, struck the Mard'rer's Ears;
And in a shrill revengeful Tone,
This Prophecy he trembling hears.

"Thou chief Contriver of my Fall,
"Relentless Dean! to Mischief born,
"My Kindred oft thine Hide shall gall;
"Thy Gown and Caslock oft be torn.

"And thy confed'rate Dame who brags
"That she condemn'd me to the Fire,
"Shall rent her Petticoats to Rags,
"And wound her Legs with ev'ry Briar.

"Nor thou, Lord * *Arthur*, shalt escape:
"To thee I often call'd in vain,
"Against that Assassin in Crape,
"Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain.

"Nor, when I felt the dreadful Blow,
"Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy Spouse:
"Since you could see me treated so;
"An old Retainer to your House.

* *Sir Arthur Acheson.*

" May

" May that fell Dean, by whose Command
 " Was form'd this *Macbr'vilian* Plot,
 " Not leave a Thistle on thy Land ;
 " Then who will own thee for a *Scot* ?
 " Pigs and Fanaticks, Cows, and Teagues,
 " Through all thy Empire I foresee,
 " To tear thy Hedges join in Leagues,
 " Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.
 " And thou, the Wretch ordain'd by Fate,
 " *Neal Gabagan, Hibernian* Clown,
 " With Hatchet blunter than thy Pate,
 " To hack my hallow'd Timber down ;
 " When thou, suspended high in Air,
 " Dy'st on a more ignoble Tree,
 " (For thou shalt steal thy Landlord's Mare)
 " Then, bloody *Caitif*, think on me.

DESIRE and POSSESSION.

Written in the Year 1727.

TIS strange, what diff'rent Thoughts inspire
 In Man, *Possession* and *Desire* ;
 Think what they wish so great a Blessing,
 So disappointed when possessing.

A MORALIST profoundly sage,
 I know not in what Book or Page,

Or, whether o'er a Pot of Ale,
Related thus the following Tale.

POSSESSION, and DESIRE, his Brother,
But, still at Variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a Race ;
And, kept at first an equal Pace :
'Tis said, their Course continu'd long ;
For this was active, that was strong :
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Mistled them many a League about.
Seduc'd by some deceiving Light,
They take the wrong Way for the right.
Through slipp'ry Byroads dark and deep,
They often climb, and oftner creep:

DESIRE, the swifter of the two,
Along the Plain like Lightning flew :
Till entering on a broad High-way,
Where *Power* and *Titles* scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by Excursions lost his Ground :
No sooner got, than with Disdain
He threw them on the Ground again ;
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh Objects fairer to his View ;
In hope to spring some nobler Game ;
But, all he took was just the same :
Too scornful now to stop his Pace,
He spurn'd them in his Rival's Face.

POSSESSION kept the beaten Road ;
And, gather'd all his Brother strow'd ;
But, overcharg'd, and out of Wind,
Though strong in Limbs, he lagg'd behind.

DESIRE

DESIRE had now the Goal in Sight :
 It was a Tow'r of monstrous Height,
 Where, on the Summit *Fortune* stands :
 A Crown and Sceptre in her Hands ;
 Beneath, a Châsin as deep as Hell,
 Where many a bold Advent'rer fell.
Desire, in Rapture gaz'd a while.
 And saw the treach'rous Goddess smile ;
 But, as he climb'd to grasp the Crown,
 She knock'd him with the Sceptre down.
 He tumbled in the Gulph profound ;
 There doom'd to whirl an endless Round.

POSSESSION'S Load was grown too great,
 He sunk beneath the cumbrous Weight :
 And, as he now expiring lay,
 Flocks ev'ry ominous Bird of Prey :
 The Raven, Vulture, Owl, and Kite,
 At once upon his Carcase light ;
 And strip his Hyde, and pick his Bones,
 Regardless of his dying Groans.

PASTORAL DIALOGUE *between*

RICHMOND-LODGE and MARBLE-HILL.

Written June 1727, just after the News of the late King's Death.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a House with a small Park belonging to the Crown: It was usually granted by the Crown for a Lease of Years; the Duke of Ormonde was the last who had it. After his Exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales, by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their Summer there. It is within a Mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a House built by Mrs. Howard, then of the Bed-chamber, now Countess of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex Side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lives, and about two Miles from Richmond Lodge. Mr. Pope was the Contriver of the Gardens, Lord Herbert the Architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's chief Butler, and Keeper of the Ice-House. Upon King George's Death, these two Houses met, and had the following Dialogue.

IN Spight of Pope, in Spight of Gay,

And all that He or They can say;

Sing on I must, and sing I will

At Richmond-Lodge, and Marble-Hill.

LAST

* Note, This Poem was carried to Court, and read to the K. and Q.

LAST *Friday* Night, as Neighbours use,
 This Couple met to talk of News.
 For, by old Proverbs, it appears,
 That Walls have Tongues, and Hedges, Ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth *Marble-Hill*, right well I ween,
 Your Mistress now is grown a Queen;
 You'll find it soon, by woful Proof,
 She'll come no more beneath your Roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly Prophet well evinces,
 That we should put no Trust in Princes;
 My Royal Master promis'd me
 To raise me to a high Degree:
 But now He's grown a King, God wot,
 I fear I shall be soon forgot.
 You see, when Folks have got their Ends,
 How quickly they neglect their Friends;
 Yet I may say 'twixt me and you,
 Pray God they now may find as true.

Marble-H. My House was built but for a Show,
 My Lady's empty Pockets know:
 And now she will not have a Shilling
 To raise the Stairs, or build the Ceiling;
 For, all the courtly Madams round,
 Now pay four Shillings in the Pound.
 'Tis come to what I always thought;
 My Dame is hardly worth a Groat.
 Had You and I been Courtiers born,
 We should not thus have lain forlorn;
 For, those we dext'rous Courtiers call,
 Can rise upon their Master's Fall.

But,

But, we unlucky and unwise,
Must fall, because our Masters rise.

Richmond-L. My Master, scarce a Fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a Prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any King:
And, by his Crown will nothing get;
But, like a King, to run in Debt.

Marble-H. No more the Dean, that grave Divine,
Shall keep the Key of my (no) Wines;
My Ice-house rob as heretofore,
And steal my Artichokes no more;
Poor *Patty Blount* no more be seen
Bedraggled in my Walks so green:
Plump *Johnny Gay* will now elope;
And here no more will dangle *Pope*.

Richmond-L. Here went the *Dean*, when he's to seek;
To sponge a Breakfast once a Week;
To cry the Bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the Royal Butter.
But, now I fear, it will be said,
No Butter sticks upon his Bread,
We soon shall find him full of Spleen,
For want of tattling to the Queen;
Stunning her Royal Ears with talking;
His *Rev'rence* and her *Higness* walking:
Whilst * *Lady Charlotte*, like a Stroller,
Sits mounted on the Garden Roller.
A goodly Sight to see her ride,
With antient † *Mirmont* at her Side.

In

* *Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French Lady.*

† *Marquis de Mirmont, a French Man of Quality.*

In Velvet Cap his Head lies warm ;
His Hat for Show, beneath his Arm.

Marble-H. Some *South-Sea* Broker from the City,
Will purchase me, the more's the Pity,
Lay all my fine Plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar Taste ;
Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry Part,
My Master *Pope* will break his Heart.

Richmond-Lodge. In my own *Thames* may I be
drownded,

If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd Head :
Except her Majesty prevails
To place me with the Prince of *Wales*.
And then I shall be free from Fears,
For, he'll be Prince these fifty Years.
I then will turn a Courtier too,
And serve the Times as others do.
Plain Loyalty, not built on *Hope*,
I leave to your Contriver, *Pope* :
None loves his King and Country better,
Yet none was ever less their Debtor.

Marble-H. Then, let him come and take a Nap,
In *Summer*, on my verdant Lap :
Prefer our *Villages*, where the *Thames* is,
To *Kensington*, or hot *St. James's* ;
Nor shall I dull in Silence sit ;
For, 'tis to me he owes his Wit ;
My Groves, my Ecchoes, and my Birds,
Have taught him his poetick Words.
We Gardens, and you Wildernesess,
~~Must all Poets in Distresses.~~

Him twice a Week I here expect,
 To rattle * *Moody* for Neglect;
 An idle Rogue, who spends his Quartridge
 In tipling at the *Dog* and *Partridge*;
 And I can hardly get him down
 Three times a Week to brush my Gown.

Richmond Lodge. I pity you, dear *Marble-Hill*;
 But, hope to see you flourish still.
 All Happiness——and so adieu.

Marble-Hill. Kind *Richmond-Lodge*; the same to
 you.

* *The Gardener.*

On CENSURE.

Written in the Year 1727.

YE Wife, instruct me to endure
 An Evil, which admits no Cure:
 Or, how this Evil can be born,
 Which breeds at once both Hate and Scorn,
 Bare Innocence is no Support,
 When you are try'd in Scandal's Court.
 Stand high in Honour, Wealth, or Wit;
 All others who inferior sit,
 Conceive themselves in Conscience bound
 To join, and drag you to the Ground.
 Your Altitude offends the Eyes,
 Of those who want the Pow'r to rise.

The World, a willing Stander-by,
 Inclines to aid a specious Lye:
 Alas; they would not do you wrong;
 But, all Appearances are strong.

YET, whence proceeds this Weight we lay
 On what detracting People say?
 For, let Mankind discharge their Tongues
 In Venom, till they burst their Lungs,
 Their utmost Malice cannot make
 Your Head, or Tooth, or Finger ake:
 Nor spoil your Shape, distort your Face,
 Or put one Feature out of Place;
 Nor, will you find your Fortune sink,
 By what they speak, or what they think.
 Nor can ten Hundred Hundred Thousand Lyes,
 Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

THE most effectual Way to baulk
 Their Malice, is——to let them talk.

The Furniture of a Woman's Mind.

Written in the Year 1727.

A SET of Phrases learn't by Rote;
 A Passion for a Scarlet-Coat;
 When at a Play to laugh, or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the Reason why:
 Never to hold her Tongue a Minute;
 While all she prates has nothing in it.

Whole

Whole Hours can with a Coxcomb fit,
 And take his Nonsense all for Wit :
 Her Learning mounts to read a Song ;
 But, half the Words pronouncing wrong ;
 Has ev'ry Rapartee in Store,
 She spoke ten Thousand Times before.
 Can ready Compliments supply
 On all Occasions, cut and dry.
 Such Hatred to a Parson's Gown,
 The Sight will put her in a Swoon.
 For Conversation well endu'd ;
 She calls it witty to be rude ;
 And, placing Raillery in Railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest Failing ;
 Nor makes a Scruple to expose
 Your bandy Leg, or crooked Nose.
 Can at her Morning Tea, run o'er
 The Scandal of the Day before,
 Improving hourly in her Skill,
 To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In chusing Lace a Critick nice,
 Knows to a Groat the lowest Price ;
 Can in her Female Clubs dispute
 What Lining best the Silk will suit ;
 What Colours each Complexion match,
 And where with Art to place a Patch.

If chance a Mouse creeps in her Sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a Fright ;
 So, sweetly screams if it comes near her,
 She ravishes all Hearts to hear her.
 Can dext'rously her Husband teize,
 By taking Fits whenc'er she please :

By frequent Practice learns the Trick
 At proper Seasons to be sick;
 Thinks nothing gives one Airs so pretty:
 At once creating Love and Pity.
 If *Molly* happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her Hair-Lace,
 She gets a Cold as sure as Death;
 And vows she scarce can fetch her Breaths
 Admires how modest Women can
 Be so *robustious* like a Man.

IN Party, furious to her Power;
 A bitter Whig, or Tory sow'r
 Her Arguments directly tend
 Against the Side she would defend:
 Will prove herself a Tory plain,
 From Principles the Whigs maintain;
 And, to defend the Whiggish Cause,
 Her Topicks from the Tories draws.

O YES! If any Man can find
 More Virtues in a Woman's Mind,
 Let them be sent to Mrs. *Harding*;
 She'll pay the Charges to a *Darthing*;
 Take Notice, she has my Commission
 To add them in the next Edition;
 They may out sell a better Thing;
 So, Halloo Boys! God save the King.

† *AdPrinter.*

On

On the five Ladies at *Sott-Hole*, with the
Doctor at their Head.

The Ladies treated the Doctor.

Sent as from an Officer in the Army.

Written in the Year 1728.

FAIR Ladies, Number five,
Who in your merry Freaks,
With little *Tom* contrive
To feast on Ale and Steaks
While he sits by a Grinning,
To see you safe in * *Sott-Hole*,
Set up with greasy Linnen,
And neither Mugs nor Pots whole.
Alas! I never thought
A Priest would please your Palate;
Besides, I'll hold a Groat,
He'll put you in a Ballad:
Where I shall see your Faces
On Paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like Graces,
Then *Venus* like an Owl.

And

• *Famous Ale-house in Dublin for Beef-flakes.*

And we shall take you rather
 To be a Midnight Pack
 Of Witches met together,
 With *Belzebub* in Black.
 It fills my Heart with Woe,
 To think such Ladies fine,
 Should be reduc'd so low,
 To treat a dull Divine:
 Be by a Parson cheated!
 Had you been cunning Stagers,
 You might yourselves be treated
 By Captains and by Majors.
 See how Corruption grows,
 While Mothers, Daughters, Aunts,
 Instead of powder'd Beaus,
 From Pulpits chuse Gallants.
 If we who wear our Wiggs
 With Fan-Tail and with Snake,
 Are bubbled thus by Prigs;
 Z—ds who wou'd be a Rake?
 Had I a Heart to fight,
 I'd knock the Doctor down;
 Or could I read and write,
 P'gad I'd wear a Gown.
 Then leave him to his Birch;
 And at the *Rose* on Sunday,
 The Parson safe at Church,
 I'll treat you with *Burgundy*.

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A Pastoral DIALOGUE.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

Written in the Year 1728.

A NYMPH and Swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot*
 meet in the Night,

Who went to weed the Court of † *Gosford Knight*.
 While each with stubbed Knife remov'd the Roots
 That rais'd between the Stones their daily Shoots;
 As at their Work they sat in counterview,
 With mutual Beauty smit, their Passion grew.
 Sing heavenly Muse in sweetly flowing Strain,
 The soft Endearments of the Nymph and Swain.

DERMOT.

My Love to *Sheelah* is more firmly fixt,
 Than strongest Weeds that grow these Stones betwixt:
 My Spud these Nettles from the Stones can part;
 No Knife so keen to weed thee from my Heart.

SHEELAH.

My Love for gentle *Dermot* faster grows,
 Than yon tall Dock that rises to thy Nose.
 Cut down the Dock, 'twill sprout again; but O!
 Love rooted out, again will never grow.

DER-

† *Sir Arthur Acheson, whose Great Grand Father*
was Sir Archibald of Gosford in Scotland.

DERMOT.

No more that Bry'r thy tender Leg shall rake:
 (I spare the Thistle for * Sir Arthur's Sake.)
 Sharp are the Stones, take thou this rushy Mat;
 The hardest Bum will bruise with sitting Squat.

SHEELAH.

Thy Breeches torn behind, stand gaping wide;
 This Petticoat shall save thy dear Back-side;
 Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet:
 Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but Sweat.

DERMOT.

At an old stubborn Root I chanc'd to tug;
 When the Dean threw me this Tobacco-plug:
 A longer Half-porth never did I see;
 This, dearest Sheelab, thou shalt share with me;

SHEELAH.

In at the Pantry-door this Morn' I slip;
 And from the Shelf a charming Craft I whipt:
 † Dennis was out, and I got hither safe:
 And thou, my Dear, shalt have the bigger Half,

DERMOT.

When you saw Tady at Long-bullets play,
 You sat and lous'd him all a Sun-shine Day.
 How could you, Sheelab, listen to his Tales,
 Or crack such Lice as his betwixt your Nails?

SHEELAH.

When you with Oonah stood behind a Ditch,
 I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty Bitch.

Dermot.

* Who is a great Lover of Scotland.

† Sir Arthur's Butler.

Dermot, how could you touch those nasty Sluts!
I almost wish this Spad were in your Guts.

DERMOT.

If *Onab* once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her Aunt's my Gossip by my Father's Side;
But, if I ever touch her Lips again,
May I be doom'd for Life to weed in Rain.

SHEELAH.

Dermot, I swear, tho' *Tady's* Locks could hold
Ten Thousand Lice, and ev'ry Louse was Gold;
Him on my Lap you never more should see;
Or may I lose my Weeding-Knife—and thee.

DERMOT.

O, could I earn for thee, my lovely Lass,
A Pair of Brogues to bear thee dry to Mass!
But see, where *Norah* with the Sowins comes—
Then let us rise, and rest our weary Bums.

THE

Journal of a Modern Lady.

Written in the Year 1728.

IT was a most unfriendly Part
In you who ought to know my Heart,
Are well acquainted with my Zeal
For all the Female Commonweal:
How cou'd it come into your Mind,
To pitch on me, of all Mankind,

Against

Against the Sex to write a Satyr,
 And brand me for a Woman-Hater?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival *Venus* to a Hair?
 Their Virtues never ceas'd to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a String.
 Methinks I hear the Ladies cry,
 Will he his Character belye?
 Must never our Misfortunes end?
 And have we lost our only Friend?
 Ah lovely Nymphs, remove your Fears,
 No more let fall those precious Tears.
 Sooner shall, &c.

[Here several Verses are omitted.]

The Hound be hunted by the Hair,
 Than I turn Rebel to the Fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
 Then gave the Subject out of Spite:

The Journal of a modern Dame

Is by my Promise what you claim:

My Word is past, I must submit;

And yet perhaps you may be bit.

I but transcribe, for none a Line
 Of all the Satyr shall be mine.

Compell'd by you to tag in Rhimes,

The common Slanders of the Times

Of modern Times; the Guilt is yours,

And me my Innocence secures.

Unwilling Muse begin thy Lay,

The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the Rake well,

{As we shall shew you in the Sequel}

The

The modern Dame is wak'd by Noon,
Some Authors say, not quite so soon:
Because, though sore against her Will,
She sat all Night up at *Quadrill*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her Eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of Head-ach, and the Spleen complains;
And then to cool her heated Brains,
(Her Night-Gown and her Slippers brought her,)
Takes a large Dram of *Citron-Water*.
Then to her Glais; and "Betty, pray
" Don't I look frightfully To-day?
" But, was it not confounded hard?
" Well, if I ever touch a Card:
" Four *Mattadores*, and lose *Codill*!
" Depend upon't, I never will.
" But run to *Tom*, and bid him fix
" The Ladies here To-night by Six."
Madam, the Goldsmith waits below;
He says, his Business is to know
If you'll redeem the Silver Cup
He keeps in Pawn?—" Why, shew him up.
Your Dressing-Plate, he'll be content
To take, for Interest *Cent. per Cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady *Spade*
Hath sent this Letter by her Maid.
" Well, I remember what she won;
And hath she sent so soon to dun?
" Here, carry down those ten Pistoles
" My Husband left to pay for Coals:
" I thank my Stars they are all light;
" And I may have Revenge To-night."
Now

Now, loit'ring o'er her Tea and Cream,
 She enters on her usual Theme;
 Her last Night's ill Success repeats;
 Calls Lady Spade a Hundred Cheats;
 She slipst *Spadillo* in her Breast,
 Then thought to turn it to a Jest.
 There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
 And to each other give the Sign.
 Through every Game pursues her Tale,
 Like Hunters o'er their Evening Ale.

Now to another Scene give Place,
 Enter the Folks with Silks and Lace:
 Fresh Matter for a World of Chat;
 Right *Indian* this, right *Macklin* that;
 Observe this Pattern; there's a Stuff!
 I can have Customers enough.
 Dear Madam, you are grown so hard,
 This Lace is worth twelve Pounds a Yard.
 Madam, if there be Truth in Man,
 I never sold so cheap a Fan.

Thus Business of Importance o'er,
 And Madman almost dress'd by Four;
 The Footman, in his usual Phrase,
 Comes up with, "Madam, Dinner stays;
 She answers in her usual Style,
 "The Cook must keep it back a while;
 "I never can have time to dress,
 "No Woman breathing takes up less;
 "I'm hurry'd so, it makes me sick,
 "I wish the Dinner at *Old Nick*."
 At Table now she acts her Part,
 Has all the Dinner-Cant by Heart:

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" I thought we were to dine alone,
 " My Dear, for sure if I had known
 ' This Company would come to Day —
 ' But really 'tis my Spouse's Way,
 " He's so unkind, he never sends
 " To tell when he invites his Friends :
 " I wish you may but have enough."
 And while, with all this poultry Scuff,
 She sits tormenting every Guest,
 Nor gives her Tongue one Moment's Rest,
 In Phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
 Which modern Ladies call polite;
 You see the Booby Husband sit
 In Admiration at her Wit !

But let me now a while survey
 Our Madam o'er her Ev'ning Tea;
 Surrounded with her noisy Clans
 Of Prudes, Coquets, and Harridans;
 When frighted at the clam'rous Crew,
 Away the God of Silence flew,
 And fair Discretion left the Place,
 And Modesty with blushing Face:
 Now enters over-weening Pride,
 And Scandal, ever gaping wide.
 Hypocrisy with Frown severe,
 Scurrility with gibing Air;
 Rude Laughter seeming like to burst;
 And Malice always judging worst;
 And Vanity with Pocket-Glass;
 And Impudence with Front of Brass;
 And studied Affectation came,
 Each Limb and Feature out of Frame:

While

While *Ignorance*, with Brain of Lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each Female Head.

WHY should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An hundred Tongues, as Poets use,
When, to give ev'ry Dame her Due,
An Hundred Thousand were too few!
Or how should I, alas! relate
The Sum of all their senseless Prate;
Their Innuendo's, Hints, and Slanders,
Their Meanings lewd, and *double Entendres*.
Now comes the gen'ral Scandal Charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge:
And, "Madam, if it be a Lye,
"You have the Tale as cheap as I:
"I must conceal my Author's Name,
"But now 'tis known to common Fame.

SAY, foolish Females, bold and blind;
Say, by what fatal Turn of Mind,
Are you on Vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest Share?
Thus ev'ry Fool herself deludes;
The Prude condemns the absent Prudes;
Mopsa, who stinks her Spouse to Death,
Accuses *Cbloë's* tainted Breath;
Hercina rank with Sweat, presumes
To censure *Phyllis* for Perfumes;
While crooked *Cynthia* sneering says;
That *Florimel* wears Iron Stays,
Cbloë of ev'ry Coxcomb jealous,
Admires how Girls can talk with Fellows;
And full of Indignation frets
That Women should be such Coquets:

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Iris, for Scandal most notorious,
 Cries, " Lord, the World is so censorious !
 And *Rufa*, with her Combs of Lead,
 Whispers that *Sappho's* Hair is red :
Aura, whose Tongue you hear a Mile hence,
 Talks half a Day in Praise of Silence ;
 And *Silvia*, full of inward Guilt,
 Calls *Amoret* an arrant Jilt.

Now Voices over Voices rise,
 While each to be the loudest vies ;
 They contradict, affirm, dispute ;
 No single Tongue one Moment mute ;
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very Lap-Dog barking :
 Their Chattering makes a louder Din
 Than Fish-Wives o'er a Cup of Gin :
 Not School-Boys, at a Barring out,
 Rais'd ever such incessant Rout :
 The jumbling Particles of Matter
 In Chaos made not such a Clatter ;
 Far less the Rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with four Election Ale.

Nor do they trust their Tongue alone,
 But speak a Language of their own ;
 Can read a Nod, a Shrug, a Look,
 Far better than a printed Book :
 Convey a Libel in a Frown,
 And wink a Reputation down ;
 Or, by the Tossing of a Fan,
 Describe the Lady and the Man.

But see, the Female Club disbands,
 Each, twenty Visits on her Hands.

Now

Now, all alone, poor Madam sits,
In Vapours and Hysterick Fits:

"And was not *Tom* this Morning sent?

"I'd lay my Life he never went.

"Past Six, and not a living Soul!

"I might, by this, have won a Vole."

A dreadful Interval of Spleen!

How shall we pass the Time between?

"Here, *Betty*, let me take my Drops,

"And feel my Pulse, I know it stops:

"This Head of mine, Lord, how it swims!

"And such a Pain in all my Limbs."

Dear Madam, try to take a Nap —

But now they hear a Foot-man's Rap:

"Go run, and light the Ladies up:

"It must be One before we sup.

THE Table, Cards, and Counters set,

And all the Gamester Ladies met,

Her Spleen and Fits recover'd quite,

Our Madam can sit up all Night,

"Whoever comes, I'm not within —

Quadrill the Word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her Aid impart,

Unskill'd in all the Terms of Art?

Or in harmonious Numbers put

The Deal, the Shuffle, and the Cut?

The superstitious Whims relate,

That fill a Female Gamester's Pate?

What Agony of Soul she feels

To see a Knave's inverted Heels?

She draws up Card by Card, to find

Good Fortune peeping from behind:

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With panting Heart, and earnest Eyes,
 In hope to see *Spadillo* rise;
 In vain, alas! her Hope is fed;
 She draws an Ace, and sees it red.
 In ready Counters never plays,
 But pawns her Snuff-Box, Rings and Keys,
 Ever with some new Fancy struck,
 Tries twenty Charms to mend her Luck;
 "This Morning" when the *Parson* came;
 "I said, I should not win a Game."
 "This odious Chair, how came I stuck in't,
 "I think I never had good Luck in't,
 "I'm so uneasy in my Stays;
 "Your Fan a Moment, if you please;
 "Stand further, Girl, or get you gone,
 "I always lose when you look on;
 Lord, Madam, you have lost *Codill*;
 I never saw you play so ill.
 "Nay, Madam, give me leave to say,
 "'Twas you that threw the Game away;
 "When Lady *Trick/sy* play'd a Four,
 "You took it with a *Mattadore*;
 "I saw you touch your Wedding Ring
 "Before my Lady call'd a King.
 "You spoke a Word began with H,
 "And I know whom you mean to teach,
 "Because you held the King of Hearts:
 "Fie, Madam, leave these little Arts.
 That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her Chair to call the King of Clubs,
 And makes her Partner understand
 A *Mattadore* is in her Hand.

"Madam

“ Madam, you have no Cause to flounce,
 “ I swear, I saw you thrice renounce.
 And truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of Five you scor’d me Ten.
Spadillo here has got a Mark
 A Child may know it in the Dark:
 I guess the Hand, it seldom fails,
 I wish some Folks would pare their Nails.

WHILE thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
 It passes but for common Form:
 And conscious that they all speak true,
 They give each other but their Due:
 It never interrupts the Game,
 Or makes ’em sensible of Shame.

THE Time too precious now to waste,
 And Supper gobbled up in haste:
 Again a-fresh to Cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun.
 But I shall not again repeat
 How oft they squabble, snarl and cheat,
 At last they hear the Watchman knock,
A frosty Morn — Past Four o’ Clock.
 The Chair-men are not to be found,
 “ Come, let us play the other Round.

Now, all in haste they huddle on
 Their Hoods, and Cloaks, and get them gone:
 But, first, the Winner must invite
 The Company to-morrow Night.

UNLUCKY Madam, left in Tears,
 (Who now again *Quadrill* forswears,)
 With empty Purse, and aching Head,
 Steals to her sleeping Spouse to Bed.

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The Grand Question debated:

AS MOULTREY QUARD ONE
WHETHER

HAMILTON'S * BAWN should be turned in
to a Barrack or Malt-house.

The PREFACE to the English Edition.

THE Author of the following Poem is said to be Dr. J. S. D. S. P. D. who writ it, as well as several other Copies of Verses of the like Kind, by Way of Amusement, in the Family of an honourable Gentleman in the North of Ireland, where he spent a Summer about two or three Years ago.

A certain very great Person, then in that Kingdom, having heard much of this Poem, obtained a Copy from the Gentleman, or, as some say, the Lady, in whose House it was written, from whence, I know not by what Accident, several other Copies were transcribed, full of Errors. As I have a great Respect for the supposed Author, I have procured a true Copy of the Poem, the Publication whereof can do him less Injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which ran about in Manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the Press, if not thus prevented.

Some Expressions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a Gentleman of that Kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several Explanations in their proper Places.

* A BAWN was a Place near the House inclosed with Mud or Stone Walls, to keep the Cattle from being stolen in the Night. They are now little used.

The

The GRAND QUESTION, &c.

WRITTEN in the YEAR, 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady, the Knight full of Care;
 Let me have your Advice in a weighty Affair.
 This * *HAMILTON's Bawn*, while it sticks on my Hand,
 I lose by the House what I get by the Land;
 But how to dispose of it to the best Bidder,
 For a † *Barrack* or *Malt-house*, we now must consider.
 First, let me suppose I make it a *Malt-house*:
 Here I have computed the Profit will fall to us,
 There's nine hundred Pounds for Labour and Grain,
 I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain:
 A handsome Addition for Wine and good Chear,
 Three Dishes a Day, and three Hogsheads a Year.
 With a dozen large Vessels my Vault shall be stor'd,
 No little scrub Joint shall come on my Board:
 And you and the *Dean* no more shall combine,
 To hint me at Night to one Bottle of Wine;
 Nor shall I, for his Humour, permit you to purloin
 A Stone and a Quarter of Beef from my Sirloin.

* *A large House two Miles from Sir A——'s*
 Se at

† *The Army in Ireland is lodged in strong Buildings
 over the whole Kingdom called Barracks.*

If I make it a *Barrack*, the Crown is my Tenant,
 My Dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
 In Poundage and Drawbacks, I lose half my Rent,
 Whatever they give me I must be content,
 Or join with the Court in ev'ry Debate,
 And rather than that, I would lose my Estate.

Thus ended the Knight: Thus began his *meek* Wife:
 It must, and it shall be a *Barrock*, my Life.
 I'm grown a *meer* Mopus: no Company comes;
 But a Rabble of Tenants, and rusty dull * *Ruons*;
 With *Parsons*, what Lady can keep herself clean?
 I'm all over dawb'd when I sit by the *Dean*.
 But, if you will give us a *Barrack*, my Dear,
 The *Captain*, I'm sure, will always come here;
 I then shall not value his Deanship a Straw,
 For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in Awe:
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so pert;
 That Men of his Coat should be minding their Pray'rs,
 And not among Ladies to give themselves Aurs.

THUS argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain;
 The Knight his Opinion resolv'd to maintain.

BUT † *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was said,
 And could not endure so vulgar a Taste;
 As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
 Cry'd, Madam, why surely my Master's possess'd;
 Sir *Arthur the Master*! how fine it will sound!
 I'd rather the *Bawn* were sunk under Ground.

But,

A Cant Word in Ireland for a poor Country Clergy-
 man.
 † My Lady's Waiting Woman.

But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come Good,
 When I saw him so often with * *Darby* and *Wood*.
 And now my Dream's out: For I was a-dream'd
 That I saw a huge Rat; O-dear, how I scream'd!
 And after, methought, I had lost my new Shoes;
 And *Molly*, she said, I should hear some ill News.

DEAR Madam, had you but the Spirit to teaze,
 You might have a *Barrack* whenever you please:
 And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 That for twenty Denials you would not give out.
 If I had a Husband like him, I *purtest*,
 Till he gave me my Will, I would give him no Rest:
 And rather than come in the same Pair of Sheets
 With such a cross Man, I would lie in the Streets,
 But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 And worry him out, till he gives his Consent.

DEAR Madam, whene'er of a *Barrack* I think,
 An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a Wink:
 For, If a new Crotchet comes into my Brain,
 I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so fain,
 I fancy already a *Barrack* contriv'd
 At *Hamilton's Bawn*, and the Troop is arriv'd:
 Of this, to be sure, Sir *Arthur* has Warning,
 And waits on the Captain betimes the next Morning.

Now, see, when they meet, how their Honours be-
 have;
 Noble Captain, your Servant, ——— Sir *Arthur* your
 Slave;

You honour me much ——— the Honour is mine ———
 'Twas a sad rainy Night ——— but the Morning is fine ———
 Pray,

* Two of Sir A ———'s Managers.

Pray, how does my Lady? ——— My Wife's at your Service. ———

I think I have seen her Picture by *Jervis*.

Good-morrow, good *Captain*, --- I'll wait on you down ---

You shan't stir a Foot --- You'll think me a Clown ---

For all the World, *Captain*, not half an Inch farther ---

You must be obey'd --- your Servant, Sir *Arthur*,

My humble Respects to my Lady unknown ---

I hope you will use my House as your own.

“ Go, bring me my Smock, and leave off your Prate;

“ Thou hast certainly gotten a Cup in thy Pate.

Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I said? ———

You had like to have put it quite out of my Head.

NEXT Day, to be sure, the *Captain* will come

At the Head of his Troop, with Trumpet and Drum,

Now, Madam, observe, how he marches in State:

The Man with the Kettle-drum enters the Gate;

Dub, dub, a-dub, dub. The Trumpeters follow,

Tantara, tantara, while all the Boys halloo.

See, now comes the *Captain*, all dawb'd with Gold-lace:

O law! the sweet Gentleman, look in his Face;

And see how he rides like a Lord of the Land,

With the fine flaming Sword that he holds in his Hand;

And his Horse, the dear *Creter*, it prances and rears,

With Ribbons in Knots, at his Tail and his Ears;

At last comes the Troop, by the Word of Command

Drawn up in the Court, when the *Captain* cries, *Stand*.

Your *Ladyship* lifts up the Sash to be seen,

(For sure I had *dizen'd* you out like a Queen)

The *Captain*, to shew he is proud of the Favour,

Looks up to your *Window*, and cocks up his Beaver.

(His Beaver is cork'd: pray, Madam, mark that;
For, a *Captain* of Horse never takes off his Hat;
Because he has never a Hand that is idle;
For, the Right holds the Sword, and the Left holds the
Bridle,)

Then flourishes thrice his Sword in the Air,
As a Compliment due to a Lady so fair;
How I tremble to think of the Blood it hath spilt!
Then he low'rs down the Point, and kisses the Hilt.
Your *Ladyship* smiles, and thus you begin;
Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd to light, and walk in:
The *Captain* salutes you with Congee profound;
And your *Ladyship* curchyes half way to the Ground.

K I T, run to your Master, and bid him come to us,
I'm sure he'll be proud of the Honour you do us;
And, *Captain*, you'll do us the Favour to stay,
And take a short Dinner here with us To-day:
You're heartily welcome: But as for good Chear,
You come in the very worst time of the Year;
If I had expected so worthy a Guest:——
Lord! Madam! your *Ladyship* sure is in Jest;
You *better* me, Madam, the Kingdom must grant——
You Officers, *Captain*, are so complaisant.

“ *Hist*, *Huzzy*, I think I hear some Body coming—
No, Madam; 'tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.

To shorten my Tale, (for I hate a long Story,)
The *Captain* at Dinner appears in his Glory;
The *Dean* and the * *Doctor* have humbled their Pride,
For the *Captain's* entreated to sit by your Side;

And

Doctor Jenny, a Clergyman in the Neighbourhood

And, because he's their Betters, you carve for him first,
 The *Parsons*, for Envy, are ready to burst :
 The Servants amaz'd, are scarce ever able
 To keep off their Eyes, as they wait at the Table ;
 And, *Molly* and I have thrust in our Nose,
 To peep at the *Captain*, in all his fine *Clo'es* :
 Dear Madam, be sure he's a fine spoken Man,
 Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his Tongue ran ;
 " And, Madam, says he, if such Dinners you give,
 " You'll never want *Parsons* as long as you live ;
 " I ne'er knew a *Parson* without a good Nose,
 " But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes :
 " G——d——me, they bid us reform and repent,
 " But, Z——s, by their Looks, they never keep Lent :
 " Mister *Curate*, for all your grave Looks, I'm afraid,
 " You cast a Sheep's Eye on her Ladyship's Maid ;
 " I wish she wou'd lend you her pretty white Hand,
 " In mending your Cassock, and smoothing your Band :
 " (For the *Dean* was so shabby, and look'd like a *Ninny*,
 That the *Captain* suppos'd he was *Curate* to *Jenny*.)
 " Whenever you see a Cassock and Gown,
 " A Hundred to One, but it covers a Clown ;
 " Observe how a *Parson* comes into a Room,
 " G——d——me, he hobbles as bad as my Groom ;
 " A *Scholar*, when just from his College broke loose,
 " Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a Goose ;
 " Your † *Novels*, and *Blutraks*, and *Omurs* and Stuff,
 " By G—— they don't signify this Pinch of Snuff.
 " To give a young Gentleman right Education,
 " The Army's the only good School in the Nation ;

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M

" My

" My School-Master call'd me a Dunce and a Fool,
 " But at Cuffs I was always the Cock of the School;
 " I never cou'd take to my Book for the Blood o' me,
 " And the Puppy confess'd, he expected no Good o' me,
 " He caught me one Morning coquetting his Wife,
 " But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my Life:
 " So, I took to the Road, and what's very odd,
 " The first Man I robb'd was a Parson by G——
 " Now Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
 " But, the Sight of a Book makes me sick to this Day.

NEVER since I was born did I hear so much Wit,
 And, Madam, I laugh'd till I thought I shou'd split.
 So, then you look'd scornful, and snift at the *Dean*,
 As, who shou'd say, *Now, am I * Skinny and Lean?*
 But, he durst not so much as once open his Lips,
 And, the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the Hips.

Thus merciless *Hannab* ran on in her Talk,
 Till she heard the *Dean* call, *Will your Ladyship walk?*
 Her *Ladyship* answers, *I'm just coming down;*
 Then, turning to *Hannab*, and forcing a Frown,
 Altho' it was plain, in her Heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, Huzzy, why sure the *Wench* is gone mad:
 How cou'd these *Chimera's* get into your Brains?—
 Come hither, and take this old Gown for your Pains.
 But the *Dean*, if this Secret shou'd come to his Ears,
 Will never have done with his Gibes and his Jeers:
 For your Life, not a Word of the Matter, I charge ye;
 Give me but a *Barrack*, a Fig for the *Clergy*.

* Nick-Names for my Lady.

*A Libel on the Reverend Dr. DELANY, and
His Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET.*

*To Dr. Delany, occasioned by his Epistle to
his Excellency John Lord Carteret.*

Written in the Year 1729.

DELUDED Mortals, whom the Great
Chuse for Companions *tête à tête*;

Who at their Dinners, *en famille*,

Get Leave to sit whene'er you will;

Then, boasting tell us where you din'd,

And how his *Lordship* was so kind;

How many pleasant Things he spoke,

And, how you laugh'd at ev'ry Joke:

Swear, he's a most facetious Man:

That you and he are *Cup and Cann*.

You travel with a heavy Load,

And quite mistake *Preferment's* Road.

SUPPOSE my Lord and you alone;

Hint the least Int'rest of your own;

His Visage drops, he knits his Brow,

He cannot talk of Bus'ness now:

Or, mention but a vacant *Post*,

He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toast*.

Nor could the nicest Artist paint,

A Countenance with more Constraint.

M 2

FOR,

For, as their Appetites to quench,
 Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;
 So, Men of Wit are but a Kind
 Of Panders to a vicious Mind;
 Who proper Objects must provide
 To gratify their Lust of Pride,
 When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
 They find an idle Hour to prate.
 Then, shou'd you dare to ask a Place,
 You forfeit all your Patron's Grace,
 And disappoint the sole Design,
 For which he summon'd you to dine.

Thus, *Congreve* spent, in writing Plays,
 And one poor Office, half his Days;
 While *Mountague*, who claim'd the Station
 To be *Mecænas* of the Nation,
 For *Posts* open Table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they slept
 Himself, as rich as *Fifty Jews*,
 Was easy, though they wanted Shoes;
 And, crazy *Congreve* scarce cou'd spare
 A Shilling to discharge his Chair;
 Till Prudence taught him to appeal
 From *Pæan's* Fire to Party Zeal;
 Not owing to his happy Vein
 The Fortunes of his latter Scene;
 Took proper Principles to thrive;
 And so might ev'ry Dunce alive.

Thus, *Steel* who own'd what others writ,
 And flourish'd by imputed Wit,
 From Perils of a Hundred Jays,
 Withdrew to starve, and die in *Wales*.

THUS

THUS Gay, the * *Hare* with many Friends,
Twice sev'n long Years the Court attends;
Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
To Virtue form'd a princely Youth:
Who paid his Courtship with the Crowd;
As far as modest *Pride* allow'd;
Rejects a servile *Usher's* Place,
And leaves *St. James's* in Disgrace.

THUS *Addison*, by Lords carest,
Was left in foreign Lands distress't;
Forgot at home, became for Hire,
A trav'ling Tutor to a Squire.
But, wisely left the *Muses* Hill;
To Bus'ness shap'd the Poet's Quill,
Let all his barren Lawrels fade;
Took up himself the Courtier's Trade:
And grown a Minister of State,
Saw Poets at his Levee wait.

HAIL! happy *Pope*, whose gen'rous Mind,
Detesting all the Statesman Kind!
Contemning Courts, at Courts unseen,
Refus'd the Visits of a ———;
A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
By Sages, Priests, or Poets taught;
Whose filial Piety excels
Whatever Grecian Story tells;
A Genius for all Stations fir,
Whose meanest Talent is his Wit:
His Heart too great, though Fortune little,
To lick a Rascal Statesman's Spittle;

* See his *Fables*.

M₃

Appeal

Appealing to the Nation's Taste,
 Above the Reach of Want is plac'd :
 By *Homer* dead was taught to thrive,
 Which *Homer* never cou'd alive :
 And, sits aloft on *Pindus* Head,
 Despising *Slaves* that cringe for Bread.

TRUE *Politicians* only pay
 For solid *Work*, but not for *Play* ;
 Nor ever chuse to work with Tools
 Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
 Consider how much more is due
 To all their *Journey-men*, than you.
 At Table you can *Horace* quote ;
 They at a Pinch can bribe a *Vote* :
 You shew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,
 But, they can manage *Whig* and *Tory* :

You, as a *Critick*, are so curious
 To find a Verse in *Virgil* spurious ;
 But, they can smock the deep Designs,
 When *Bolingbroke* with *Puls'ney* dines.

BESIDES ; your Patron may upbraid ye,
 That you have got a *Place* already :
 An Office for your Talents fit,
 To flatter, carve, and shew your Wit ;
 To snuff the Lights and stir the Fire,
 And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.
 What Claim have you to *Place*, or *Pension* ?
 He overpays in Condescension.

BUT, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you we know,
 Cou'd never condescend so low :
 The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend
 Would, if he durst, be more your Friend ;

Nor

Nor will in *you* those Gifts despise,
 By which himself was taught to rise:
 When he has Virtue to retire,
 He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
 And place you in a better Station,
 Although it might have pleas'd the Nation.

THIS may be true——submitting still
 To *W*——le's more than Royal Will.
 And what Condition can be worse?
 He comes to drain a Beggar's Purse:
 He comes to tie our Chains on faster,
 And shew us, *E*——d is our Master:
 Careless Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
 To make them work their own undoing.
 What has he else to bait his Traps,
 Or bring his *Vermin* in, but Scraps?
 The Offals of a Church distress'd,
 A hungry Vicarage at best;
 Or, some remote inferior Post,
 With Forty Pounds a Year at most.

BUT, here again you interpose:
 Your favourite Lord is none of those,
 Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
 And Characters to Dedications:
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His *Learning* none will call in doubt:
 His *Learning*, though a Poet said it,
 Before a Play, wou'd lose no Credit:
 Nor Pope wou'd dare deny him Wit,
 Although to praise it *Pb*——ps writ.
 I own, he hates an Action base,
 His *Virtues* Battling with his Place;

Nor

Nor wants a nice discerning Spirit,
 Betwixt a true and spurious Merit :
 Can sometimes drop a *Voter's* Claim,
 And give up Party to his Fame.
 I do the most that *Friendship* can ;
 I hate the *Kice-Roy*, love the *Man*.

BUT, You, who till your Fortune's made
 Must be a *Sweet'ner* by your Trade,
 Shou'd swear he never meant us ill ;
 We suffer sore against his Will ;
 That, if we could but see his Heart,
 He wou'd have chose a milder Part :—
 We rather should lament his Case,
 Who must obey, or lose his Place.

SINCE this Reflection slipt your Pen,
 Insert it when you write agen :
 And, to illustrate it, produce
 This *Simile* for his Excuse.

“ So, to destroy a guilty Land,
 “ An *Angel* sent by *Heav'n's* Command,
 “ While he obeys *Almighty* Will,
 “ Perhaps, may feel *Compassion* still ;
 “ And wish the Task had been assign'd
 “ To *Spirits* of less gentle Kind.

BUT I, in *Politicks* grown old,
 Whose Thoughts are of a different Mold,
 Who, from my Soul, sincerely hate
 Both ——— and *Ministers* of State :
 Who look on *Courts* with stricter Eyes,
 To see the Seeds of *Vice* arise,
 Can lend you an Allusion fitter,
 Though *flatt'ring* *Knaves* may call it bitter :

Which

Which, if you durst but give it Place;
 Would shew you many a *Statesman's Face*,
 Fresh from the *Tripod of Apollo*,
 I had it in the Words that follow.
 (Take Notice, to avoid Offence
 I here except *His Excellence*.)

So, to effect his *Monarch's Ends*,
 From *Hell* a *Viceroy DEV'L* ascends,
 His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,
 The Contributions of the *Damn'd*;
 Which, with unsparing Hand, he strows
 Through *Courts* and *Senates* as he goes;
 And then at *Belzebub's Black-Hall*,
 Complains his *Budget* was too small.

Your *Simile* may better shine
 In Verse; but there is *Truth* in mine.
 For, no imaginable Things
 Can differ more than *God* and ———;
 And *Statesmen*, by ten Thousand Odds,
 Are *ANGELS*, just as ——— are *Gods*.

To Dr. DELANY, on the Libels writ
 against him.

—Tanti tibi non sit opaci
 Omnis arena Tagi.

Juv.

Written about the YEAR 1729.

AS some raw Youth in Country bred;
 To Arms by Thirst of Honour led,

M: 5

When

When at a Skirmish first he hears
 The Bullets whistling round his Ears;
 Will duck his Head, aside will start,
 And feel a Trembling at his Heart:
 Till, 'scaping oft without a Wound,
 Lessens the Terror of the Sound:
 Fly Bullets now as thick as Hops,
 He runs into a Cannon's Chops.
 An Author thus, who pants for Fame,
 Begins the World with Fear and Shame,
 When first in Print, you see him dread
 Each *Pot-Gun* levell'd at his Head:
 The *Lead* yon Critick's Quill contains,
 Is destin'd to *beat out his Brains*.
 As if he heard loud Thunders roul,
 Cryes, *Lord have Mercy on his Soul*;
 Concluding, that another Shot
 Will strike him dead upon the Spot:
 But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one Creature dropping:
 That, missing Fire, or missing Aim,
 His Life is safe, I mean his Pame;
 The Danger past, takes Heart of Grace,
 And looks a Critick in the Face.

Though Splendor gives the fairest Mark
 To poison'd Arrows from the Dark.
 Yet, * *in your self when smooth and round,*
 They glance aside without a Wound.

'Tis said, the Gods try'd all their Art,
 How *Pain* they might from *Pleasure* part;

But

In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

Hor.

But little could their Strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the Tail.
Thus Fame, and Censure with a Tether
By Fate are always link'd together.

WHY will you aim to be preferr'd
In Wit before the common Herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vext
To pay the Penalty annex.

'Tis Eminence makes Envy rise;
As fairest Fruits attract the Flies.
Shou'd stupid Libels grieve your Mind,
You soon a Remedy may find;
Lye down obscure like other Folks,
Below the Lash of Snarlers Jokes.
Their Faction is five Hundred Odds,
For, ev'ry Coxcomb lends them Rods;
Can sneer as learnedly as they,
Like Females o'er their Morning Tea.

You say, the Muse will not contain;
And write you must, or break a Vein:
Then, if you find the Terms too hard,
No longer my Advice regard:
But raise your Fancy on the Wing:
The *Irish Senate's* Praises sing;
How jealous of the Nation's Freedom,
And, for Corruptions, how they weed 'em.
How each the publick Good pursues,
How far their Hearts from private Views.
Make all true Patriots UP to *Shoe-boys*,
Huzza their Brethren at the * *Blue-boys*. Thus

* *The Irish Parliament sat at the Blue-boys Hospital, while the new Parliament-House was building.*

Thus grown a Member of the Club,
No longer dread the Rage of *Grub*.

How oft am I for Rhyme to seek?
To dress a Thought, may toil a Week;
And then, how thankful to the Town,
If all my Pains will earn a Crown.
Whilst ev'ry Critick can devour
My Work and me in half an Hour.
Would Men of Genius cease to write,
The Rogues must die for Want and Spite;
Must die for Want of Food and Rayment,
If Scandal did not find them Payment.
How chearfully the Hawkers cry
A Satyr, and the Gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd Poem pines
Unfold upon the Printer's Lines.

A GENIUS in the Rev'rend Gown,
Must ever keep its Owner down;
'Tis an unnatural Conjunction,
And spoils the Credit of the Function.
Round all your Brethren cast your Eyes;
Point out the surest Men to rise,
That Club of *Candidates in Black*,
The least deserving of the Pack;
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud;
With Grace and Learning unendow'd:
Can turn their Hands to ev'ry Jobb,
The fittest Tools to work for *Bobb*:
Will sooner coin a Thousand Lies
Then suffer Men of Parts to rise:
They crowd about Preferment's Gate,
And press you down with all their Weight.

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And, as of old, Mathematicians
Were by the Vulgar thought Magicians;
So, Academick dull Ale-drinkers
Pronounce all Men of Wit, Free-thinkers.

WIT, as the Chief of Virtue's Friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble Ends.
Observe what Loads of stupid Rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted Times:
What Pamphlets in a Court's Defence
Shew Reason, Grammar, Truth, or Sense?
For, though the Muse delights in Fiction,
She ne'er inspires against Conviction.
Then keep your Virtue still unmixt,
And let not Faction come betwixt.
By Party-steps no Grandeur climb at,
Tho' it would make you *England's* Primate:
First learn the Science to be dull,
You then may soon your Conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your *Genius* in your Face will fly.

WHEN *Jove* was, from his teeming Head,
Of Wit's fair Goddess brought to Bed,
There follow'd at his Lying-in
For After-birth, a *Sooterkin*:
Which, as the Nurse pursu'd to kill,
Attain'd by Flight the Muses Hill:
There in the Soil began to root,
And litter'd at *Parnassus'* Foot.
From hence the Critick-Vermin sprung,
With Harpy Claws, and pois'nous Tongue,
Who fatten on poetick Scraps;
Too cunning to be caught in Traps.

Dante

Dame Nature, as the Learned show,
Provides each Animal its Foe:
Hounds hunt the Hare, the wily Fox
Devours your Geese, the Wolf your Flocks:
Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral Claim
To persecute the Muses Fame;
On Poets in all Times abusive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* inclusive.

YET what avails it to complain?
You try to take Revenge in vain,
A Rat your utmost Rage defies
That safe behind the Wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by Sight
In Cheese an individual Mite?
Shew me the same numerick Flea,
That bit your Neck but Yesterday:
You then may boldly go in Quest
To find the *Grub-street* Poet's Nest.
What Spunging-house in dread of Jail,
Receives them while they wait for Bail?
What Alley are they nestled in,
To flourish o'er a Cup of Gin?
Find the last Garret where they lay;
Or Cellar, where they starve to-Day:
Suppose you had them all trepann'd
With each a Libel in his Hand:
What Punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em Rogues, or get 'em kickt:
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em so much more;
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their Trash the better sell.

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You have been libell'd — Let us know
 What Fool officious told you so.
 Will you regard the Hawker's Cries,
 Who in his Titles always lies?
 Whate'er the noisy Scoundrel says,
 It might be something in your Praise:
 And, Praise bestow'd in *Grub-street Rhymes*,
 Would vex one more a thousand Times.
 'Till *Criticks* blame, and *Judges* praise,
 The Poet cannot claim his Bays.
 On me, when Dunces are satyrick,
 I take it for a Panegyrick.
 Hated by Fools, and Fools to hate,
 Be that my *Motto*, and my *Fate*.

TO JANUS ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

Written in the Year 1729:

TWO fac'd-*Janus*, God of Time,
 Be my *Phœbus* while I rhyme,
 To oblige your Crony S — s,
 Bring our Dame a New-Year's Gift:
 She has got but half a Face:
Janus, since thou hast a Brace,
 To my Lady once be kind;
 Give her half thy Face behind.
 God of Time, if you be wise,
 Look not with your future Eyes:
 What imports thy forward Sight?
 Well, if you could lose it quite.
 Can you take Delight in viewing
 This poor Isle's approaching Ruin?

When

When thy Retrospection vast,
Sees the glorious Ages past.

HAPPY Nation were we blind,
Or, had only Eyes behind.

DROWN your Morals, Madam cryes;
I'll have none but forward Eyes:
Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their Necks with looking back:
Give me Time when coming on;
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the D——n though gravely told,
New Years help to make me old:
Yet I find, a New-Year's Lace
Burnishes an old Year's Face.
Give me Velvet and Quadrille,
I'll have Youth and Beauty still.

DRAPIER's Hill.

Written about the Year 1719.

WE give the World to understand,
Our thriving D——n has purchas'd Land;
A Purchase which will bring him clear,
Above his Rent four Pounds a Year;
Provided, to improve the Ground,
He will but add two Hundred Pound,
And from his endless hoarded Store,
To build a House five Hundred more.
* Sir Arthur too shall have his Will,
And call the Mansion *Drapier's Hill*;

* The Gentleman of whom the Purchase was made.

That

That when a Nation long enslav'd,
 Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;
 When none the DRAPIER's praise shall sing;
 His Signs aloft no longer swing;
 His Medals and his Prints forgotten,
 And all his * Handkerchiefs are rotten;
 His famous LETTERS made waste Paper;
 This Hill may keep the Name of DRAPIER:
 In Spight of Envy flourish still,
 And DRAPIER's vye with COOPER's Hill.

** Medals were cast; many Signs hung up; and Handkerchiefs made with Devices in Honour of the Author, under the Name of M. B. Drapier.*

On burning a dull P O E M.

Written in the Year 1729.

AN Afs's Hoof alone can hold
 That pois'nous Juice which kills by Cold,
 Methought, when I this Poem read,
 No Vessel but an Afs's Head,
 Such frigid Fustian could contain;
 I mean the Head without the Brain.
 The cold Conceits, the chilling Thoughts,
 Went down like stupifying Draughts:
 I found my Head began to swim,
 A Numbness crept through ev'ry Limb:
 In Haste, with Imprecations dire,
 I threw the Volume in the Fire:

When

When, who could think, tho' cold as Ice,
It burnt to Ashes in a Trice.

How could I more enhance its Fame?
Though born in Snow, it dy'd in Flame.

*An Excellent new Ballad; or the true Eng-
lish * Dean to be hanged for a Rape.*

Written in the Year 1730.

I.

OUR Brethren of *England*, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
A Blessing upon them, have sent us this Year,
For the Good of our Church a true *English* Dean.
A holier Priest ne'er was wrapt up in Crape,
The worst you can say he committed a Rape.

II.

In his Journey to *Dublin*, he lighted at *Chester*.
And there he grew fond of another Man's Wife;
Burst into her Chamber, and wou'd have carest her;
But she valu'd her Honour much more than her Life.
She bustled and struggled, and made her Escape,
To a Room full of Guests for fear of a Rape.

III.

THE Dean he pursu'd to recover his Game:
And now to attack her again he prepares;
But the Company stood in Defence of the Dame,
They cudgel'd, and cust him, and kickt him down
Stairs.

* — Sawbridge, Dean of Fernes, lately deceased.
His

His Deanship was now in a damnable Scrape,
And this was no Time for committing a Rape.

IV.

To *Dublin* he comes, to the *Bagnio* he goes,
And orders the Landlord to bring him a Whore;
No Scruple came on him his Gown to expose,
'Twas what all his Life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the Juice of the
Grape,
And got a good *Clap*, but committed no Rape.

V.

The Dean, and his Landlord, a jolly Comrade,
Resolv'd for a Fortnight to swim in Delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the
Trade
Of drinking all Day, and of whoring all Night.
His Landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
In ev'ry Debauch, but committing a Rape.

VI.

THIS *Protestant* Zealot, this *English* Divine,
In Church and in State was of Principles sound;
Was truer than *Steele* to the *Hanover* Line,
And griev'd that a *Tory* should live above Ground.
Shall a Subject so Loyal be hang'd by the Nape,
For no other Crime but committing a Rape?

VII.

By old *Papish* Canons, as wise Men have penn'd 'em,
Each Priest had a Concubine, *jure Ecclesia*;
Who'd be Dean of *Ferns* without a *Commendam*?
And Precedents we can produce, if it please ye:

Then,

Then, why should the Dean, when Whores are so
Cheap,
Be put to the Peril, and Toyl of a Rape?

VIII.

If Fortune should please but to take such a Crotchet,
(To thee I apply great *Smedley's* Successor)
To give thee *Lawn-Sleeves*, a *Mitre* and *Rotchet*,
Whom would'st thou resemble I leave thee a
Gueſſer;

But I only behold thee in * *Atherton's* Shape,
For *Sodomy* hang'd, as thou for a Rape.

IX.

Ah! doſt thou not envy the brave Colonel *Chartres*,
Condemn'd for thy Crime, at Threescore and Ten?
To hang him all *England* would lend him their
Garters;

Yet he lives, and is ready to raviſh agen.
Then throttle thy ſelf with an Ell of ſtrong Tape,
For thou haſt not a Groat to atone for a Rape.

X.

The Dean he was vext that his Whores were ſo
willing:

He long'd for a Girl that would ſtruggle and
ſqual;

He raviſh'd her fairly, and ſav'd a good Shilling;

But, here was to pay the Devil and all.

His Trouble and Sorrows now come in a Heap,

And hang'd he muſt be for committing a Rape.

* *A Biſhop of Waterford, ſent from England a Hun-
dred Years ago,*

XI.

If Maidens are raviſht, it is their own Choice;
 Why are they ſo wilful to ſtruggle with Men?
 If they would but lye quiet, and ſtifle their Voice,
 No Devil, nor Dean could raviſh 'em then.
 Nor would there be need of a ſtrong Hempen Cape,
 Ty'd round the Dean's Neck, for committing a Rape.

XII.

Our Church and our State dear *England* maintains,
 For which all true Proteſtant Hearts ſhould be glad;
 She ſends us our B——s and J——s and D——s;
 And better would give us, if better ſhe had;
 But, Lord how the Rabble will ſtare and will gape,
 When the good *Engliſh* Dean is hang'd up for a Rape.

The Revolution at Market-Hill.

Written in the Year 1730.

FROM diſtant Regions, Fortune ſends
 An odd Triumvirate of Friends;
 Where *Phæbus* pays a ſcanty Stipend,
 Where never yet a Codling ripen'd:
 Hither the frantick Goddeſs draws
 Three Sufferers in a ruin'd Cauſe,
 By Faction baniſh't here unite,
 A D--n, a * *Spaniard*, and a Knight.

* Col. Harry Leſlie, who ſerved and lived long in Spain.

Unite's

Unite ; but on Conditions cruel ;
 The D--n and Spaniard find it too well :
 Condemn'd to live in Service hard ;
 On either Side his Honour's Guard :
 The D--n, to guard his Honour's Back,
 Must build a Castle at † *Drumlack*,
 The Spaniard, fore against his Will,
 Must raise a Fort at *Market-Hill*.
 And thus, the Pair of humble Gentry,
 At *North* and *South* are posted Centry ;
 While in his lordly Castle fixt,
 The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt :
 And, what the Wretches most resent,
 To be his Slaves must pay him Rent ;
 Attend him daily as their *Chief*,
 Decant his Wine, and carve his Beef.

O FORTUNE, 'tis a Scandal for thee
 To smile on those who are least worthy.
 Weigh but the Merits of the three,
 His Slaves have ten times more than he.

PROUD Baronet of *Nova Scotia*,
 The D--n and Spaniard must reproach ye ;
 Of *their* two Fames the World enough rings ;
 Where are *thy* Services and Suff'rings ?
 What, if for nothing once you kiss't,
 Against the Grain, a M-----'s Fist ?
 What, if among the courtly Tribe,
 You lost a Place, and sav'd a Bribe ?
 And, then in surly Mode came here
 To Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year,

† *The Irish Name of a Farm the D--n took, and was so build on, but changed his Mind. He called it Drapier's-Hill. Vide that Poem.*

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 † My

And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?
 You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
 How dare you treat your Betters thus?
 Are you to be compar'd to Us?

COME *Spaniard*, let us from our Farms
 Call forth our Cottagers to Arms;
 Our Forces let us both unite,
 Attack the Foe at Left and Right;
 From * *Market-Hill's* exalted Head,
 Full Northward let your Troops be led:
 While I from *Drapier's-Mount* descend,
 And to the South my Squadrons bend:
New River-walk with friendly Shade,
 Shall keep my Host in Ambuscade;
 While you, from where the Basin stands,
 Shall scale the Rampart with your Bands.
 Nor need we doubt the Fort to win;
 I hold Intelligence within.
 True, Lady *Anne* no Danger fears,
 Brave as the *Upton* Fan she wears:
 Then, left upon our first Attack
 Her valiant Arm should force us back,
 And we of all our Hopes depriv'd;
 I have a Stratagem contriv'd;
 By these embroider'd high Heel Shoes,
 She shall be caught as in a Noose:
 So well contriv'd her Toes to pinch,
 She'll not have Pow'r to stir and Inch:
 These gaudy Shoes must † *Hannah* place
 Direct before her Lady's Face.

* *A Village near Sir A—— A——'s Seat.*

† *My Lady's Waiting-Maid.*

The Shoes put on; our faithful Portress
 Admits us in, to storm the Fortress;
 While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
 Like *Montezume* in golden Chains;
 Or, like a Cat with Walnuts shod,
 Stumbling at ev'ry Step she trod.
 Sly Hunters thus, in *Borneo's* Isle,
 To catch a Monkey by a Wile,
 The mimick Animal amuse;
 They place before him Gloves and Shoes;
 Which when the Brute puts awkward on,
 All his Agility is gone;
 In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
 The Huntsmen seize the grinning Prize.

But, let us on our first Assault
 Secure the Larder, and the Vault:
 The valiant * *Dennis* you must fix on,
 And, I'll engage with || *Peggy Dixon*:
 Then, if we once can seize the Key,
 And Chest, that keeps my Lady's Tea,
 They must surrender at Discretion.
 And soon as we have got Possession,
 We'll act as *other* Conqu'rors do;
 Divide the Realm between us two.
 Then, (let me see) we'll make the Knight
 Our Clerk, for he can read and write;
 But, must not think; I tell him that,
 Like ¶ *Lorimer*, to wear his Hat.
 Yet, when we dine without a Friend,
 We'll place him at the lower End.

* *The Butler.*

¶ *The Agent.*

|| *The House-keeper.*

Madam

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Vol.

Madam, whose Skill does all in Dress lye,
 May serve to wait on Mrs. *Leslie*:
 But, lest it might not be so proper,
 That her own Maid should overtop her;
 To mortify the *Creature* more,
 We'll take her Heels five Inches lower.

FOR *Hannab*; when we have no need of her:
 'Twill be our Int'rest to get rid of her;
 And when we execute our Plot,
 'Tis best to hang her on the Spot;
 As all your Politicians wise
 Dispatch the Rogues by whom they rise,

*The Description of an Irish-Feast, translated
 almost literally out of the Original Irish.*

Translated in the YEAR, 1720.

O *ROURK*'s noble Fare
 Will ne'er be forgot,
 By those who were there,
 Or those who were not.
 His Revels to keep,
 We sup and we dine,
 On seven Score Sheep,
 Fat Bullocks and Swine.

Ufquabaugh to our Feast
 In Pails was brought up,
 An Hundred at least,
 And a † Madder our Cup.
 O there is the Sport,
 We rise with the Light,
 In disorderly Sort,
 From snoring all Night.
 Oh how was I trick't,
 My Pipe it was broke,
 My Pocket was pick't,
 I lost my new Cloak.
 I'm rifled, quoth *Nell*,
 Of Mantle and § Kercher,
 Why then fare them well,
 The De'el take the Searcher.
 Come, Harper, strike up,
 But first by your Favour,
 Boy, give us a Cup;
 Ay, this has some Savour:
 O *Rourk's* jolly Boys
 Ne'er dream't of the Matter,
 Till rowz'd by the Noise,
 And musical Clatter.
 They bounce from their Nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready drest,
 Without one *Ave Mary*.

 † *Wooden Vessel.*

 § *Handkerchief.*

They

They dance in a Round,
 Cutting Capers and Ramping,
 A Mercy the Ground
 Did not burst with their Ramping,
 The Floor is all wet
 With Leaps and with Jumps,
 While the Water and Sweat,
 Splish, splash in their Pumps.
 Bless you late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin.

By my Hand, you dance rarely,
 * *Margery Grinagin.*

Bring Straw for our Bed,
 Shake it down to the Feet,
 Then over us spread,
 The winnowing Sheet.

To show, I don't flinch,
 Fill the Bowl up again,
 Then give us a Pinch
 Of your Sneezing; † *a Yeau.*

Good Lord, what a Sight,
 After all their good Cheer,
 For People to fight

In the Midst of their Beer:
 They rise from their Feast,
 And hot are their Brains,
 A Cubit at least
 The Length of their ‡ Skeans.

* *The Name of an Irish Woman.*

† *Another Irish Name for a Woman.*

‡ *Daggers, or short Swords.*

What Stabs and what Cuts,
 What clatt'ring of Sticks,
 What Strokes on the Guts,
 What Bastings and Kicks!
 With Cudgels of Oak,
 Well harden'd in Flame,
 An hundred Heads broke,
 An hundred struck lame.
 You Churle, I'll maintain
 My Father built *Lusk*,
 The Castle of *Slane*,
 And *Carrickdrumrusk* :
 The Earl of *Kildare*,
 And *Moynalta*, his Brother,
 As great as they are,
 I was nurs'd by their Mother.
 Ask that of old *Madam*,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as *Adam*,
 She knows it is true;
 Come down with that Beam,
 If Cudgels are scarce,
 A Blow on the Weam,
 Or a Kick on the A—se.

On

On Stephen Duck, the Thresher, and favourite Poet.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the Year 1730.

THE Thresher Duck, could o'er the Q——
prevail,

The Proverb says; *No Fence against a Flayl.*
From *threshing* Corn, he turns to *thresh* his Brains;
For which Her M——y allows him *Grains.*
Though 'tis confess't that those who ever saw
His Poems, think them all not worth a *Straw.*
Thrice happy *Duck*, employ'd in threshing *Stubble* I,
Thy Toil is lessen'd, and thy Profits, double.

*A Panegyrick on the D——n, in the Person
of a Lady in the North.*

Written in the Year 1730.

RESOLV'D my Gratitude to show,
Thrice Rev'rend D——n for all I owe;
Too long I have my Thanks delay'd;
Your Favours left too long unpay'd;
But now in all our Sexes Name,
My artless Muse shall sing your Fame.

INDULGENT you to Female Kind,
To all their weaker Sides are blind;

Nine more such Champions as the D——n,
 Would soon restore our antient Reign.
 How well to win the Ladies Hearts,
 You celebrate their Wit and Parts!
 How have I felt my Spirits rais'd,
 By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
 Transform'd by your convincing Tongue
 To witty, beautiful, and young.
 I hope to quit that awkward Shame
 Affected by each vulgar Dame;
 To Modesty a weak Pretence;
 And soon grow pert on Men of Sense;
 To show my Face with scornful Air;
 Let others match it if they dare.

IMPATIENT to be out of Debt,
 O, may I never once forget
 The Bard, who humbly deigns to chuse
 Me for the Subject of his Muse.
 Behind my Back, before my Nose,
 He sounds my Praise in Verse and Prose.

My Heart with Emulation burns
 To make you suitable Returns;
 My Gratitude the World shall know:
 And, see, the Printer's Boy below:
 Ye Hawkers all, your Voices lift;
 A Panegyrick on D——n S——.
 And then to mend the Matter still;
 By Lady Anne of * Market-Hill.

* A Village near Sir A—— A——'s House,
 where the Author passed two Summers.

I THUS begin. My grateful Muse
 Salutes the D——n in diff'rent Views;
 D——n, Butler, Usher, Jester, Tutor;
 † Robert and Darby's Coadjutor:
 And, as you in Commission sit,
 To rule the Dairy next to † Kit.

IN each Capacity I mean
 To sing your Praise. And, first as D——n:
 Envy must own, you understand your
 Precedence, and support your Grandeur:
 Nor, of your Rank will bate an Ace,
 Except to give D——n D——/ place.
 In you such Dignity appears;
 So suited to your State, and Years!
 With Ladies what a strict Decorum!
 With what Devotion you adore 'um!
 Treat me with so much Complaisance,
 As fits a Princess in Romance.
 By your Example and Assistance,
 The Fellows learn to know their Distance:
 Sir A——r, since you set the Pattern,
 No longer calls me *Snipe* and *Slattern*;
 Nor dares he though he were a Duke,
 Offend me with the least Rebuke.

PROCEED we to your * preaching next:
 How nice you split the hardest Text!
 How your superior Learning shines
 Above our neighb'ring dull Divines!

† The Names of two Overseers.

† My Lady's Footman.

* The Author preached but once while he was there.

At Beggar's-Op'ra not so full Pit
Is seen, as when you mount our Pulpit.

CONSIDER now your Conversation ;
Regardful of your Age and Station,
You ne'er was known, by Passion stir'd,
To give the least offensive Word ;
But still, whene'er you Silence break,
Watch ev'ry Syllable you speak :
Your Style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then, a Parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from Head to Heel ;
So fine a Gown, a Band so clean,
As well become St. P——k's D——n ;
Such reverential Awe express,
That Cow-boys know you by your Dress !
Then, if our neighb'ring Friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear !
With such Address, and graceful Port,
As clearly shows you bred at Court !

Now raise your Spirits, Mr. D——n :
I lead you to a nobler Scene ;
When to the Vault you walk in State,
In Quality of * Butler's Mate :
You, next to *Dennis* bear the Sway :
To you we often trust the Key :
Nor, can he judge with all his Art
So well, what Bottle holds a Quart :
What Pints may best for Bottles pass,
Just to give ev'ry Man his Glas :

* He sometimes used to direct the Butler.

When

When proper to produce the best;
 And, what may serve a common Guest.
 With ¶ *Dennis* you did ne'er combine,
 Not you, to steal your Master's Wine;
 Except a Bottle now and then,
 To welcome *Brother* Serving-men;
 But, that is with a good Design,
 To drink Sir *A—r's* Health and mine:
 Your Master's Honour to maintain;
 And get the like Returns again.

Your † *Usher's* Post must next be handled:
 How blest't am I by such a Man led!
 Under whose wise and careful Guardship,
 I now despise Fatigue and Hardship:
 Familiar grown to Dirt and Wet,
 Though daggled round, I scorn to fret:
 From you my Chamber-Damsels learn
 My broken Hose to patch and dearn.

Now, as a Jester, I accost you;
 Which never yet one Friend has lost you.
 You judge so nicely to a Hair,
 How far to go, and when to spare:
 By long Experience grown so wise,
 Of ev'ry Taste to know the Size;
 There's none so ignorant or weak
 * To take Offence at what you speak.
 Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a Case;
 Whether with *Dermot*, or *His Grace*;

¶ *The Butler.*

† *He sometimes used to walk with the Lady.*

* *The neighbouring Ladies were no great Understand-
 ers of Raillery.*

With

With *Teague O'Murphy*, or an Earl;
 A Dutchess or a Kitchen Girl.
 With such Dexterity you fit
 Their sev'ral Talents to your Wit,
 That *Moll* the Chamber-maid can smooke,
 And *Gaghagan* take ev'ry Joke.

I NOW become your humble Suitor,
 To let me praise you as my † Tutor.
 Poor I, a Savage bred and born,
 By you instructed ev'ry Morn,
 Already have improv'd so well,
 That I have almost learn't to spell:
 The Neighbours who come here to dine,
 Admire to hear me speak so *fine*.
 How enviously the Ladies look,
 When they surprize me at my Book!
 And, sure as they're alive, at Night;
 As soon as gone, will show their Spight:
 Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
 Conversing with that rusty D—n!
 She's grown so nice, and so * *penurious*,
 With *Socrates* and *Epicurius*.
 How could she fit the live-long Day;
 Yet never ask us once to play?

BUT, I admire your Patience most;
 That, when I'm duller than a Post,

† In bad Weather the Author used to direct my Lady
 in her Reading.

* Ignorant Ladies often mistake the Word *Penurious*
 for nice, and dainty.

NO

Nor can the plainest Word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling Child.
So gentle is your whole Proceeding,
That I could spend my Life in reading.

You merit new Employments daily :
Our Thatcher, Ditcher, Gard'ner, Baily.
And, to a Genius so extensive,
No Work is grievous or offensive.
Whether, your fruitful Fancy lies
To make for Pigs convenient Styes :
Or, ponder long with anxious Thought,
To banish Rats that haunt our Vault.
Nor have you grumbled, rev'rend D——n,
To keep our Poultry sweet and clean ;
To sweep the Mansion-house they dwell in ;
And cure the rank unfav'ry Smelling.

Now, enter as the Dairy Hand-maid :
Such charming * Butter never Man made.
Let others with Fanatick Face,
Talk of their Milk for Babes of Grace ;
From Tubs their snuffling Nonsense utter :
Thy Milk shall make us Tubs of Butter.
The Bishop with his Foot may burn it ;
But, with his Hand, the D——n can churn it.
How are the Servants overjoy'd
To see thy D——nship thus employ'd !

* A Way of making Butter for Breakfast, by filling
a Bottle with Cream, and shaking it till the Butter comes.

Instead,

Instead of poring on a Book,
 Providing Butter for the Cook.
 Three Morning-Hours you tofs and shake
 The Bottle, till your Fingers ake :
 Hard is the Toil, nor small the Art,
 The Butter from the Whey to part :
 Behold ; a frothy Substance rise ;
 Be cautious, or your Bottle flies.
 The Butter comes ; our Fears are ceas't ;
 And, out you squeeze an Ounce at least.

YOUR Rev'rence thus, with like Success,
 Nor is your Skill, or Labour less,
 When bent upon some smart Lampoon,
 You tofs and turn your Brain till Noon ;
 Which, in its Jumbings round the Skull,
 Dilates, and makes the Vessel full ;
 While nothing comes but Froth at first,
 You think your giddy Head will burst :
 But, squeezing out four Lines in Rhime,
 Are largely paid for all your time.

BUT, you have rais'd your gen'rous Mind
 To Works of more exalted Kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
 The Grandeur or the Art of Building.
 Two Temples of magnifick Size,
 Attract the curious Trav'lers Eyes,
 That might be envy'd by the *Greeks* ;
 Rais'd up by you in twenty Weeks :
 Here, gentle Goddess *Cloacine*
 Receives all Off'rings at her Shrine :
 In sep'rate Cells the He's and She's
 Here pay their Vows with bended Knees :

(For,

(For, 'tis prophane when Sexes mingle;
And ev'ry Nymph must enter fingle;
And when she feels an *inward Motion*,
Comes fill'd with *Rev'rence* and *Devotion*.)

The bashful Maid, to hide her Blush,
Shall creep no more behind a Bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who shall say, to *pluck a Rose*.

YE who frequent this hallow'd Scene,
Be not ungrateful to the D-n:
But, duly e'er you leave your Station,
Offer to him a pure Libation;
Or, of his own, or * *Smedly's Lay*,
Or Billet-doux, or Lock of Hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted Thumb.

YET, when your lofty Domes I praise,
I sigh to think of antient Days.
Permit me then to raise my Style,
And sweetly moralize a while.

THEE bounteous Goddess *Cloacine*,
To Temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open Air to breath;
Why are thine Altars fix'd beneath?

WHEN *Saturn* rul'd the Skies alone,
That golden Age, to Gold unknown;
This earthly Globe to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the Gifts of all Mankind.
Ten thousand Altars, *smoking* round
Were built to thee, with Off'rings crown'd:

And

• See his Character hereafter.]

And here thy daily Vot'ries plac'd
 Their Sacrifice with Zeal and Haste:
 The Margin of a purling Stream,
 Sent up to thee a grateful Steam.
 (Though sometimes thou wer't pleas'd to wink,
 If *Nayads* swept them from the Brink)
 Or, where appointing Lovers rove,
 The Shelter of a shady Grove:
 Or, offer'd in some flow'ry Vale,
 Were wafted by a gentle Gale.
 There, many a Flow'r absterfivè grew,
 Thy fav'rite Flow'rs of yellow Hue;
 The Crocus and the Daffodil,
 The Cowslip soft, and sweet Jonquil.

BUT, when at last usurping *Jove*
 Old *Saturn* from his Empire drove;
 Then *Gluttony* with greasy Paws,
 Her Napkin pinn'd up to her Jaws,
 With wat'ry Chaps, and wagging Chin,
 Brac'd like a Drum her oily Skin;
 Wedg'd in a spacious elbow Chair,
 And on her Plate a treble Share,
 As if she ne'er could have enough;
 Taught harmless Man to cram and stuff.
 She sent her Priests in wooden Shoes
 From haughty *Gaul* to make Ragous.
 Instead of wholesome Bread and Cheese,
 To dress their Soupes and Fricassies;
 And for our home-bred *British* Chear,
 Botargo, Catsup, and Caveer.

THIS bloated Harpy, sprung from Hell,
 Confin'd thee, Goddess, to a Cell:

Sprung

Sprung from her Womb that impious Line,
Contemners of thy Rites divine.

First, lolling *Sloth* in Woollen Cap,

Taking her After-dinner Nap:

Pale *Dropsy* with a fallow Face,

Her Belly burst, and slow her Pace:

And, lordly *Gout* wrapt up in Furr,

And, wheezing *Asthma*, loth to stir:

Voluptuous *Ease*, the Child of *Wealth*,

Infesting thus our Hearts by *Steakh*:

None seek thee now in open Air;

To thee no verdant Altars rear;

But, in their Cells and Vaults obscene,

Present a Sacrifice unclean;

From whence unsav'ry Vapours rose,

Offensive to thy nicer Nose.

Ah! who in our degen'rate Days

As Nature prompts, his Off'ring pays?

Here, Nature never Diff'rence made

Between the Scepter and the Spade.

YE Great ones, why will ye disdain

To pay your Tribute on the Plain?

Why well you place in lazy Pride

Your Altars near your Couches Side?

* When from the homeliest Earthen Ware

Are sent up Off'rings more sincere

Than where the haughty Dutchess locks

Her Silver Vase in Cedar-Box.

YET, some Devotion still remains

Among our harmless Northern Swains;

Whose

* *Vide* Virgil and Lucretius.

Whose Off'rings plac'd in golden Ranks,
 Adorn our chrystal Rivers Banks :
 Nor seldom grace the flow'ry Downs,
 With spiral Tops and Copple-Crowns :
 Or gilding in a sunny Morn
 The humble Branches of a Thorn.
 (So Poets sing, with * golden Bough
 The Trojan Hero paid his Vow.)

HITHER by luckless Error led,
 The crude Consistence oft I tread.
 Here, when my Shoes are out of Case,
 Unweeting gild the tarnish'd Lace:
 Here, by the sacred Bramble ting'd,
 My Petticoat is doubly fring'd.

BE Witness for me, Nymph divine,
 I never robb'd thee with Design :
 Nor will the zealous *Hannah* pout,
 To wash thy injur'd Off'rings out.

BUT, stop ambitious Muse, in time :
 Nor dwell on Subjects too sublime.
 In vain on lofty Heels I tread,
 Aspiring to exalt my Head :
 With Hoop expanded wide and light,
 In vain I tempt too high a Flight.

Me † *Pæbus* in a midnight † Dream
 Accosting ; said, † *Go shake your Cream.*
 Be humbly minded ; know your Post ;
 Sweeten your Tea, and watch your Toast.

Thee.

* Virg. lib. 6. † *Cynthia aurem vellit.* Hor.
 † *Cum somnia vera.* Hor.
 † *In the Bottle to make Butter.*

Thee best befits a lowly Style:
 Teach *Dennis* how to stir the Guile:
 With * *Peggy Dixon* thoughtful fit,
 Contriving for the Pot and Spit,
 Take down thy proudly swelling Sails,
 And rub thy Teeth, and pare thy Nails.
 At nicely carving show thy Wit;
 But ne'er presume to eat a Bit:
 Turn ev'ry Way thy watchful Eye;
 And ev'ry Guest be sure to ply;
 Let never at your Board be known
 An empty Plate except your own.
 † Be these thy Arts; nor higher aim
 Than what befits a rural Dame.

BUT, *Cloacina*, Goddess bright,
 Sleek ——— claims her as his Right:
 And † *Smedley*, Flow'r of all Divines,
 Shall sing the D--n in *Smedley's Lines*.

* *Mrs. Dixon the Housekeeper.*

† *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* Virg.

† *A very stupid, insolent, fatigued, deformed, conceited Parson; a vile Pretender to Poetry, preferred by the D. of Grafton for his Wit.*

The Lady's Dressing Room.

Written in the YEAR 1730.

FIVE Hours, (and who can do it less in?)
 By haughty *Calia* spent in Dressing;
 The

The Goddess from her Chamber issues,
 Array'd in Lace, Brocade and Tissues:
Strephon, who found the Room was void,
 And *Betty* otherwise employ'd,
 Stole in, and took a strict Survey
 Of all the Litter, as it lay:
 Whereof, to make the Matter clear,
 An *Inventory* follows here.

AND first, a dirty Smock appear'd,
 Beneath the Arm-pits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the Rogue, display'd it wide,
 And turn'd it round on ev'ry Side:
 In such a Case, few Words are best,
 And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest:
 But swears how damnably the Men lye,
 In calling *Calia* sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
 The various Combs for various Uses;
 Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,
 No Brush cou'd force a Way betwixt;
 A Paste of Composition rare,
 Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair.
 A Forehead-Cloth with Oil upon't,
 To smoothe the Wrinkles on her Front:
 Here, Alum Flour to stop the Steams,
 Exhal'd from sour unsav'ry Streams;
 There, Night-Gloves made of *Tripsey's* Hide,
 Bequeath'd by *Tripsey* when she dy'd;
 With Puppy-Water, Beauty's Help,
 Distill'd from *Tripsey's* darling Whelp,
 Here Gally-pots and Vials plac'd,
 Some fill'd with Washes, some with Baste:

Some

Some with Pomatums, Paints, and Slops,
 And Ointments good for scabby Chops,
 Hard by, a filthy Bason stands,
 Foul'd with the scow'ring of her Hands;
 The Bason takes whatever comes,
 The Scrapings from her Teeth and Gums,
 A nasty Compound of all Hues,
 For here she spits, and here she spues.

BUT O! it turn'd poor *Strepbon's* Bowels;
 When he beheld and smelt the Towels;
 Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd;
 With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd.
 No Object *Strepbon's* Eye escapes;
 Here, Petticoats in frowzy Heaps,
 Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,
 All varnish'd o'er with Snuff and Snot.
 The Stockings why should I expose,
 Stain'd with the Moisture of her Toes;
 Or greasy Coifs, and Pinner's reeking,
 Which *Celia* slept at least a Week in,
 A Pair of Tweezers next he found,
 To pluck her Brows in Arches round,
 Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,
 Or on her Chin like Bristles-grow.

THE Virtues we must not let pass
 Of *Celia's* magnifying Glass:
 When frighted *Strepbon* cast his Eye on't,
 It shew'd the Visage of a Giant:
 A Glass that can to Sight disclose
 The smallest Worm in *Celia's* Nose,
 And faithfully direct her Nail,
 To squeeze it out from Head to Tail;

For, catch it nicely by the Head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

WHY, *Strephon*, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the Chest?
That careless Wench! No Creature warn her,
To move it out from yonder Corner,
But leave it standing full in Sight,
For you to exercise your Spight!
In vain the Workman shew'd his Wit,
With Rings and Hinges counterfeited,
To make it seem in this Disguise,
A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes;
Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go thro' *thick and thin*,
He lifts the Lid: There need no more,
He smelt it all the Time before.

As, from within *Pandora's* Box,
When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,
A sudden universal Crew
Of human Evils upward flew;
He still was comforted to find,
That *Hope* at last remain'd behind.

So, *Strephon*, lifting up the Lid,
To view what in the Chest was hid,
The Vapours flew from out the Vent;
But, *Strephon*, cautious, never meant
The Bottom of the *Pan* to grope,
And foul his Hands in search of *Hope*.

O! ne'er may such a vile Machine
Be once in *Cælia's* Chamber seen!

O! may she better learn to keep
Those *Secrets of the hoary Deep*! *

As Mutton-Cutlets, † *prime of Meat*,
Which, tho' with Art you salt and beat,
As Laws of Cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest Fire;
If from ‡ *adown* the hopeful Chops,
The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
To stinking Smoke it turns the Flame,
Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greazy Stench,
For which you curse the careless Wench:
So, Things which must not be exprest,
When *plumpt* into the reeking Chest,
Send up an excremental Smell,
To taint the Parts from whence they fell;
The Petticoats and Gown perfume,
And waft a Stink round ev'ry Room.

Thus finishing his grand Survey,
The Swain disgusted flunk away.
Repeating in his am'rous Fits,
Oh! *Celia, Celia, Celia* sh—

BUT *Vengeante*, Gooddeffs, never sleeping,
Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his peeping.
His foul Imagination links
Each Dame he sees with all her Stinks;
And, if unsavoury Odours fly,
Conceives a Lady standing by.
All Women his Description fits,
And both Ideas jump like Wits,

By

* Milton.

† *Prima Virorum.*

‡ *Vide D---n D---s Works, and N P---y's*

By vicious Fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in *Contrast*.

I PITY wretched *Strephon*, blind
To all the Charms of Woman-kind.
Should I the *Queen of Love* refuse,
Because she rose from stinking Ooze?
To him that looks behind the Scene,
Statira's but some pocky Quean.

WHEN *Cælia* all her Glory shows,
If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams;
Her Washes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,
With which he makes so foul a Rout;
He soon would learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd Eyes to see
Such Order from Confusion sprung,
Such gaudy *Tulips* rais'd from *Dung*.

*The Power of TIME.**

Written in the Year 1730.

IF neither Brass, nor Marble, can withstand
The mortal Force of *Time's* destructive Hand:
If Mountains sink to Vales, if Cities die,
And less'ning Rivers mourn their Fountains dry:
When my old Cassock, said a *Welch* Divine,
Is out at Elbows; why should I repine?

* Scarron bath a larger Poem on the same Subject.

DEATH

DEATH and DAPHNE.

To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean.

Written in the Year 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn Day,
At *Pluto's* Hall, his Court to pay:
The Phantom, having humbly kiss'd
His grieved Monarch's sooty Fift.
Presented him the Weekly Bills
Of Doctors, Fevers, Plagues, and Pills:
Pluto observing, since the Peace,
The Burial Article decrease;
And, vex'd to see Affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in Council, *Death* must marry:
Yow'd, he no longer could support
Old Batchelors about his Court:
The Int'rest of his Realm had need
That *Death* should get a num'rous Breed;
Young *Deathlings*, who, by Practice made
Proficient in their Father's Trade,
With Colonies might stock around
His large Dominions under Ground.

A CONSULT of Coquets below
Was call'd, to rig him out a Beau:
From her own Head, *Megara* takes
A Perriwig of twisted Snakes;

Which

Which in the nicest Fashion curl'd,
 Like * *Toupets* of this upper World;
 With Flour of Sulphur powder'd well,
 That graceful on his Shoulders fell)
 An Adder of the fable Kind, §
 In Line direct, hung d own behind,
 The Owl, the Raven, and the Bat,
 Club'd for a Feather to his Hat;
 His Coat, an Us'ers Velvet Pall,
 Bequeath'd to *Pluto*, Corps and all.
 But, loth his Person to expose
 Bare, like a Carcase pick'd by Crows,
 A Lawyer o'er his Hands and Face,
 Stuck artfully a Parchment Case.
 No new-flux'd Rake shew'd fairer Skin;
 Not *Phyllis* after lying-in.
 With Snuff was fill'd his Ebon-Box,
 Of Shin-Bones rotted by the Pox.
 Nine Spirits of blaspheming Fops,
 With Aconite anoint his Chops:
 And give him Words of dreadful Sounds,
 G-- d---n his Blood, and Bl--- and W---ds.

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his Train
 To take a House in *Warwick-Lane*:
 The *Faculty*, his humble Friends,
 A complimental Message sends:
 Their President in scarlet Gown,
 Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to Town.

But,

* *The Perriwigs now in Fashion are so called.*

BUT, *Death* had Bus'ness to dispatch :
 His Mind was running on his Match.
 And, hearing much of *Daphne's* Fame,
 His *Majesty of Terrors* came,
 Fine as a Col'nel of the Guards,
 To visit where she sat at Cards:
 She, as he came into the Room,
 Thought him *Adonis* in his Bloom.
 And now her Heart with Pleasure jumps,
 She scare remembers what is Trumps.
 For, such a Shape of Skin and Bone
 Was never seen, except her own :
 Charm'd with his Eyes, and Chin, and Snout,
 Her Pocket-Glass drew slyly out ;
 And, grew enamour'd with her Phiz,
 As just the Counter-Part of his.
 She darted many a private Glance,
 And freely made the first Advance :
 Was of her Beauty grown so vain,
 She doubted not to win the *Swain*.
 Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
 Than with her Wit to entertain him,
 She ask't about her Friends below ;
 This meagre Fop, that batter'd Beau :
 Whether some late departed Toasts
 Had got Gallants among the Ghosts ?
 If *Chloe* were a Sharper still,
 As great as ever, at Quadrille ?
 (The Ladies there must needs be Rooks,
 For, Cards we know, are *Pluto's* Books)
 If *Florimel* had found her Love
 For whom she hang'd herself above ?

How oft a Week was kept a Ball
 By *Proserpine*, at *Pluto's* Hall?
 She fancy'd, those *Elysian* Shades
 The sweetest Place for *Maskerades*:
 How pleasant on the Banks of *Styx*,
 To troll it in a Coach and Six!

WHAT Pride a Female Heart enflames!
 How endless are Ambition's Aims!
 Cease haughty Nymph; the Fates decree
 Death must not be a Spouse for thee:
 For, when by chance the meagre Shade
 Upon thy Hand his Finger laid;
 Thy Hand as dry and cold as Lead,
 His matrimonial Spirit fled;
 He felt about his Heart a Damp,
 That quite extinguisht *Cupid's* Lamp:
 Away the frighted Spectre scuds,
 And leaves my Lady in the Suds.

TO BETTY the Grizette:

Written in the Year 1730.

QUEEN of Wit and Beauty, *Betty*,
 Never may the Muse forget ye:
 How thy Face charms ev'ry Shepherd,
 Spotted over like a Le'pard!
 And, thy freckled Neck display'd,
 Envy breeds in ev'ry Maid.

Like

Like a Fly-blown Cake of Tallow,
Or, on Parchment, Ink turn'd yellow:
Or, a tawny speckled Pippin,
Shrivel'd with a Winter's keeping.

AND, thy Beauty thus dispatch't ;
Let me praise thy Wit unmatch't.

SETS of Phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy Tongue supply.
And, thy Memory is loaded
With old Scraps from Plays exploded.
Stock't with Repartees and Jokes,
Suited to all Christian Fokes:
Shreds of Wit, and senseless Rhimes,
Blunder'd out a thousand Times.
Nor, wilt thou of Gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,
Picking Wit among Collections,
In the Play-House upper Regions;
Where, in Eighteen-penny Gall'ry,
Irish Nymphs learn *Irish* Raillery:
But, thy Merit is thy Failing,
And, thy Raillery is Railing.

Thus, with Talents well ends'd
To be scurrilous, and rude;
When you pertly raise your Smout,
Fleece, and gibe, and laugh, and flout:
This, among *Hibernian* Asses,
For sheer Wit, and Humour passes!
Thus, indulgent *Chloe* bit,
Swears you have a World of Wit.

The Place of the Damn'd.

Written in the Year 1731.

A L L Folks, who pretend to *Religion* and *Grace*,
 Allow there's a *HELL*, but dispute of the *Place*;
 But if *HELL* may by Logical Rules be defin'd
 The Place of the Damn'd,——I'll tell you my Mind.

WHEREVER the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
 Most certainly there is *HELL* to be found;
 Damn'd *Poets*, Damn'd *Criticks*, Damn'd *Blockheads*,
 Damn'd *Knaves*,
 Damn'd *Senators* brib'd, Damn'd prostitute *Slaves*;
 Damn'd *Lawyers* and *Judges*, Damn'd *Lords* and
 Damn'd *Squires*,
 Damn'd *Spies* and *Informers*, Damn'd *Friends* and
 Damn'd *Lyars*;
 Damn'd *Villains* corrupted in every *Station*;
 Damn'd *Time-Serving Priests* all over the *Nation*.
 And into the Bargain, I'll readily give you,
 Damn'd ignorant *Prelates*, and *Counsellors* *privy*.
 Then let us no longer by *Parsons* be Flamm'd,
 For We know by these *Marks*, the Place of the
 Damn'd:
 And *HELL* to be sure is at *Paris* or *Rome*,
 How happy for *Us*, that it is not at *Home*!

APOLLO:

APOLLO: Or, a PROBLEM solved

Written in the Year 1731.

APOLLO, God of Light and Wit,
Could Verse inspire, but seldom writ:
Refin'd all Metals with his Looks,
As well as Chymists by their Books:
As handsome as my Lady's Page;
Sweet Five and Twenty was his Age.
His Wig was made of sunny Rays,
He crown'd his youthful Head with Bays:
Not all the Court of Heav'n could shew
So nice and so compleat a Beau.
No Hair, upon his first Appearance,
With Twenty Thousand Pounds a Year Rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his Land,
So fine a Coach along the Strand;
The Spokes, we are by *Ovid* told,
Were Silver, and the Axel Gold.
(I own, 'twas but a Coach and Four,
For *Jupiter* allows no more.)

YET, with his Beauty, Wealth, and Parts,
Enough to win ten Thousand Hearts;
No vulgar Deity above
Was so unfortunate in Love.

THREE weighty Causes were assign'd,
 That mov'd the Nymphs to be unkind.
 Nine Muses always waiting round him,
 He left them Virgins as he found 'em.
 His Singing was another Fault;
 For he could reach to *B.* in *alt*:
 And, by the Sentiments of *Pliny*,
 Such Singers are like † *Nicolini*.
 At last, the Point was fully clear'd;
 In short; *Apollo* had no Beard.

† *A famous Italian Singer.*

*The Author having been told by an intimate Friend,
 that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay
 to inspect the Accounts and Management of his Grace's
 Receivers and Stewards, (which, however, proved
 afterwards to be a Mistake) writ to Mr. Gay the
 following Poem.*

Written in the Year 1731.

HOW could you, *Gay*, disgrace the Muses Train,
 To serve a tasteless C——t, twelve Years in vain?
 Fain would I think, our † *Female Friend* sincere,
 Till B——, the Poet's Foe, possess't her Ear.
 Did Female Virtue e'er so high ascend,
 To lose an Inch of Favour for a Friend?

† *Mrs. H——ld, now C——s of S——rk.*

S A Y

SAY, had the Court no better Place to chuse
For thee, than make a dry Nurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy Liberty been sold,
To squire a Royal Girl of two Years old!
In Leading-strings her Infant-steps to guide:
Or, with her Go-Cart, amble Side by Side.

BUT * princely *Douglas*, and his glorious Dame,
Advanc'd thy Fortune, and preserv'd thy Fame.
Nor, will your nobler Gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your Patron's Treasure you preside.
The World shall own, his Choice was wise and just,
For, Sons of *Phœbus* never break their Trust.

NOT Love of Beauty less the Heart inflames
Of Guardian Eunuchs to the *Sultan* Dames,
Their Passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of Poets to the *Lust* of Gold.
With *Pæan*'s purest Fire his Favourites glow;
The Dregs will serve to ripen Ore below;
His meanest Work: For, had he thought it fit,
That, Wealth should be the Appenage of Wit,
The God of *Light* could ne'er have been so blind,
To deal it to the worst of Human-kind.

BUT let me now, for I can do it well,
Your Conduct in this new Employ foretell.

AND first: To make my Observation right,
I place a ST* * * * AN full before my Sight.
A bloated M—— in all his Geer,
With shameless Visage, and perfidious Leer.
Two Rows of Teeth arm each devouring Jaw;
And, *Ostrich-like*, his all digesting Maw.

* *The Duke of Queensberry.*

My Fancy drags this *Monster* to my View,
To show the World his chief Reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning Sounds, a rapid Flood
Rolls from his Mouth in plenteous Streams of Mud;
With these, the C—t and S—te-house he plies,
Made up of Noise, and Impudence, and Lies.

Now, let me shew how B— and you agree,
You serve a * *potent Prince*, as well as He.
The *Ducal* Coffers, trusted to your Charge,
Your honest Care may fill; perhaps enlarge.
His Vassals easy, and the Owner blest;
They pay a Trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a Nation's Revenues are paid:
The Servants Faults are on the Master laid.
The People with a Sigh their Taxes bring;
And cursing B—, forget to bless —

NEXT, hearken Gay, to what thy Charge requires,
With *Servants*, *Tenants*, and the neighb'ring *Squires*.
Let all *Domesticks* feel your gentle Sway:
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.
Let due Reward to Merit be allow'd;
Nor, with your *KINDRED half the Palace crowd*.
Nor, think your self secure in doing wrong,
By telling *Noses with a Party strong*.

BE rich; but of your Wealth make no Parade;
At least, *before your Master's Debts are paid*.
Nor, in a *Palace built with Charge immense*,
Presume to treat him at his own Expence.
Each Farmer in the Neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful Perquisites amount.

* *A Title given to every Duke by the Herald.*

The

The Tenants poor, the Hardness of the Times,
 Are ill Excuses for a Servant's Crimes:
 With Int'rest, and a *Præmium* paid beside,
 The Master's pressing Wants must be supply'd;
 With hasty Zeal, behold, the Steward come,
 By his own Credit to advance the Sum;
 Who, while *th' unrighteous Mammon* is his Friend,
 May well conclude his Pow'r will never end.
 A faithful Treas'rer! What could he do more?
He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.

THE Law so strictly guards the Monarch's Health,
 That no Physician dares prescribe by Stealth:
 The Council sit; approve the Doctor's Skill;
 And give Advice before he gives the Pill.
 But, the *State-Emp'ric* acts a safer Part;
 And while he *poisons*, wins the Royal Heart.

BUT, how can I describe the rav'nous Breed?
 Then, let me now by Negatives proceed.

SUPPOSE your Lord a trusty Servant send,
 On weighty Bus'ness, to some neighb'ring Friend:
 Presume not, *Gay*, unless you serve a Drone,
 To countermand his Orders by your own.

SHOULD some *imperious Neighbour* sink the Boats,
 And drain the *Fish-ponds*; while your *Master* doats;
 Shall he upon the *Ducal* Rights intrench,
 Because he brib'd you with a Brace of Tench?

NOR, from your Lord his bad Condition hide;
 To feed his Luxury, or sooth his Pride.
 Nor, at an under Rate his *Timber* sell;
 And, with an Oath, assure him: *all is well.*

Or † *swear it rotten: and with bumble Airs,*
Request it of him to compleat your Stairs.
 Nor when a Mortgage lies on half his Lands,
 Come with a Purse of Guineas in your Hands.

HAVE * *Peter Walters* always in your Mind;
 That Rogue of *genuine ministerial* Kind:
 Can half the Peerage by his Arts bewitch;
 Starve twenty Lords to make one Scoundrel rich:
 And, when he gravely has undone a Score,
 Is humbly pray'd to ruin Twenty more.

A DEXT'ROUS Steward, when his Tricks are found,
 ‡ *Hush-money* sends to all the Neighbours round:
 His Master, unsuspecting of his Pranks,
 Pays all the Cost, and gives the Villain Thanks;
 And, should a Friend attempt to set him right,
 His Lordship would impute it all to Spight:
 Would love his Fav'rite better than before;
 And trust his Honesty just so much more.
 Thus Families, like R——ms, with equal Fate,
 May sink by *premier Ministers of State*,

SOME, when an Heir succeeds; go boldly on,
 And, as they robb'd the Father, rob the Son.
 A Knave, who deep embroils his Lord's Affairs,
 Will soon grow necessary to his Heirs.

† *These Lines are thought to allude to some Story concerning a great Quantity of Mahogany, declared rotten, and then applied by some Body to Wainscots, Stairs, Door-Cases, &c.*

* *He hath practised this Trade for many Years, and still continues it with Success; and after he hath ruined one Lord, is earnestly solicited to take another.*

A Cant Word.

His

His Policy consists in *setting Traps*,
 In finding *Ways and Means*, and *stopping Gaps*:
 He knows a thousand Tricks, whene'er he please,
 Though, not to cure, yet palliate each Disease.
 In either Case, an equal Chance is run:
 For keep, or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
 You want a Hand to clear a filthy Sink;
 No cleanly Workman can endure the Stink.
 A strong Dilemma in a desp'rate Case!
 To act with Infamy, or quit the Place.

A BUNGLER thus, who scarce the Nail can hit,
 With driving wrong, will make the Pannel split:
 Nor, dares an abler Workman undertake
 To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

In ev'ry Court the Parallel will hold;
 And Kings, like private Folks, are bought and sold;
 The ruling Rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd;
 Contrives, as he is *bated*, to be *fear'd*:
Confounds Accounts, perplexes all Affairs;
 For, *Vengeance* more embroils, than *Skill repairs*,
 So, Robbers (and their Ends are just the same)
 To scape Enquiries, leave the House in Flame.

I KNEW a *brazen* Minister of State,
 Who bore for twice ten Years the publick Hate.
 In every Mouth the Question most in Vogue
 Was; *When will THEY turn out this odious Rogue?*
 A Juncture happen'd in his highest Pride:
 While HE went robbing on; *old Master dy'd*.
 We thought, there now remain'd no room to doubt,
His Work is done, the Minister must out.
 The Court invited more than One, or Two
 While you, Sir Sp—r t or, will you, or you?

But,

But, not a Soul his Office durst accept:
 The subtle Knave had all the Plunder swept.
 And such was then the Temper of the Times,
 He ow'd his Preservation to his Crimes.
 The Candidates observ'd his dirty Paws,
 Nor found it difficult to guess the Cause:
 But when they smelt such foul Corruptions round him;
 Away they fled, and left him as they found him.

Thus, when a greedy Sloven once has thrown
 His Snot into the Mess; 'tis all his own.

We found the following Poem printed in Fog's Journal of the 17th of Sept. 1733. It was written in the last Session, and many Copies were taken, but never printed here. The Subject of it is now over; but our Author's known Zeal against that Project made him generally supposed to be the Author. We reprint it just as it lyes in Fog's Journal.

The following Poem is the Product of Ireland; it was occasioned by the B——s of that Kingdom endeavouring to get an Act to divide the Church Livings, which Bill was rejected by the Irish House of Commons. It is said to be written by an honest Curate; the Reader of Taste perhaps, may guess who the Curate could be, that was capable of writing it.

Written in the Year 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
 A B——; who rul'd all the rest of his Tribe;
 And who is this B——? And where does he dwell?
 Why truly, 'tis Satan, Arch-b—— of Hell:

And

And HE was a Primate, and HE wore a Mitre,
 Surrounded with Jewels of Sulphur and Nitre.
 How nearly this B—— our B—— resembles!
 But his has the Odds, who *believes, and who trembles*.
 Cou'd you see his grim *Grace*, for a Pound to a Penny.
 You'd swear it must be the *Baboon* of K——y:
 Poor *Satan* will think the Comparison odious;
 I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
 But this I am sure, the *Most Rev'rend old Dragon*,
 Has got on the Bench many B——s Suffragan:
 And all Men believe he presides there *incog*.
 To give them by Turns an invisible Jog.

OUR B——s puf't up with Wealth and with
 Pride,
 To Hell on the Backs of the Clergy wou'd ride;
 They mounted, and labour'd with Whip and with
 Spur,
 In vain—— for the Devil a Parson wou'd stir.
 So, the *Commons* unhors'd them, and this was their
 Doom,
 On their Crossiers to ride, like a Witch on a Broom.
 Tho' they gallop so fast, on the Road you may find
 'em,
 And have left us but Three out of Twenty behind
 'em,
 Lord B——n's good Grace, Lord C——r, and
 Lord H——d,
 In spite of the Devil would still be untoward.
 They came of good Kindred, and cou'd not endure
 Their former Companions should beg at their Door.
 WHEN CHRIST was betray'd to *Pilate*, the
 Prætor,
 In a Dozen Apostles but one prov'd a Traytor!

One

One Traytor alone, and faithful Eleven ;
But we can afford you Six Traytors in Seven.

WHAT a Clutter with Clippings, Dividings, and
Cleavings!

And the Clergy, forsooth, must take up with their
Leavings,

If making *Divisions* was all their Intent,
They've done it, we thank 'em ; but not as they meant ;
And so may such B——s for ever *divide*,
That no honest Heathen would be on their Side.
How shou'd we rejoice ; if, like *Judas* the first,
Those Splitters of Parsons in sunder shou'd burst ?

Now hear an Allusion ! ——— A Mitre, you
know,

Is divided above, but united below.

If this you consider, our Emblem is right ;

The B——s *divide*, but the Clergy *unite*.

Should the Bottom be split, our B——s would dread,
That the Mitre wou'd never stick fast on their Head.

And yet they have learnt the chief Art of a Sov'reign,
As *Machiavel* taught 'em ; *divide and ye govern*.

But, Courage, my L——ds, tho' it cannot be said,

That one *claven Tongue*, ever sat on your Head ;

I'll hold you a Groat, and I wish I cou'd see't,

If your Stockings were off, you cou'd shew *claven Feet*

But hold, cry the B——s ; and give us fair Play ;

Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.

What truer Affection cou'd ever be shown,

Than saying your Souls, by damning our own ?

And have we not practis'd all Methods to gain you ;

With the Tyth of the Tyth of the Tyth to maintain
you

Provided

Provided a Fund for building you Spittles:
 You are only to live four Years without Vittles!
 Content, my good L—ds: but let us change Hands;
 First take you our Tyths, and give us your Lands.

So God bleſs the Church, and three of our Mitres;
 And God bleſs the Commons for Biting the Biters.

A beautiful young Nymph going to Bed.

Written for the Honour of the Fair Sex, in 1731.

CORINNA, Pride of Drury-Lane,

For whom no Shepherd sighs in vain;

Never did Covent Garden boast

So bright a batter'd, strolling Toast;

No drunken Rake to pick her up,

No Cellar where on Tick to sup;

Returning at the Midnight Hour;

Four Stories climbing to her Bow'r;

Then, seated on a three-leg'd Chair,

Takes off her artificial Hair:

Now, picking out a Chryſtal Eye,

She wipes it clean, and lays it by.

Her Eye-brows from a Mouſe's Hyde,

Stuck on with Art on either Side,

Pulls off with Care, and firſt diſplays 'em,

Then in a Play-book ſmoothly lays 'em.

Now, dex'trouſly her Plumpers draws,

That ſerve to fill her hollow Jaws.

Untwiſts a Wire; and from her Gums

A Set of Teeth compleatly comes.

Full

Pulls out the Rags, contriv'd to prop
 Her flabby Dugs, and down they drop.
 Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess
 Unlaces next her Steel-ribb'd Bodice;
 Which, by the Operator's Skill,
 Prefs down the Lumps, the Hollows fill.
 Up goes her Hand, and off she slips
 The Bolsters that supply her Hips.
 With gentlest Touch, she next explores
 Her Shankers, Issues, running Sores;
 Effects of many a sad Disaster,
 And then to each applies a Plaister.
 But must, before she goes to Bed,
 Rub off the Dawbs of White and Red;
 And smooth the Furrows in her Front,
 With greasy Paper stuck upon't.
 She takes a *Bolus* e'er she sleeps;
 And then between two Blankets creeps.
 With Pains of Love tormented lies;
 Or, if she chance to close her Eyes,
 Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
 And feels the Lash, and faintly Screams;
 Or, by a faithless Bully drawn,
 At some Hedge-Tavern lies in Pawn.
 Or, to *Jamaica* seems transported,
 * Alone, and by no Planter courted.
 Or, near *Fleet-Ditch's* oozy Brinks,
 Surrounded with a Hundred Stinks,
 Belated, seems on Watch to lye,
 And snap some Cully passing by.

* ——— *Et longam incomitata videtur
 Ire viam.* ———

Or,

Or, struck with Fear, her Fancy runs
 On Watchmen, Constables, and Duns,
 From whom she meets with frequent Rubs;
 But never from religious Clubs;
 Whose Favour she is sure to find,
 Because she pays them all in Kind.

CORINNA wakes. A dreadful Sight!
 Behold the Ruins of the Night!
 A wicked Rat her Plaister stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole.
 The Chrystal Eye, alas, was miss't;
 And Puffs had on her Plumpers p—st.
 A Pidgeon pick't her Issue-Peas;
 And *Sbock* her Treffes fill'd with Fleas.

THE Nymyh, though in this mangled Plight,
 Must ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite;
 But, how shall I describe her Arts
 To recollect the scatter'd Parts?
 Or, shew the Anguish, Toyl, and Pain,
 Of gathering up her self again.
 The bashful Muse will never bear,
 In such a Scene to interfere.
Corinna in the Morning dizen'd,
 Who sees will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

Strephon and Cbloë.

Written in the Year 1731.

OF *Cbloë* all the Town has rung;
 By ev'ry Size of Poets sung:

So

So beautiful a Nymph appears
 But once in Twenty Thousand Years.
 By Nature form'd with nicest Care,
 And, faultless to a single Hair;
 Her graceful Mien, her Shape, and Face,
 Confess't her of no mortal Race:
 And then, so nice, and so genteel;
 Such Cleanliness from Head to Heel:
 No Humours gross, or stowzy Steams,
 No noisome Whiffs, or sweaty Streams,
 Before, behind, above, below,
 Could from her taintless Body flow.
 Would so discreetly Things dispose,
 None ever saw her pluck a Rose.
 Her dearest Comrades never caught her
 Squat on her Hams, to make Maid's Water.
 You'd swear, that so divine a Creature
 Felt no Necessities of Nature.
 In Summer, had she walk't the Town,
 Her Arm-pits would not stain her Gown:
 At Country-Dances, not a Nose
 Could in the Dog-Days smell her Toes.
 Her Milk-white Hands, both Palms and Backs,
 Like Iv'ry dry, and soft as Wax.
 Her Hands, the softest ever felt,
 * Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.

DEAR *Venus*, hide this wond'rous Maid,
 Nor let her loose to spoil your Trade.

Though deep, yet clear, &c. Denham.

White

While she engrosseth ev'ry Swain,
You but o'er half the World can reign.
Think what a Case all Men are now in,
What ogling, fighting, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd Wigs! What Flames and Darts!
What Hampers full of bleeding Hearts!
What Sword-knots! What poetick Strains!
What Billet-doux, and clouded Canes!

BUT, *Strepson* sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a Settlement along:
And, bravely drove his Rivals down
With Coach and Six, and House in Town.
The bashful Nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear Papa commands.
The charming Couple now unites;
Proceed we to the Marriage Rites.

IMPRIMIS, at the Temple Porch
Stood *Hymen* with a flaming Torch:
The smiling *Cyprian* Goddess brings
Her infant Loves with purple Wings:
And Pidgeons billing, Sparrows treading,
Fair Emblems of a fruitful Wedding.
The Muses next in Order follow,
Conducted by their Squire, *Apollo*:
Then *Mercury* with Silver Tongue,
And *Hebe*, Goddess ever young.
Behold the Bridegroom and his Bride,
Walk Hand in Hand, and Side by Side;
She by the tender Graces drest,
But, he by *Mars*, in Scarlet Vest.

The Nymph was cover'd with her † *Flammeum*,
 And *Phæbus* sung th' † *Epithalamium*.
 And, last, to make the Matter sure,
 Dame *Juno* brought a Priest demure.

* *Luna* was absent, on Pretence
 Her Time was not till Nine Months hence.

THE Rites perform'd, the Parson paid,
 In State return'd the grand Parade;
 With loud *Huzza's* from all the Boys,
 That, now the Pair must crown their Joys.

BUT, still the hardest Part remains.
Sirephon had long perplex'd his Brains,
 How with so high a Nymph he might
 Demean himself the Wedding-Night:
 For, as he view'd his Person round,
 Meer mortal Flesh was all he found:
 His Hand, his Neck, his Mouth, and Feet
 Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet;
 (With other Parts that shall be nameless,
 The Ladies else might think me shameless.)
 The Weather and his Love were hot;
 And should he struggle; I know what——
 Why let it go, if I must tell it——
 He'll sweat, and then the Nymph may smell it.
 While she a Goddess dy'd in Grain
 Was unsusceptible of Stain:
 And, *Venus*-like, her fragrant Skin
 Exhal'd *Ambrosia* from within:

† *A Veil which the Roman Brides covered themselves with when they were going to be married.*

‡ *A Marriage-Song at Weddings.*

* *Diana, Goddess of Midwives.*

Can

Can such a Deity endure
A mortal human Touch impure?
How did the humbled Swain detest
His prickled Beard, and hairy Breast!
His Night-cap border'd round with Lace
Could give no Softness to his Face.

Yet, if the Goddess could be kind,
What endless Raptures must he find!
And, Goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal Men:
To visit, and to court them too:
A certain Goddess, God knows who,
(As in a Book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel *Peleus* to her Bed
But, what if he should lose his Life
By vent'ring on his heav'nly Wife?
For, *Strepson* could remember well,
That, once he heard a School-boy tell,
How *Semele* of mortal Race,
By Thunder dy'd in *Jove's* Embrace,
And, what if daring *Strepson* dyes
By Lightning shot from *Chloe's* Eyes?

WHILE these Reflections fill'd his Head,
The Bride was put in Form to Bed:
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But, awfully his Distance kept.

Now, Ponder well ye Parents dear;
Forbid your Daughters guzzling Beer:
And, make them ev'ry Afternoon
Forbear their Tea, or drink it soon;
That, e'er to Bed they venture up,
They may discharge it ev'ry Sup;

If

If not; they must in evil Plight
 Be often forc'd to rise at Night,
 Keep them to wholesome Food confin'd,
 Nor let them taste what causes Wind;
 * ('Tis this the Sage of Samos means,
 Forbidding his Disciples Beans)
 O, think what Evils must ensue;
 Miss Moll the Jade will burn it blue:
 And, when she once hath got the Art,
 She cannot help it for her Heart;
 But, out it flies, e'en when she meets
 Her Bridegroom in the Wedding Sheets.
 ¶ *Carminative* and † *Diuretick*,
 Will damp all Passion Sympathetick:
 And, Love such Nicety requires,
 One *Blast* will put out all his Fires.
 Since Husbands get behind the Scene,
 The Wife should study to be clean;
 Nor give the smallest Room to guests
 The Time when Wants of Nature press;
 But, after Marriage, practise more
 Decorum than she did before;
 To keep her Spouse deluded still;
 And make him fancy what she will.

IN Bed we left the married Pair.

'Tis Time to shew how Things went there!

Strephon, who had been often told,

That Fortune still assists the Bold,

* A well known Precept of Pythagoras, not to eat Beans.

¶ Medicines to break Wind.

† Medicines to provoke Urine.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to make his first Attack :
 But, *Chloe* drove him fiercely back.
 How could a Nymph so chaste as *Chloe*,
 With Constitution cold and snowy,
 Permit a brutish Man to touch her;
 Ev'n Lambs by Instinct fly the Butcher:
 Resistance on the Wedding-night
 Is what our Maidens claim by Right :
 And, *Chloe*, 'tis by all agreed,
 Was Maid in Thought, and Word, and Deed:
 Yet, some assign a diff'rent Reason ;
 That *Strepson* chose no proper Season.

SAY, fair Ones, must I make a Pause?
 Or freely tell the secret Cause.

TWELVE Cups of Tea; (with Grief I speak)
 Had now constrain'd the Nymph to leak.
 This Point must needs be settled first:
 The Bride must either void or burst.
 Then, see the dire Effect of Peace,
 Think what can give the Cholick ease.
 The Nymph oppress'd before, behind,
 As Ships are toss'd by Waves and Wind,
 Steals out her Hand, by Nature led,
 And brings a Vessel into Bed :
 Fair Utensil, as smooth and white
 As *Chloe's* Skin, almost as bright.

STREPSON who heard the fuming Rill
 As from a mossy Cliff distill :
 Cry'd out, ye Gods, what Sound is this ?
 Can *Chloe*, heav'nly *Chloe* ——— ?
 But, when he smelt a noysome Steam
 Which oft attends that luke-warm Stream ;

*(Saler

* (*Salerno* both together joins ;
 As sov'reign Med'cines for the Loyns)
 And, though contriv'd, we may suppose
 To slip his Ears, yet struck his Nose:
 He found her, while the Scent increas't,
 As mortal as himself at least.
 But, soon with like Occasions prest,
 He boldly sent his Hand in quest,
 (Inspir'd with Courage from his Bride.)
 To reach the Pot on t'other Side.
 And as he fill'd the reeking Vase,
 Let fly a Rouzer in her Face.

THE little Cupids hov'ring round,
 (As Pictures prove) with Garlands crown'd,
 Abash't at what they saw and heard,
 Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

ADIEU to ravishing Delights,
 High Raptures, and romantick Flights;
 To Goddesses so heav'nly sweet,
 Expiring Shepherds at their Feet;
 To silver Meads, and shady Bow'rs,
 Drest up with *Amaranthin* Flow'rs.

How great a Change! how quickly made!
 They learn to call a Spade, a Spade.
 They soon from all Constraint are freed;
 Can see each other *do their Need*.
 On Box of Cedar sits the Wife,
 And makes it warm for *Dearest Life*.

* *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of Health, written by
 the School of *Salernum*.

Mingere cum bumbis res est saluberrima lumbis.

And,

And, by the beastly Way of Thinking,
Find great Society in Stinking.
Now, *Strephon* daily entertains
His *Chloe* in the homeli'st Strains:
And, *Chloe* more experienc'd grown,
With Int'rest pays him back his own.
No Maid at Court is less ashamed,
Howe'er for selling Bargains fam'd,
Than she, to name her Parts behind,
Or, when a-bed, to let out Wind.

FAIR *Decency*, celestial Maid,
Descend from Heav'n to Beauty's Aid;
Though Beauty may beget Desire,
'Tis thou must fan the Lover's Fire:
For, Beauty, like supreme Dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If *Decency* bring no Supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant Nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring Birth-day Gear,
You think some Goddess from the Sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But e'er you sell your self to Laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For, fine Ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O *Strephon*, e'er that fatal Day
When *Chloe* stole your Heart away,
Had you but through a Cranny spy'd
On House of Ease your future Bride,
In all the Postures of her Face,
Which Nature gives in such a Case;

Distortions, Groanings, Strainings, Heavings;
 'Twere better you had lick't her Leavings,
 Than from Experience find too late
 Your Goddes grown a filthy Mate.
 Your Fancy then had always dwelt
 On what you saw, and what you smelt;
 Would still the same Ideas give ye,
 As when you spy'd her on the Privy.
 And, spight of *Cloe's* Charms divine,
 Your Heart had been as whole as mine.

AUTHORITIES both old and recent,
 Direct that Women must be decent;
 And, from the Spouse each Blemish hide
 More than from all the World beside.

UNJUSTLY all our Nymphs complain,
 Their Empire holds so short a Reign;
 Is after Marriage lost so soon,
 It hardly holds the Honey-moon:
 For, if they keep not what they caught,
 It is entirely their own Fault.
 They take Possession of the Crown,
 And then throw all their Weapons down:
 Though by the Politicians Scheme,
 Whoe'er arrives at Pow'r supreme,
 Those Arts by which at first they gain it,
 They still must practise to maintain it.

WHAT various ways our Females take,
 To pass for Wits before a Rake!
 And, in the fruitless Search, pursue
 All other Methods but the true.

SOME try to learn polite Behaviour,
 By reading Books against their Saviour.

Same

Some call it witty, to reflect
 On ev'ry natural Defect ;
 Some shew, they never want Explaining,
 To comprehend a double Meaning.
 But, sure a Tell-tale out of School
 Is, of all Wits, the greatest Fool:
 Whose rank Imagination fills
 Her Heart, and from her Lips distills ;
 You'd think she utter'd from behind,
 Or at her Mouth were breaking Wind.

Why is a handsome Wife ador'd
 By every Coxcomb, but her Lord ?
 From yonder Puppet-man inquire,
 Who wisely hides his Wood and Wire:
 Shews *Sheba's* Queen compleatly dress'd,
 And *Solomon* in Royal Vest :
 But, view them litter'd on the Floor,
 Or, strung on Pegs behind the Door ;
Punch is exactly of a Piece
 With *Lorrain's* Duke, and Prince of *Greece*.

A PRUDENT Builder should forecast
 How long the Stuff is like to last ;
 And, carefully observe the Ground,
 To build on some Foundation sound :
 What House, when its Materials crumble,
 Must not inevitably tumble ?
 What Edifice can long endure,
 Rais'd on a Basis unsecure ?
 Rash Mortals, e'er you take a Wife,
 Contrive your Pile to last for Life :
 Since Beauty scarce endures a Day,
 And Youth so swiftly glides away ;

Why will you make your self a Bubble
To build on Sand, with Hay and Stubble?

ON Sense and Wit your Passion found,
By Decency cemented round ;
Let Prudence with good Nature strive,
To keep Esteem and Love alive.
Then, come old Age whene'er it will,
Your Friendship shall continue still :
And, thus a mutual gentle Fire,
Shall never but with Life expire.

CASSINUS and PETER.
A Tragical ELEGY.

Written in the Year 1731.

TWO College Sophs of Cambridge Growth,
Both special Wits, and Lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On Love and Books, in Rapture sweet ;
(Muse, find me Names to fit my Metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other *Peter*)
Friend *Peter* to *Cassinus* goes,
To chat a while, and warm his Nose :
But, such a Sight was never seen,
The Lady lay swallow'd up in Spleen ;
He seem'd as just crept out of Bed ;
One greasy Stocking round his Head,
The other he sat down to dorn
With Threads of diff'rent colour'd Yarn.

His

His Breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged Shirt, and tawny Hyde.
Schorch't were his Shins, his Legs were bare,
But, well embrown'd with Dirt and Hair.
A Rug was o'er his Shoulders thrown ;
A Rug ; for Night-gown he had none.
His Jordan stood in Manner fitting
Between his Legs, to spew or spit in.
His antient Pipe in Sable dy'd,
And half unsmoak't, lay by his Side.

HIM, thus accoutr'd, *Peter* found,
With Eyes in Smoak, and Weeping drown'd :
The Leavings of his last Night's Pot
On Embers plac't, to drink it hot.

WHY *Cassy*, thou wilt doze thy Pate :
What makes thee lie a-bed so late ?
The Finch, the Linnet, and the Thrush,
Their Mattins chant in ev'ry Bush :
And, I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early Flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the Hypps.
How? Not a Word come from thy Lips?

THEN, gave him some familiar Thumps,
A College Joke, to cure the Dumps.

THE Swain at last, with Grief oppress't,
Cry'd *Celia* thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

DEAR *Cassy*, though to ask I dread,
Yet, ask I must. Is *Celia* dead ?

How happy I, were that the worst :
But I was fated to be curst.

COME, tell us, has she play'd the Whore?

OH *Peter*, wou'd it were no more!

WHY, Plague confound her sandy Locks:

Say, has the small or greater Pox,

Sunk down her Nose, or seam'd her Face?

Be easy, 'tis a common Case.

O *Peter*! Beauty's but a Varnish,

Which Time and Accidents will tarnish:

But, *Celia* has contriv'd to blast

Those Beauties that might ever last.

Nor, can Imagination guess,

Nor Eloquence Divine express,

How that ungrateful charming Maid,

My purest Passion has betray'd.

Conceive the most invenom'd Dart,

To pierce an injur'd Lover's Heart.

Why, hang her; though she seem'd so coy,

I know she loves the Barber's Boy.

FRIEND *Peter*, this I could excuse;

For, ev'ry Nymph has Leave to chuse;

Nor, have I Reason to complain:

She loves a more deserving Swain.

But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd

A Crime that shocks all human Kind;

A Deed unknown to Female Race,

At which the Sun should hide his Face.

Advice in vain you would apply——

'Then, leave me to despair and dye.

Yet, kind *Arcadians*, on my Urn

These Elegies and Sonnets burn,

And on the Marble grave these Rhimes,

A Monument to after-Times:

“ Here

" Here *Cassy* lies, by *Celia* slain,

" And dying, never told his Pain.

VAIN empty World farewell. But, hark,
The loud *Cerberian* triple Bark,

And there——behold *Alecto* stand,

A Whip of Scorpions in her Hand.

Lo, *Charon* from his leaky Wherry,

Beck'ning to waft me o'er the Ferry.

I come, I come,——*Medusa*, see,

Her Serpents hiss direct at me.

Begone; unhand me, hellish Fry:

* Avaunt——ye cannot say 'twas I.

DEAR *Cassy*, thou must purge and bleed;

I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.

But now, by Friendship's sacred Laws,

I here conjure thee, tell the Cause;

And *Celia*'s horrid Fact relate:

Thy Friend would gladly share thy Fate.

To force it out, my Heart must rend:

Yet, when conjur'd by such a Friend——

Think *Peter*, how my Soul is rack'd.

These Eyes, these Eyes beheld the Fact.

Now, bend thine Ear; since out it must:

But, when thou seest me laid in Dust,

The Secret thou shalt ne'er impart;

Not to the Nymph that keeps thy Heart;

(How would her Virgin Soul bemoan,

A Crime to all her Sex unknown!)

Nor whisper to the tattling Reeds,

The blackest of all Female Deeds.

* See *Macbeth*.

Nor blab it on the lonely Rocks,
 Where *Echo* sits, and list'ning, mocks.
 Nor let the Zephyr's treach'rous Gale,
 Through *Cambridge* waft the direful Tale.
 Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd Race,
 Discover *Celia's* foul Disgrace.
 But, if you fail; my Spectre dread
 Attending nightly round your Bed;
 And yet, I dare confide in you;
 So, take my Secret, and adieu.

NOR, wonder how I lost my Wits:
 Oh! *Celia, Celia, Celia* sh—

On Mr. P—y being put out of the
 Council.

Written in the Year 17, r.

SIR R—- weary'd by *Will P—y's* Teazings,
 Who interrupted him in all his Leafings;
 Resolv'd that *Will*, and he should meet no more;
 Full in his Face *Bab* shuts the Council Door:
 Nor lets him sit as Justice on the Bench,
 To punish Thieves, or lash a Suburb Wench.
 Yet still St. *Stephen's* Chappel open lies
 For *Will*. to enter.—- What shall I advise?
 E'en quit the House, for thou too long hast sat in't,
 Produce at last thy dormant Ducal Patent:
 There, near thy Master's Throne in Shelter plac't,
 Let *Will*. unheard by thee, his Thunder waste.

Yet

Yet still I fear your Work is done but half;
For while he keeps his Pen, you are not safe:

Hear an old Fable, and a dull one too;
Yet bears a Moral when apply'd to you,

A HARE, who long had 'scap't pursuing Hounds,
By often shifting into distant Grounds;
But, finding all his Artifices vain;
To save his Life he leapt into the Main.
But there, alas! he could no Safety find;
A Pack of *Dog-fish* had him in the Wind:
He scours away; and to avoid the Foe,
Descends for Shelter to the Shades below,
There *Cerberus* lay watching in his Den,
(He had not seen a Hare the Lord knows when)
Out bounc't the Mastiff of the triple Head;
Away the Hare with double Swiftneſs fled.
Hunted from Earth, and Sea, and Hell, he flies
(Fear lent him Wings) for Safety to the Skies.
How was the fearful Animal distress't!
Behold a Foe more fierce than all the rest:
Syrius, the swiftest of the heav'nly Pack,
Fail'd but an Inch to seize him by the Back.
He fled to Earth, but first it cost him dear;
He left his Scut behind, and half an Ear.

Thus was the Hare pursu'd, tho' free from Guilt;
Thus *B*——shalt thou be mawl'd, fly where thou wilt:
Then, honest *R*——n, of thy Corps beware:
Thou art not half so nimble as a Hare:
Too pond'rous is thy Bulk to mount the Sky;
Nor can you go to *Hell* before you dye.
So keen thy *Hunters*, and thy *Scent* so strong;
Thy *Turns* and *Doublings* cannot save thee long.

J U D A S.

Written in the Year 1731.

BY the just Vengeance of incens'd Skies,
 Poor Bishop *Judas*, late repenting, dies;
 The *Jews* engag'd him with a poultry Bribe,
 Amounting hardly to a Crown a Tribe;
 Which though his Conscience forc'd him to restore,
 (And, Parsons tell us, no Man can do more)
 Yet, through Despair, of God and Man accurst,
 He lost his Bishoprick, and hang'd, or burst.
 Those former Ages differ'd much from this:
Judas betray'd his Master with a Kiss:
 But, some have kiss'd the Gospel Fifty Times,
 Whose Perjury's the least of all their Crimes:
 Some who can perjure thro' a two-Inch Board;
 Yet keep their Bishopricks, and 'scape the Cord.
 Like *Hemp*, which by a skilful Spinster drawn
 To slender Threads, may sometimes pass for *Lawn*.

As antient *Judas* by *Transgression* fell,
 And burst asunder e'er he went to Hell;
 So, could we see a Set of new *Isariots*,
 Come headlong tumbling from their mitred Chariots,
 Each Modern *Judas* perish like the first;
 Drop from the Tree with all his Bowels burst;
 Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty Face,
 To cry; Lo, *Judas*, gone to his own Place:
 His Habitation let all Men forsake,
 And let his Bishoprick another take.

A LOVE SONG.

In the MODERN Taste.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid* o'er my Heart;

I a Slave in thy Dominions;

Nature must give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,

Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks.

See my weary Days consuming,

All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,

Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:

Him the Boar in Silence creeping,

Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;

Fair Discretion string the Lyre;

Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:

Bright *Apollo* lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,

Arm'd in adamantine Chains,

Lead me to the Chrystal Mirrors,

Wat'ring soft *Elysian* Plains.

VI.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
 Gilding my *Aurelia's* Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Meander*,
 Swiftly purling in a Round,
 On thy Margin Lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent Mate :
 See the Bird of *Juno* stooping,
 Melody resigns to Fate.

The following Poem was published in London and Dublin, and having been much admired, we thought proper to insert it in this Collection : And although the Author be not known, yet we hope it will be acceptable to our Readers.

On POETRY A

RAPSOND Y.

Written in the Year 1733.

ALL Humane Race would fain be *Wits*,
 And Millions miss, for one that hits.
Young's Universal Passion, *Pride*,
 Was never known to spread so wide.

Say,

Say, *Britain*, cou'd you ever boast,
 Three *Poets* in an Age at most?
 Our chilling Climate hardly bears
 A *Sprig* of Bays in Fifty Years:
 While ev'ry Fool his Claim alledges,
 As if it grew in common Hedges.
 What Reason can there be assign'd
 For this Perverseness in the Mind!
Brutes find out where their Talents lie:
 A *Bear* will not attempt to fly:
 A founder'd *Horse* will oft debate,
 Before he tries a five-barr'd Gate:
 A *Dog* by Instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the Ditch too deep and wide;
 But *Man* we find the only Creature,
 Who, led by *Folly*, combats *Nature*:
 Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
 With Obstinacy fixes there;
 And, where his *Genius* least inclines,
 Absurdly bends his whole Designs:

Not *Empire* to the Rising-Sun,
 By Valour, Conduct, Fortune won;
 Not highest *Wisdom* in Debates
 For framing Laws to govern States;
 Not Skill in Sciences profound,
 So large to grasp the Circle round;
 Such Heav'nly Influence require,
 As how to strike the *Muses Lyre*,

Not Beggar's Brat on Bulk begot;
 Not Bastard of a Pedlar *Scot*;
 Not Boy brought up to cleaning Shoes;
 The Spawn of *Bridewell*, or the Stews;

Not

Not Infants dropt, the spurious Pledges
 Of *Gypsies* litt'ring under Hedges,
 Are so disqualify'd by Fate
 To rise in *Church*, or *Law*, or *State*,
 As he, whom *Phœbus* in his Ire
 Hath blasted with Poetick Fire.

WHAT Hope of Custom in the *Fair*,
 While not a Soul demands your Ware?
 Where you have nothing to produce
 For private Life, or publick Use?
Court, *City*, *Country* want you not;
 You cannot bribe, betray or plot.
 For Poets Law makes no Provision:
 The Wealthy have you in Derision.
 Of State-Affairs you cannot smatter;
 Are awkward when you try to flatter.
 Your Portion, taking *Britain* round,
 † Was just one annual Hundred Pound;
 Now not so much as in Remainder
 Since *Cibber* brought in an Attainder;
 For ever fixt by Right Divine
 (A Monarch's Right) on *Grub-street* Line.

Poor starving Bard, how small thy Gains!
 How unproportion'd to thy Pains!
 And here a *Simile* comes pat in:
 Though *Chickens* take a Week to fatten,
 The Guests in less than half an Hour,
 Will more than half a Score devour.

† Paid to the Poet-Laureat, which Place was given
 to one *Cibber*, a Player.

So, after toiling twenty Days,
 To earn a Stock of Pence and Praise,
 Thy Labours grown the Criticks Prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a Dish of Tea;
 Gone, to be never heard of more;
 Gone, where the *Chickens* went before.

How shall a new Attempter learn
 Of different Spirits to discern,
 And how distinguish, which is which,
 The Poet's Vein or scribbling Itch?
 Then hear an old experienc'd Sinner
 Instructing thus a young Beginner.

CONSULT your self; and if you find
 A powerful Impulse, urge your Mind,
 Impartial Judge within your Breast
 What Subject you can manage best;
 Whether your Genius most inclines
 To Satire, Praise, or hum'rous Lines;
 To Elegies in mournful Tone,
 Or Prologue sent from Hand unknown.
 Then rising with *Aurora's* Light,
 The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline
 Be mindful, when Invention fails,
 To scratch your Head, and bite your Nails.

YOUR Poem finish'd; next your Care
 Is needful, to transcribe it fair.
 In modern Wit all printed Trash, is
 Set off with num'rous *Breaks* ——— and *Dashes* ———
 To Statesmen would you give a Wipe,
 You print it in *Italick Type*.

When

When Letters are in vulgar Shapes,
 'Tis ten to one the Wit escapes;
 But when in CAPITALS exprest,
 The dullest Reader smoaks a Jest.
 Or else perhaps he may invent
 A better than the Poet meant;
 As learned Commentators view
 In *Homer*, more than *Homer* knew,

Your Poem in its modish Dress
 Correctly fitted for the Press,
 Convey by Penny-Post to * *Lintot*,
 But let no Friend alive look into't.
 If *Lintot* thinks 'twill quit the Cost,
 You need not fear your Labour lost;
 And, how agreeably surpriz'd
 Are you to see it advertiz'd!
 The Hawker shews you one in Print,
 As fresh as Farthings from the Mint:
 The Product of your Toil and Sweating;
 A Bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at † *Will's* the following Day,
 Eie snug, to hear what Criticks say.
 And if you find the general Vogue
 Pronounces you a stupid Rogue;
 Damns all your Thoughts as low and little;
 Sit still, and swallow down your Spittle.
 Be silent as a Politician,
 For, talking may beget Suspicion:

* *A Bookseller in London.*

† *The Poet's Coffee-House.*

Or praise the Judgment of the Town,
And help your self to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal Pride,
Nor argue on the weaker Side:
For, Poems read without a Name,
We justly praise, or justly blame:
And Criticks have no partial Views,
Except they know whom they abuse.
And since you ne'er provok'd their Spight,
Depend upon't their Judgment's right.
But if you blab you are undone;
Consider what a Risk you run;
You loose your Credit all at once;
The Town will mark you for a Dunce:
The vilest Doggrel *Grub-street* sends,
Will pass for yours with Foes and Friends.
And you must bear the whole Disgrace,
'Till some fresh Blockhead takes your Place.

Your Secret kept, your Poem sunk,
And sent in Quires to line a Trunk:
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your Hand a second Time:
Again you fail; yet safe's the Word;
Take Courage, and attempt a Third.
But first with Care employ your Thoughts,
Where Criticks mark'd your former Faults:
The trivial Turns, the borrow'd Wit,
The *Similies* that nothing fit;
The *Cant* which every Fool repeats,
Town-Jests, and Coffee-house Conceits:
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:

Or,

Or, where we find your Fury set
 Against the harmless Alphabet;
 On A's and B's your Malice vent,
 While Readers wonder whom you meant;
 A publick or a private *Robber*;
 A *Statesman*, or a South-Sea *Jobber*.
 A P ———, who no God believes;
 A ———, or Den of Thieves.
 A Pick-purse at the Bar or Bench;
 A Dutcheſs, or a Suburb-Wench.
 Or oft when Epithets you link,
 In gaping Lines to fill a Chink;
 Like Stepping-stones to ſave a Stride,
 In Streets where Kennels are too wide:
 Or like a Heel-piece to ſupport
 A Cripple with one Foot to ſhort.
 Or like a Bridge that joins a Mariſh
 To Moorlands of a different Pariſh,
 So have I ſeen ill-coupled Hounds,
 Drag different Ways in miry Grounds:
 So Geographers in *Afric* Maps
 With Savage Pictures fill their Gaps;
 And o'er unhabitable Downs
 Place Elephants for want of Towns.

But though you miſs your third Eſſay,
 You need not throw your Pen away.
 Lay now aſide all Thoughts of Fame,
 To ſpring more profitable Game.
 From Party-Merit ſeek Support;
 The vileſt Verſes thrives beſt at C—.
 A Pamphlet in Sir *Bob's* Defence
 Will never fail to bring in Pence;

Nor

Nor be concern'd about the Sale,
He pays his Workmen on the Nail.

A P—— the Moment he is crown'd,
Inherits ev'ry Virtue round;
As Emblems of the Sov'reign Pow'r,
Like *other* Bawbles of the Tow'r.
Is gen'rous, valiant, just and wise,
And so continues 'till he dies.

His humble S——e this professes,
In all their *Speeches, Votes, Addresses.*

But once you fix him in a Tomb,
His Virtues fade, his Vices bloom;
And each Perfection wrong imputed,
Is fully at his Death confuted,

The Loads of Poems in his Praise,
Ascending, make one Fun'ral Blaze.

As soon as you can hear his Knell,
This G—— on Earth turns D—— in Hell.

And, lo, his M——s of State,
Transform'd to Imps, his Levee wait:

Where, in the Scenes of endless Woe,
They ply their former Arts below:

And as they sail in *Charon's Boat*,
Contrive to bribe the Judge's Vote.

To *Cerberus* they give a Sop,
His triple-barking Mouth to stop:

* Or in the Iv'ry Gate of Dreams,
Project E*.*e and S*.*.* Schemes;

*Sunt geminae Somni portae——a
Alte ra candenti perfusa nitens elephanta.*

Virg. I. 6.

Or

Or hire their Party-Phamphleteers.
To set *Elysium* by the Ears.

THEN, *Poet*, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on Kings alive ;
With Prudence gath'ring up a Cluster
Of all the Virtues you can muster :
Which form'd into a Garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your M——'s Feet ;
Who, as the Odours reach his Throne,
Will smile, and think 'em all his own :
For, *Law* and *Gospel* both determine,
All Virtues lodge in Royal Ermine.
(I mean the Oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon Oath.)
Your Garland in the foll'wing Reign,
Change but the Names, will serve again:

BUT if you think this Trade too base,
(Which seldom is the Dunce's Case)

Put on the Critick's Brow, and sit
At *Will's*, the puny Judge of Wit.
A Nod, a Shrug, a scornful Smile,
With Caution us'd, may serve a-while.
Proceed no further in your Part,
Before you learn the Terms of Art:
(For you can never be too far gone,
In all our modern Criticks Jargon.)
Then talk with more authentick Face,
Of *Unities*, in Time and Plate.

Get Scraps of *Horace* from your Friends,
And have them at your Finger's Ends.
Learn *Aristotle's* Rules by Rote,
And at all Hazards boldly quote:

Judicious.

Judicious Rymer oft review:
 Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu.
 Read all the Prefaces of Dryden,
 For these our Criticks much confide in.
 (Tho' meerly writ at first for filling,
 To raise the Volumes Price, a Shilling.)

A FORWARD Critick often dupes us
 With sham Quotations * *Peri Hupefous*:
 And if we have not read *Longinus*,
 Will magisterially out-shine us.
 Then, lest with *Greek* he over-run ye,
 Procure the Book for Love or Money,
 Translated from *Boileau's* Translation †,
 And quote Quotation on Quotation.

At Will's you hear a Poem read,
 Where *Battus* from the Table-head,
 Reclining on his Elbow-chair,
 Gives Judgment with decisive Air.
 To him the Tribe of circling Wits,
 As to an Oracle, submits.
 He gives Directions to the Town,
 To cry it up, or run it down.
 (Like *Courtiers*, when they send a Note,
 Instructing *Members* how to vote.)
 He sets the Stamp of Bad and Good,
 Tho' not a Word be understood.
 Your Lesson learnt, you'll be secure
 To get the Name of *Connoisseur*.

* *A famous Treatise of Longinus.*

† By Mr. Welsted.

And when your Merits once are known,
Procure Disciples of your own.

For Poets (you can never want 'em,
Spread thro' * *Augusta Trinobantum*)
Computing by their Pecks of Coals,
Amount to just Nine Thousand Souls,
These o'er their proper Districts govern,
Of Wit and Humour, Judges sov'reign.
In every Street a City-bard
Rules like an Alderman his Ward.
His indisputed Rights extend
Thro' all the Lane, from End to End.
The Neighbours round admire his *Shrewdness*,
For Songs of *Loyalty* and *Levity*.
Out-done by none in Rhyming well,
Altho' he never learnt to spell.

Two bord'ring Wits contend for Glory:
And one is *Whig*, and one is *Tory*.
And this, for Epicks claims the Bays,
And that, for Elegiack Lays.
Some fam'd for Numbers soft and smooth,
By Lovers spoke in *Punch's* Booth.
And some as justly Fame extols
For lofty Lines in *Smithfield* Drolls.
Bavius in *Wapping* gains Renown,
And *Mævius* reigns o'er *Kentish-Town*:
Tigellius plac'd in *Phæbus' Car*,
From *Ludgate* shines to *Temple-Bar*.

* The ancient Name of London.

Harmonious *Cibber* entertains
 The Court with annual Birth-day Strains;
 Whence *Gay* was banish'd in Disgrace,
 Where *Pope* will never show his Face;
 Where *Y—g* must torture his Invention,
 To flatter *Knaves*, or lose his *Pension*.

BUT these are not a thousandth Part
 Of Jobbers in the Poet's Art,
 Attending each his proper Station,
 And all in due Subordination;
 Thro' ev'ry Alley to be found,
 In Garrets high, or under Ground:
 And when they join their *Pericranies*,
 Out skips a *Book of Miscellanies*.

Hobbes clearly proves that ev'ry Creature
 Lives in a State of War by Nature.
 The Greater for the Smaller watch.
 But meddle seldom with their Match.
 A Whale of mod'rate Size will draw
 A Shole of Herrings down his Maw;
 A Fox with Geese his Belly crams;
 A Wolf destroys a Thousand Lambs.
 But, search among the rhiming Race,
 The *Brave* are worry'd by the *Base*.
 If, on *Parnassus'* Top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit:
 Each Poet of inferior Size
 On you shall rail and criticize;
 And try to tear you Limb from Limb,
 While others do as much for him:
 The Vermin only teaze and pinch
 Their Foes superior by an Inch.

So, Nat'ralists observe, a Flea
 Hath smaller Fleas that on him prey,
 And these have smaller yet to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum* :
 Thus ev'ry Poet in his Kind,
 Is bit by him that comes behind ;
 Who, tho' to little to be seen,
 Can teaze, and gall, and give the Spleen ;
 Call Dunces, Fools, and Sons of Whores,
 Lay *Grub-street* at each others Doors :
 Extol the *Greek* and *Roman* Masters,
 And curse our modern Poetafters :
 Complain, as many an ancient Bard did,
 How Genius is no more rewarded :
 How wrong a Taste prevails among us ;
 How much our Ancesters out-sung us ;
 Can personate an aukward Scorn
 For those who are not Poets born :
 And all their Brother Dunces lash,
 Who crowd the Prefs with hourly Traff.

O *Grub-street* ! how I do bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless Children scorn to own thee
 Their filial Piety forgot,
 Deny their Country like a *Scot* :
 Tho' by their Idiom and Grimace,
 They soon betray their native Place :
 Yet *thou* hast greater Cause to be
 Asham'd of them, than they of thee ;
 Degen'rate from their ancient Brood,
 Since first the C——t allow'd them Food,

REMAINS a Difficulty still,
 To purchase Fame by writing ill:

From

From *Flecnœ* down to *Howard's* Time,
 How few have reach'd the *low Sublime* ?
 For when our high-born *Howard* dy'd,
Blackmore alone his Place supply'd :
 And lest a Chasm should intervene,
 When Death had finish'd *Blackmore's* Reign,
 The *leadn Crown* devolv'd to thee,
 Great † Poet of the *Hollow-Tree*.
 But, oh, how unsecure thy Throne!
 Ten thousand Bards thy Right disown:
 They plot, to turn in factious Zeal
Duncenia to a Common-weal;
 And with rebellious Arms pretend
 An equal Priv'lege to *descend*.

IN Bulk there are not more Degrees,
 From *Elephants* to *Mites* in Cheese
 Than what a curious Eye may trace
 In Creatures of the rhyming Race.
 From bad to worse, and worse they fall,
 But, who can reach to worst of all?
 For, tho' in Nature, Depth and Height
 Are equally held infinite,
 In Poetry the Height we know;
 'Tis only infinite below,
 For Instance: When you rashly * think,
 No Rhymer can like *Welfed* sink:

† Lord Grimston, lately deceased.

* Vide *The Treatise on the Profound*, and Mr. Pope's
Dunciad.

His Merits balanc'd, you shall find,
 The † Laureat leaves him far behind,
Concannon, more aspiring Bard,
 Soars *downwards*, deeper by a Yard:
 Smart *Jemmy Moor* with Vigour drops
 The rest pursue as thick as Hops:
 With Heads to Points the Gulph they enter,
 Linkt perpendic'lar to the Center:
 And as their Heels elated rise,
 Their Heads attempt the nether Skies.

O, what Indignity and Shame
 To prostitute the Muse's Name,
 By flatt'ring ——— whom Heav'n design'd
 The Plague and Scourges of Mankind,
 Bred up in Ignorance and Sloth,
 And ev'ry Vice, that nurses both!

FAIR Britain, in thy Monarch blest,
 Whose Virtues bear the strictest Test;
 Whom never *Faction* can bespatter,
 Nor *M——r* nor *Poet* flatter.
 What Justice in rewarding Merit!
 What Magnanimity of Spirit!
 What Lineaments Divine we trace
 Thro' all his Figure, Mien and Face!
 Tho' Peace with Olive bind his Hands,
 Confest the conqu'ring Hero stands,

† In the London Edition, instead of Laureat, was maliciously inserted Mr. Fielding, for whose ingenious Writings the supposed Author hath manifested a great Esteem.

Hydaspes,

• *Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,*
Dread from his Arm impending Changes:
From him the *Tartar, and Chinese,*
§ *Short by the Knees,* intreat for Peace:
The Consort of his Throne and Bed,
A perfect Goddess born and bred:
Appointed sov'reign Judge to sit
On Learning, Eloquence and Wit.
Our eldest Hope, Divine *Iulus*
(Late, very late, O! may he rule us.)
What early Manhood has he shown,
Before his downy Beard was grown!
Then think what Wonders will be done:
By going on as he begun;
An Heir for *Britain* to secure,
As long as Sun and Moon endure.

THE Remnant of the Royal-Blood
Comes pouring on me like a Flood:
Bright Goddesses, in Number five;
Duke *William*, sweetest Prince alive:

Now sing the *Minister of State,*
Who shines alone, without a Mate.
Observe with what Majestick Port
This *Atlas* stands to prop the Court;
Intent the publick Debts to pay,
Like prudent † *Fabius*, by Delay.

* ——— *Super & Garamantus & Indus,*
Proferet imperium————

———— *Iam nunc & Caspia, regna*
Responsis horrent Divum————

§ *Genibus minor.*

† *Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem*

Thou

Thou great Vicegerent of the King,
 Thy Praises every Muse shall sing:
 In all Affairs thou sole Director,
 Of Wit and Learning chief Protector;
 Tho' small the Time thou hast to spare,
 The Church is thy peculiar Care.
 Of pious Prelates what a Stock
 You chuse, to rule the sable Flock!
 You raise the Honour of the Peerage,
 Proud to attend you at the Steerage.
 You dignify the Noble Race,
 Content your self with humbler Place.
 Now Learning, Valour, Virtue, Sense,
 To Titles give the sole Pretence:
 St. George beheld thee with Delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure Knight,
 When on thy Breast and Sides *Herculean*
 He fixt the *Star* and *String Cerulean*.

SAY, Poet, in what other Nation,
 Shone ever such a Constellation.
 Attend ye *Popes*, and *Yungs*, and *Gays*,
 And tune your Harps, and strow your Bays,
 Your Panegyricks here provide,
 You cannot err on *Flatt'ry's* Side.
 Above the Stars exalt your Stile,
 You still are low ten thousand Mile.
 On *Lewis* all his Bards bestow'd
 Of Incense many a thousand Load;
 But *Europe* mortify'd his Pride,
 And swore the fawning Rascals ly'd:
 Yet what the World refus'd to *Lewis*,
 Apply'd to * * * exactly true is:

Exactly

Exactly true! Invidious Poet!

'Tis fifty thousand Times below it.

TRANSLATE me now some Lines, if you can,
From *Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan*;
They could all Pow'r in Heav'n divide,
And do no Wrong to either Side:
They teach you how to split a Hair,
† Give ——— and *Jove* an equal Share;
Yet, why should we be lac'd so strait;
I'll give my * * * * *Butter-weight*.
And Reason good; for many a Year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, tho' his Priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his Aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since *Woolston* gave us Arms to rout him.

* * * * * *Cætera desiderantur* * * * * *

† *Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

The following Poem having been printed in London, we have thought proper to insert it here, not doubting but it will be acceptable to our Readers; although we cannot say who is the Author.

On the Words — Brother Protestants, and Fellow Christians, so familiarly used by the Advocates for the Repeal of the Test Act in Ireland, 1733.

Written in the Year 1733.

AN Inundation, says the Fable,
O'erflow'd a Farmer's Barn and Stable;

Q 3

Who

Whole Ricks of Hay and Stacks of Corn,
 Were down the sudden Current born;
 While Things of heterogeneous Kind,
 Together float with Tide and Wind;
 The generous Wheat forgot its Pride,
 And sail'd with Litter Side by Side;
 Uniting all, to shew their Amity,
 As in a general Calamity.

A Ball of new-dropt Horse's Dung,
 Mingling with Apples in the Throng,
 Said to the Pippin, plump, and prim,
See, Brother, who we Apples swim.

Thus *Lamb*, renown'd for cutting Corns,
 An offer'd Fee from *Radeliff* scorns;
Not for the World—we Doctors, Brother,
Must take no Fees of one another.

Thus to a Dean some Curate Sloven
 Subscribes, *Dear Sir, your Brother loving.*

Thus all the Footmen, Shoe-boys, Porters,
 About St. *James's* cry, *We Courtiers.*

Thus *H—ce* in the House will prate,
Sir, we the Ministers of State.

Thus at the Bar that * * * * *
 Tho' Half a Crown o'er-pays his Sweat's Worth;
 Who knows in Law, nor Text, nor Margent,
 Calls *Singleton* his Brother Serjeant.

And thus Fanatick Saints, tho' neither in
 Doctrine, or Discipline our Brethren,
 Are *Brother Protestants and Christians,*
 As much as *Hebrews and Philistians:*

But in no other Sense, than Nature
 Has made a Rat our Fellow Creature.

Lice from your Body suck their Food ;
 But is a Louse your Flesh and Blood ?
 Tho' born of human Filth and Sweat, it
 May well be said Man did beget it.
 But Maggots in your Nose and Chin,
 As well may claim you for their Kin.

YET Criticks may object, why not ?
 Since Lice are Brethren to a S—— :
 Which made our Swarm of Sects determine
 Employments for their Brother Vermin.
 But be they *English, Irish, Scottish,*
 What Protestant can be so sottish,
 While o'er the Church these Clouds are gathering,
 To call a Swarm of Lice his Brethren ?

As *Moses*, by divine Advice,
 In *Egypt* turn'd the Dust to Lice ;
 And as our Sects, by all Descriptions,
 Have Hearts more harden'd than *Egyptians* ;
 As from the trodden Dust they spring,
 And, turn'd to Lice, infest the King :
 For Pity's Sake it would be just,
 A *Rod* should turn them back to *Dust*.

LET Folks in high, or holy Stations,
 Be proud of owning such Relations ;
 Let Courtiers hug them in their Bosom,
 As if they were afraid to lose 'em :
 While I, with humble *Job*, had rather,
 Say to Corruption——*Thou'rt my Father.*
 For he, that has so little Wit,
 To nourish Vermin, may be *his*.

The Hardship put upon LADIES.

Written in the Year 1733.

POO-R Ladies ! though their Bus'ness be to play,
 'Tis hard they must be busy Night and Day :
 Why should they want the Privilege of Men,
 To take some small Diversions now and then ?
 Had Women been the Makers of our Laws ;
 (And why they were not, I can see no Cause ;)
 The Men should slave at Cards from Morn to Night ;
 And Female Pleasures be to read and write.

Ad AMICUM Eruditum

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Scriptit *Off. Ann. Dom.* 1717.

DELICIAE *Sberidan* Musarum, dulcis amice,
 Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen *Apollo*
 Occurrat, seu te mimum convivium rident ;
 Equivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
 Malles ; dic, *Sberidan*, quisnam fuit ille Deorum,
 Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
 Rimandi genium puerorum, atq; ima cerebri
 Scrutandi ? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula *Pallas*
 Astitit ; & dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
 Heu puer infelix ! nostro sub sydere natus ;
 Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra ;
 Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam :

Musca

Musca femur, palmas tibi Mus dedit, ardea crura.
 Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit;
 Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teq; docente,
 Nec longum Tempus, surget tibi docta juvenus,
 Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
 Grex hinc Pæonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
 Ast, illi causas orant; his insula visa est
 Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.

NATALIS te horæ non fallunt signa; sed usq;
 Conscijs, expeditas puero seu lætus *Apollo*
 Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
 Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

QUIN tu altè penitusq; latentia semina cernis,
 Quæq; diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
 Erumpent, promissis; quo ritu sæpè puella
 Sub cinere hesterno sopitos suscitât ignes.

TE Dominum agnoscit quocunq; sub aere natus;
 Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
 Pessundat: Nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.

AUREUS at ramus venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
 Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernas:
 Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
 Cælumq; terrasq; videt, noctemq; profundam.

*Carberiaë Rupes in Comitatu Corgagensi
 apud Hibernicos.*

Scripsit Jun. Ann. Dom. 1723.

ECCË! ingens fragmen scopuli quod vertice summo
 Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
 Decidit

Decidit in fluctus : maria undiq; & undiq; saxa
 Horrifono Stridore tonant, & ad æthera murmur
 Erigitur ; trepidatq; suis *Neptunus* in undis.
 Nam longâ venti rabie, atq; aspergine crebra
 Equorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur :
 Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant ;
 am cadit in præceps moles, & verberat undas.
 Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse Tonantem
 Montibus impositos montes, & *Pelion* altum
 In capita anguipedum coelo jaculasse gigantum.

SÆPE etiam spelunca immani apperitur hiato
 Exesa é scopulis, & utrinq; foramina pandit,
 Hinc atq; hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia *Phæbo* :
 Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia testè
 Formantur ; moles olim ruitura supernè.
 Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
 Inq; imo stagni posuere cubilia phœas.

Sed, cum sævit hyems, & venti carcere rupto
 Immenso volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis ;
 Non obfessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
 Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
 Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ :
 Littora littoribus reboant ; vicinia latè,
 Gens afflueta mari, & pedibus percurrere rupes,
 Terretur tamen, & longè fugit, arva relinquens.

GRAMINA dum carpunt, pendentes rape capellæ
 Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
 Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linqunt.

PISCATOR terrâ non audet vellere funem ;
 Sed latet in portu tremebundus, & aera sudum
 Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisq; fatigat.

We have added a Translation of the preceding Poem, for the Benefit of our English Readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom our supposed Author hath expressed a great Regard, on Account of his ingenious Performances, although unacquainted with him.

Carbery Rocks in the County of Cork, Ireland.

LO! from the Top of yonder Cliff, that shrouds
 Its airy Head amidst the azure Clouds,
 Hangs a huge Fragment; destitute of Props,
 Prone on the Waves the rocky Ruin drops.
 With hoarse Rebuff the swelling Seas rebound,
 From Shore to Shore the Rocks return the Sound:
 The dreadful Murmur Heav'n's high Convex cleaves,
 And Neptune shrinks beneath his Subject Waves;
 For long the whirling Winds and beating Tides
 Had scoop'd a Vault into its nether Sides.
 Now yields the Base, the Summits nod, now urge
 Their headlong Course, and lash the sounding Surge.
 Not louder Noise could shake the guilty World,
 When Jove heap'd Mountains upon Mountains hurl'd,
 Retorting Pelion from his dread Abode,
 To crush Earth's rebel Sons beneath the Load.

OFF too with hideous Yawn the Cavern wide
 Presents an Orifice on either Side,
 A dismal Orifice from Sea to Sea
 Extended, pervious to the God of Day:

Uncouth.

Uncouthly joyn'd, the Rocks stupendous form
 An Arch, the Ruin of a future Storm:
 High on the Cliff their Nests the *Woodquests* make,
 And Sea-Calves stable in the oozy Lake.

BUT when bleak Winter with her sullen Train
 Awakes the Winds, to vex the watry Plain;
 When o'er the craggy Steep without Controul,
 Big with the Blast, the raging Billows rowl;
 Not Towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming Brand
 Darted from Heav'n by *Jove's* avenging Hand,
 Oft as on impious Men his Wrath he pours,
 Humbles their Pride, and blasts their gilded Tow'rs,
 Equal the Tumult of this wild Up roar:
 Waves rush o'er Waves, rebellows Shore to Shore.
 The neighb'ring Race, tho' wont to brave the Shocks,
 Of angry Seas, and run along the Rocks,
 Now pale with Terror, while the Ocean foams,
 Fly far and wide, nor trust their native Homes.

THE Goats, while pendent from the Mountain-top
 The wither'd Herb improvident they crop,
 Wash'd down the Precipice with sudden Sweep,
 Leave their sweet Lives beneath th' unfathom'd Deep.

THE frighted Fisher with desponding Eyes,
 Tho' safe, yet trembling in the Harbour lies,
 Nor hoping to behold the Skies serene,
 Wearies with Vows the Monarch of the Main.

The END of the SECOND VOLUME.